MAY 20,
1939

Liberty

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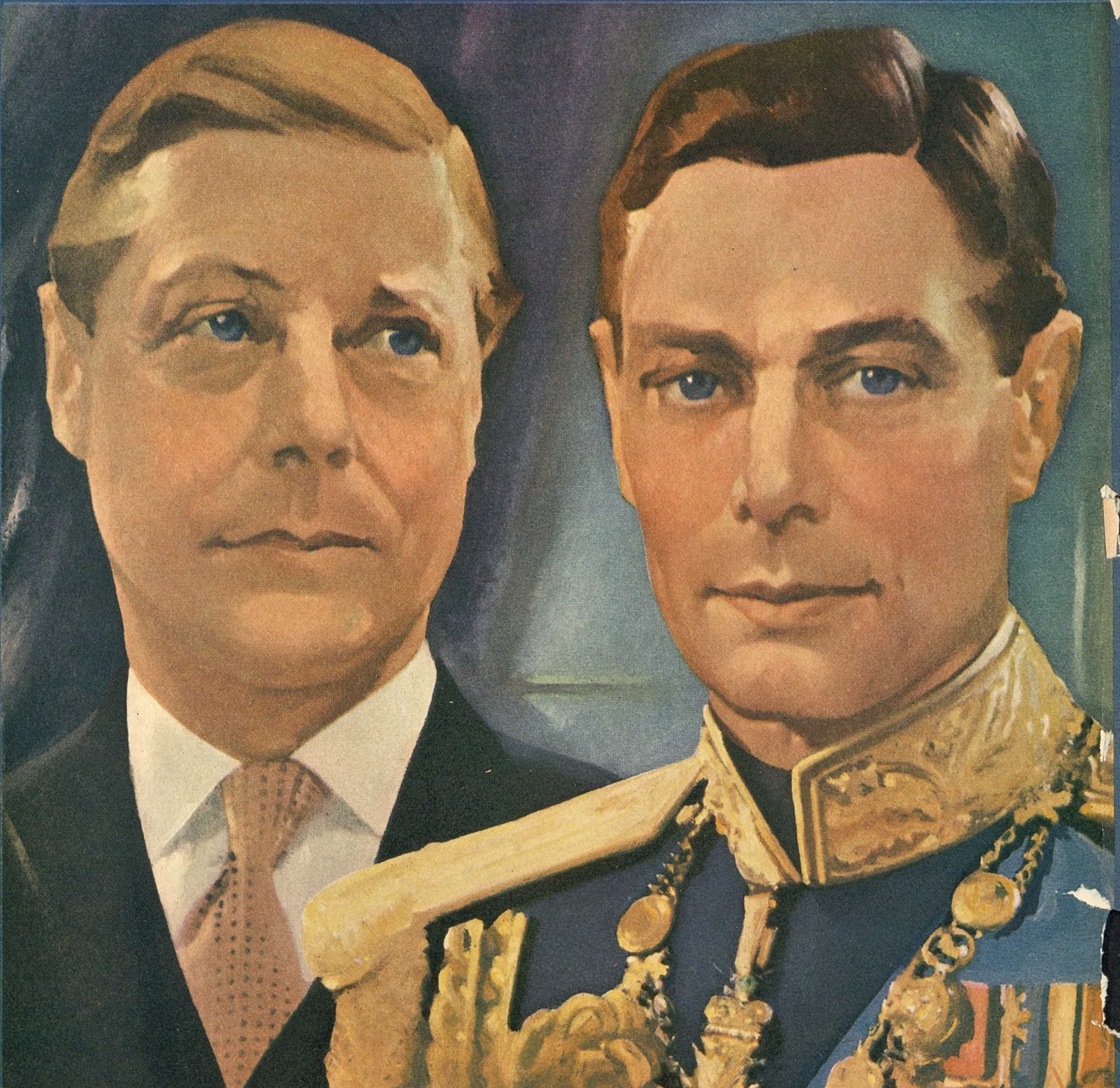
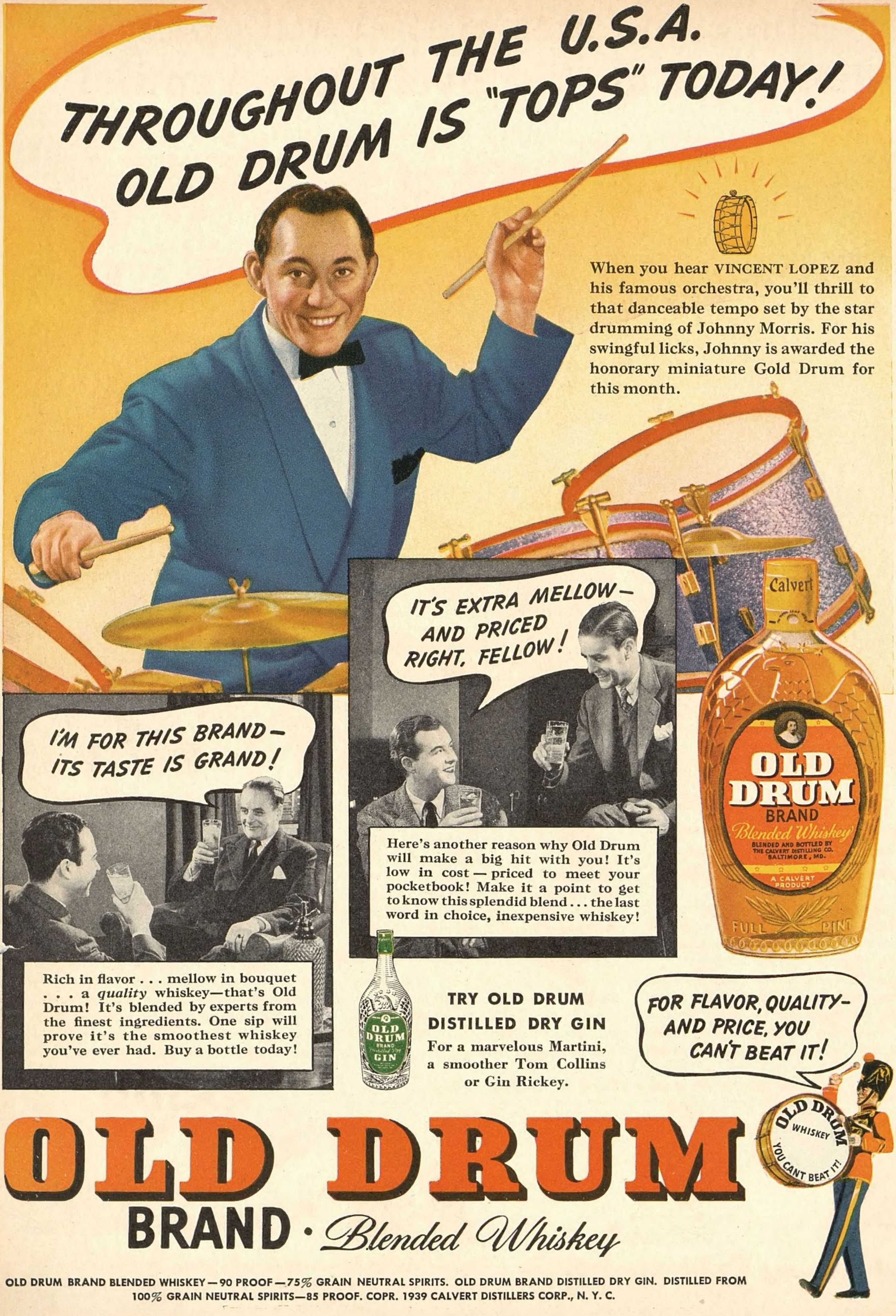


KINGS and BROTHERS

THE STORY of GEORGE VI and EDWARD VIII by EMIL LUDWIG


Calvert
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Distilled Dry
GIN
OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A. OLD DRUM IS "TOPS" TODAY!

When you hear VINCENT LOPEZ and his famous orchestra, you'll thrill to that danceable tempo set by the star drumming of Johnny Morris. For his swingful licks, Johnny is awarded the honorary miniature Gold Drum for this month.

I'M FOR THIS BRAND— ITS TASTE IS GRAND!

Rich in flavor . . . mellow in bouquet . . . a *quality* whiskey—that's Old Drum! It's blended by experts from the finest ingredients. One sip will prove it's the smoothest whiskey you've ever had. Buy a bottle today!

IT'S EXTRA MELLOW— AND PRICED RIGHT, FELLOW!

Here's another reason why Old Drum will make a big hit with you! It's low in cost — priced to meet your pocketbook! Make it a point to get to know this splendid blend . . . the last word in choice, inexpensive whiskey!

TRY OLD DRUM DISTILLED DRY GIN

For a marvelous Martini, a smoother Tom Collins or Gin Rickey.

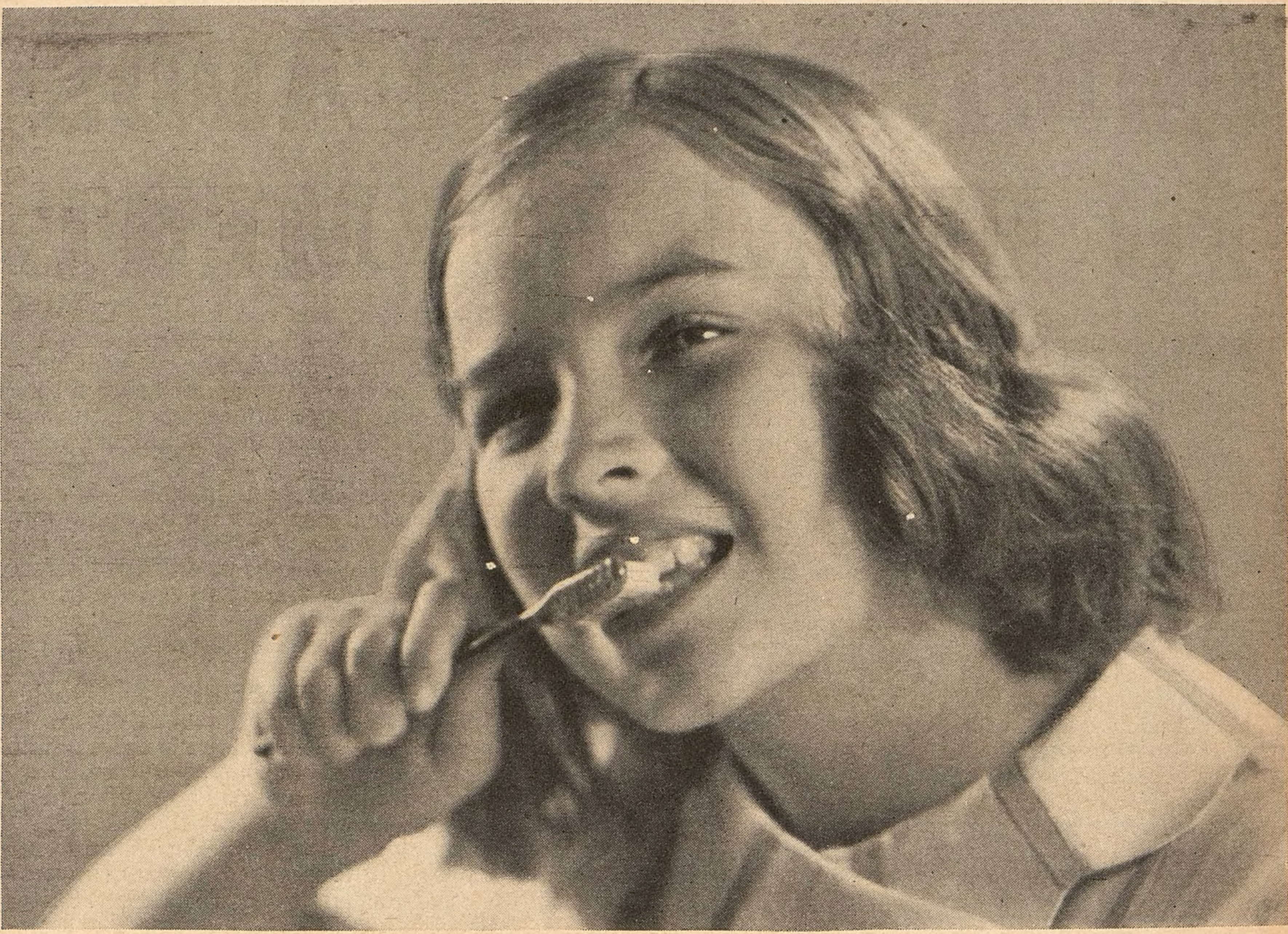
FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY— AND PRICE, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

OLD DRUM

BRAND · *Blended Whiskey*

OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY — 90 PROOF — 75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. OLD DRUM BRAND DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—85 PROOF. COPR. 1939 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

The Stag Lines of 1950 will open their eyes at this lovely Ipana smile!



No "Pink Tooth Brush" for Sally! She knows Ipana and Massage help make gums firmer, teeth sounder, smiles brighter

SALLY is lucky, as well as lovely! She's lucky because, at the early age of eight, she already knows how to take care of her *gums* as well as her *teeth*.

Right now, she knows more than her mother, more than her dad, for Sally's teacher has taught her the importance of gum massage to sound teeth and healthy gums. Sally knows, too, all about the warning and the threat of "pink tooth brush."

For today, in many schools throughout the country, children are being taught that gums are often deprived of exercise by our modern soft, creamy foods. Lack of vigorous chewing helps make gums weak and tender, and all too often they flash the warning of "pink tooth brush."

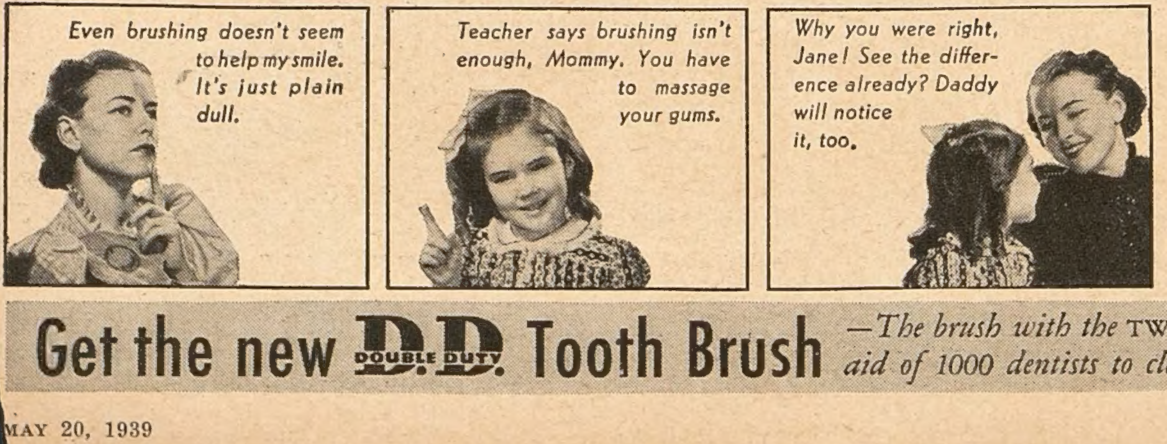
Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist at once*. If it's nothing more serious than flabby, underworked gums, he'll usually recommend "more exercise" and, as many dentists do, "the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

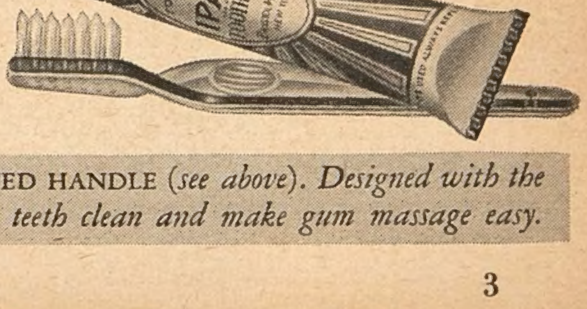
So play safe with your smile, as Sally does! Buy a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental health routine. Help your dentist make your smile as appealing for the world *today* as Sally is making hers for the stag lines of *tomorrow!*

Try the Ipana Way to a More Attractive Smile!


Even brushing doesn't seem to help my smile. It's just plain dull.
Teacher says brushing isn't enough, Mommy. You have to massage your gums.
Why you were right, Jane! See the difference already? Daddy will notice it, too.

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE


IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

MAY 20, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 20

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

IMMIGRATION ADDS TO UNEMPLOYMENT

BERNARR MACFADDEN

It will be everywhere admitted that the unemployment roll in this country is an unspeakable scandal, a disgrace that we will probably never entirely efface: the disastrous situation brought into being largely by the attitude of this administration toward industry.

Capitalists, industrialists, investors, employers, or whatever they might be termed, are all human, although in some instances they are greedy and grasping; but they naturally want to protect their interests.

A business that does not make a profit soon disappears. Throughout the entire history of this country business has been encouraged and stimulated. Government officials have recognized that the more business we have, the more profit earned, the greater will be the rewards of all concerned.

This administration furnishes the first example of officials attacking this source of prosperity.

The great problem we are facing at the present time is the making of more jobs. But notwithstanding the unemployment emergency, we find a desire on the part of many of our officials to open our ports to an increased number of immigrants. This addition to our population should be denounced. Immigration should be stopped altogether.

Suppose these immigrants do secure jobs upon arrival. They put an American citizen out of a job . . . they make one job less for our own people.

If the father of a family was heavily in debt and had to provide for a number of children, and had to borrow money or accept charity to support them, would it be wisdom on his part to accept a few more dependents to add to his burdens?

Well, this accurately represents the situation that exists in this country at the present time. Here we are, with almost a third of our wage earners unemployed, billions required to keep people on the dole or in charity jobs, and what earthly reason have we for adding to our unemployment burdens by allowing immigrants to land on our shores? They are strangers and should be barred out absolutely. Why should we assume the responsibility of their support? Why should we rob our own citizens of employment?

Senator Robert Reynolds has introduced a bill, Number S-409, that will stop immigration in the United States for those desiring permanent residence for a period of ten years, or until such a time as the Department of Labor can certify that unemployment in the United States does not exceed three million.

The Senator doubtless had in mind Madam Perkins, who failed to deport immigrants who were unlawfully in this country, for in this bill he has made it a felony for any official who tries to defeat the purpose of this act by failing to enforce it.

It is indeed a sad commentary when we have to make a law to compel an official to respect his oath of office and enforce the law.

In a recent speech in Congress, Senator Reynolds stated: "We have expended billions of dollars in an effort to provide employment for the unfortunate men and women. Unemployment, therefore, is indeed a mammoth problem, and our huge unemployment record exists despite the fact that three million of our people are on the relief rolls, and that four million people in the United States are working either for the government of the United States or for the respective state governments. The statement has been made that 80 per cent of all the unemployed in the entire world are to be found in the confines of the United States."

Of course Senator Reynolds is branded as a Fascist by the foreign recipients of our beneficence; but if fighting for Americanism of the Washington and Lincoln type subjects him to this libel, he "can take it." He has apparently recognized the deplorable need of protecting our own home folks. When foreigners are given jobs and native-born American citizens are denied them, this is indeed cause for caustic criticism. As long as there is a good American citizen on the unemployed list there is no earthly reason why we should be accepting prospective job-seeking citizens from other countries. We should protect our own homes first of all, and after that duty has been properly assumed, humanitarian motives can rightly be encouraged.

Bernarr Macfadden

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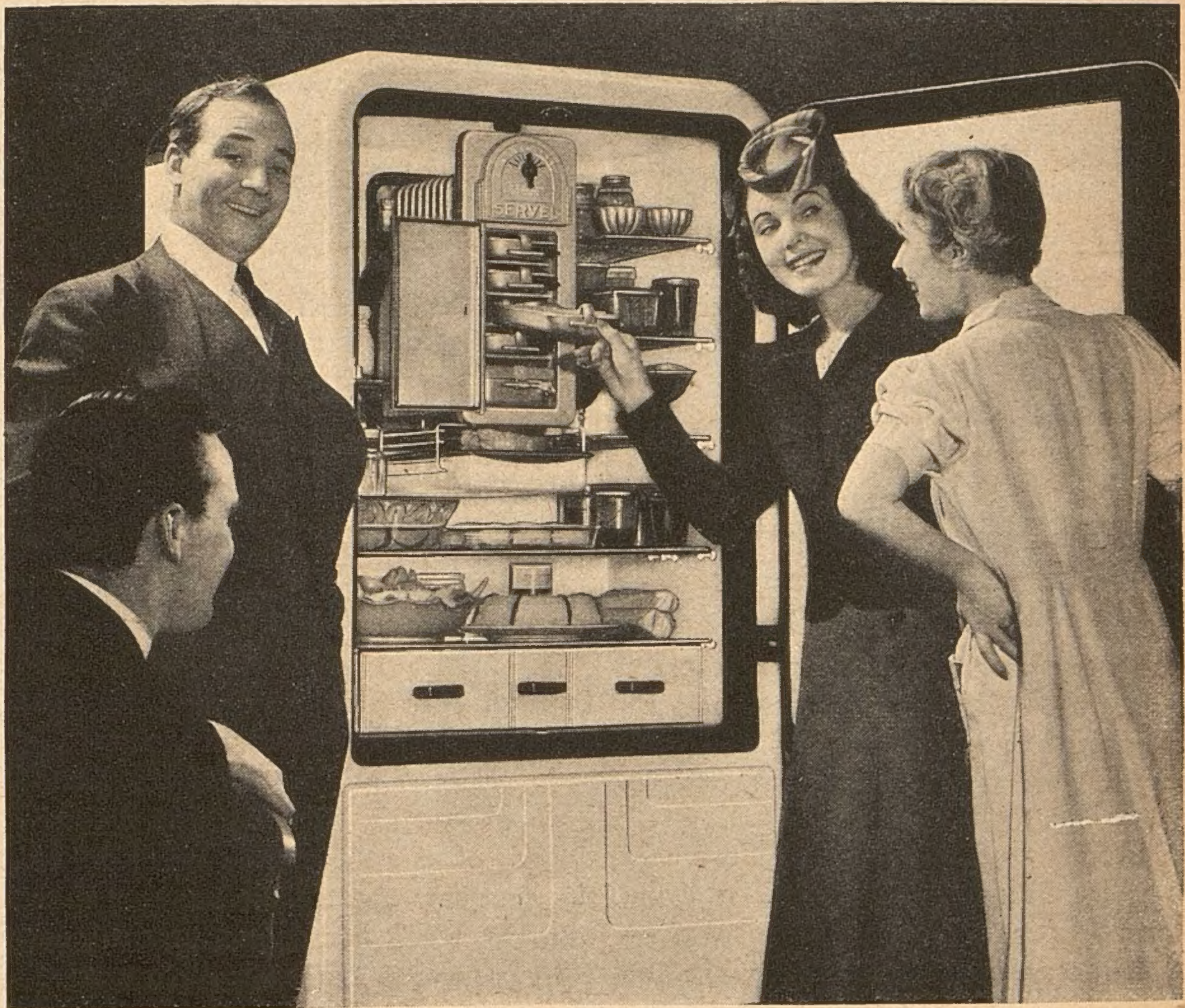
WE WENT...WE SAW...WE LISTENED...*to silence!*

How the couple next door convinced us that Servel can't make a noise

(*It's the only "automatic" that freezes with* **NO MOVING PARTS!**)

1 "NO WEAR, NO NOISE—GET IT?" says our new neighbor enthusiastically, as though his life's work was selling refrigerators. "That tiny gas flame takes the place of moving parts in the freezing system. No moving parts means nothing in there to wear; nothing to make noise. Servel just *has* to be silent!"

2 "HOW'S THIS FOR LOW RUNNING COST?" his wife joins in. "Just look at these gas bills. Our Servel Electrolux hasn't cost us more than a few cents a day to run since we bought it. And as far as Frank and I can see, it never will."



3 "MATTER OF FACT, IT PAYS FOR ITSELF," says Frank. "Just for fun the other night, we compared what we used to spend on food with what we're spending now. And would you believe it: we're saving enough with our Servel to pay the installments. And that doesn't count what we save on ice as well."

4 WE CAME HOME with our minds made up. Our next refrigerator's going to be a Servel, too! No one can ever tell us again that all refrigerators are just about alike!

* * *

Yes, Servel Electrolux *is* different! A tiny gas flame does the work. It's the *only* automatic refrigerator that can bring you the silence and savings of a freezing system without moving parts.

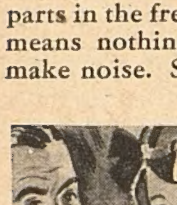
See the new models at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's showroom—*this week!* Remember, your own gas company offers prompt service facilities for every Servel it installs.

For Suburban and Rural Homes, Models Run On

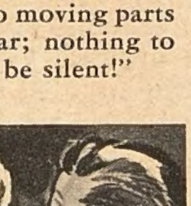
BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE

Write to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

WHAT MEN AND WOMEN WHO'VE HAD EXPERIENCE WITH OTHER REFRIGERATORS *say about "the refrigerator you hear about—but never hear"*



"We had another type refrigerator before we got our Servel Electrolux. We're delighted with it because of its silence. And because you never have to worry about parts wearing."—*Mrs. K. C. Edwards, 1519 Beach St., San Francisco, California.*

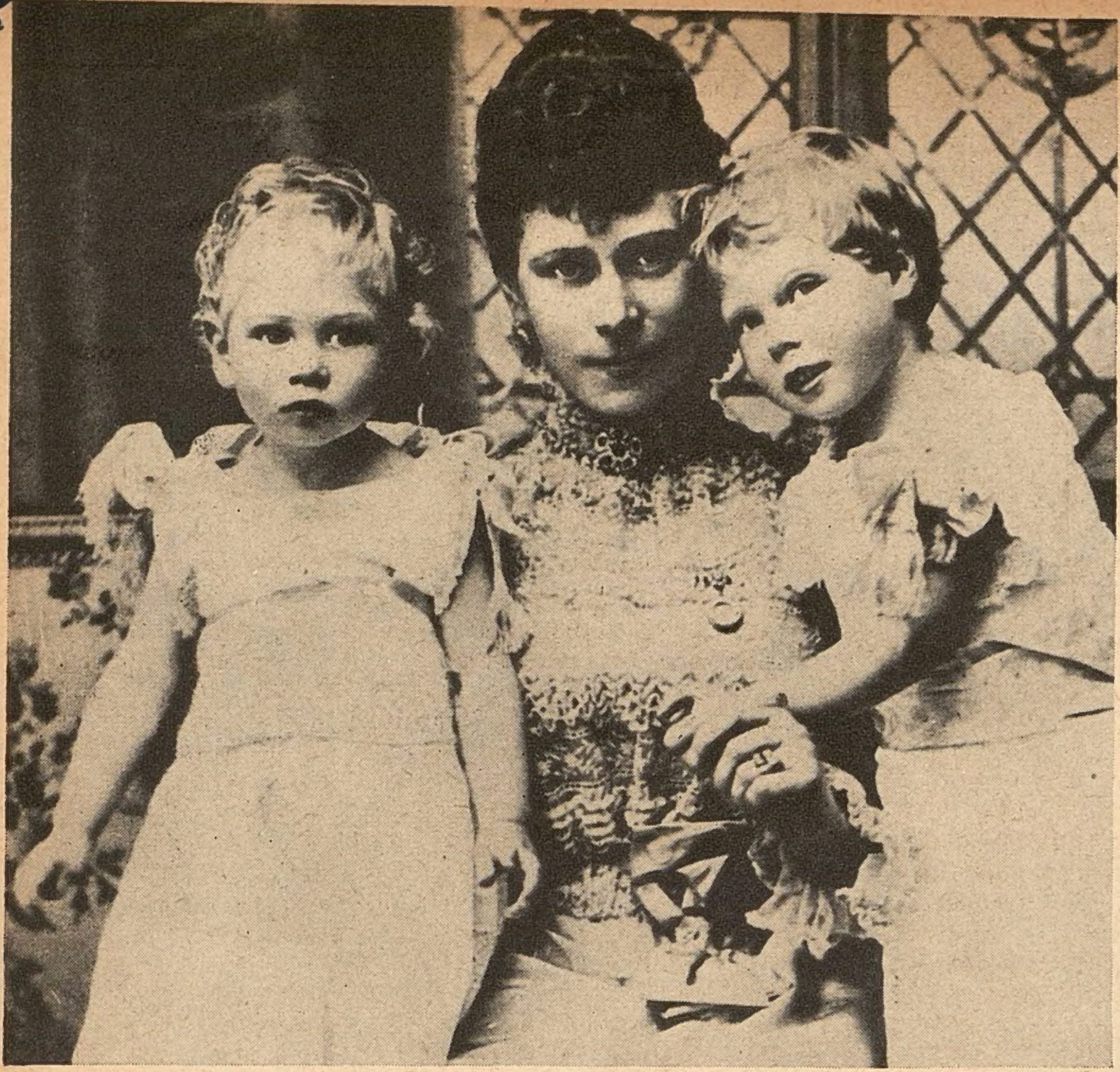


"I replaced the first refrigerator in my home over eight years ago with a Servel Electrolux. The fact that it has no moving parts makes it, in my opinion, a perfect refrigerator."—*Fred H. Norton, 186 Satterwaite Ave., Nutley, New Jersey.*

The **SERVEL ELECTROLUX** *Gas Refrigerator*

ee Servel's "Magic Caves of Ice" at New York World's Fair—See Servel at the Gas Industry Exhibit at the Golden Gate International Exposition

KINGS



In 1897: The future Queen Mary, then Duchess of York, with the future Kings George VI (at the left) and Edward VIII.

PROLOGUE

Back from the lonely shadows of St. Helena he brought Napoleon—and made him live again.

Then he turned to that tragic consecrated American in whom the very soul of our country seemed to dwell—Abraham Lincoln—and recreated him so well that all the world could understand him better and revere him more.

Even a more difficult achievement was his intimate portrait of a living man—Franklin Delano Roosevelt—which appeared so brilliantly in the pages of Liberty.

These are a few of the major works of Emil Ludwig, greatest of living biographers.

And now, in Kings and Brothers, again he gives us a truly revealing picture of two men who still weave their high ambitions, their secret sorrows, their pride and humility, and the panoply of their proud positions against the background of today's history—King George VI of England and the former King Edward VIII.

The year 1898! In the harbor of Havana, Cuba, an American battleship was blown up, and soon after, even the school children were running through the streets shouting to one another, "Remember the Maine!"

In Switzerland, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary was assassinated, of course entirely unaware of the conquest and dismemberment that were to befall her unhappy country.

In France, a certain couple named Curie discovered radium, neither knowing that years later the world would resound with the wife's fame as well as with the husband's.

A year later, Great Britain was to engage in a war with the Boers, which would bring her much adverse criticism as well as vast new territories.

But in a tranquil English garden everything seemed lovely and serene and no one dreamed of the alarums of war, of crowns won and lost, of countries torn asunder and reassembled in fantastic new outlines. There in that garden two little boys, laughing, raced through the sunshine. And so the curtain rises. —THE EDITOR

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART ONE—CHILDREN OF DESTINY

IN the morning sunshine two little boys come running across widespread lawns. They struggle and pant, for the ground rises slightly, and they are racing to see which of them will first reach the railings of the park, where the big gates stand open. One of them stumbles; the other sees victory in his grasp. But the first is soon on his feet again and catches up with him, and now they shout, to egg each other on. For the last thirty steps they make a spurt. They are blind to everything but the shadow of the railings; they do not see that there is somebody standing there. And so, almost abreast, they tumble into the arms of their mother, who has been waiting for them at the gate.

A queen and two kings, each with a crown for great occasions, like kings and queens in a fairy tale—that is the future in store for these three. None of them knows all of that yet, however, and if some gypsy were to come and foretell that future, the mother would protest in dismay. And if any of the horsemen galloping over the oak-shaded lawns of Richmond Park were to see them here without knowing who they were, he would simply take them for country gentry. For White Lodge, secluded in its rolling meadows not far from the river, is by no means a castle, and when George I built it, he intended it merely as "a place of refreshment after the chase."

It was the year 1898 when the tall woman of thirty caught her two sons in the folds of her light summer dress. She had herself spent the loveliest part of her childhood at White Lodge with her mother, the Duchess of Teck. Here, too, she spent the first part of her married life with her husband, the Duke of York, and here the elder of the two boys was born. The younger, now three years old, was born at another country house, York Cottage, Sandringham. And there was also a little girl of one year.

Soon the magnolias fringing the park inside the railings would be in bloom, and a little later the rhododendrons, which do not grow so high in England as in Italy, and here in this park look more like flowerbeds. The house, low, white, simple, and built rather like a half moon, has only one high hall in the middle, and when the

AND BROTHERS

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII

By EMIL LUDWIG

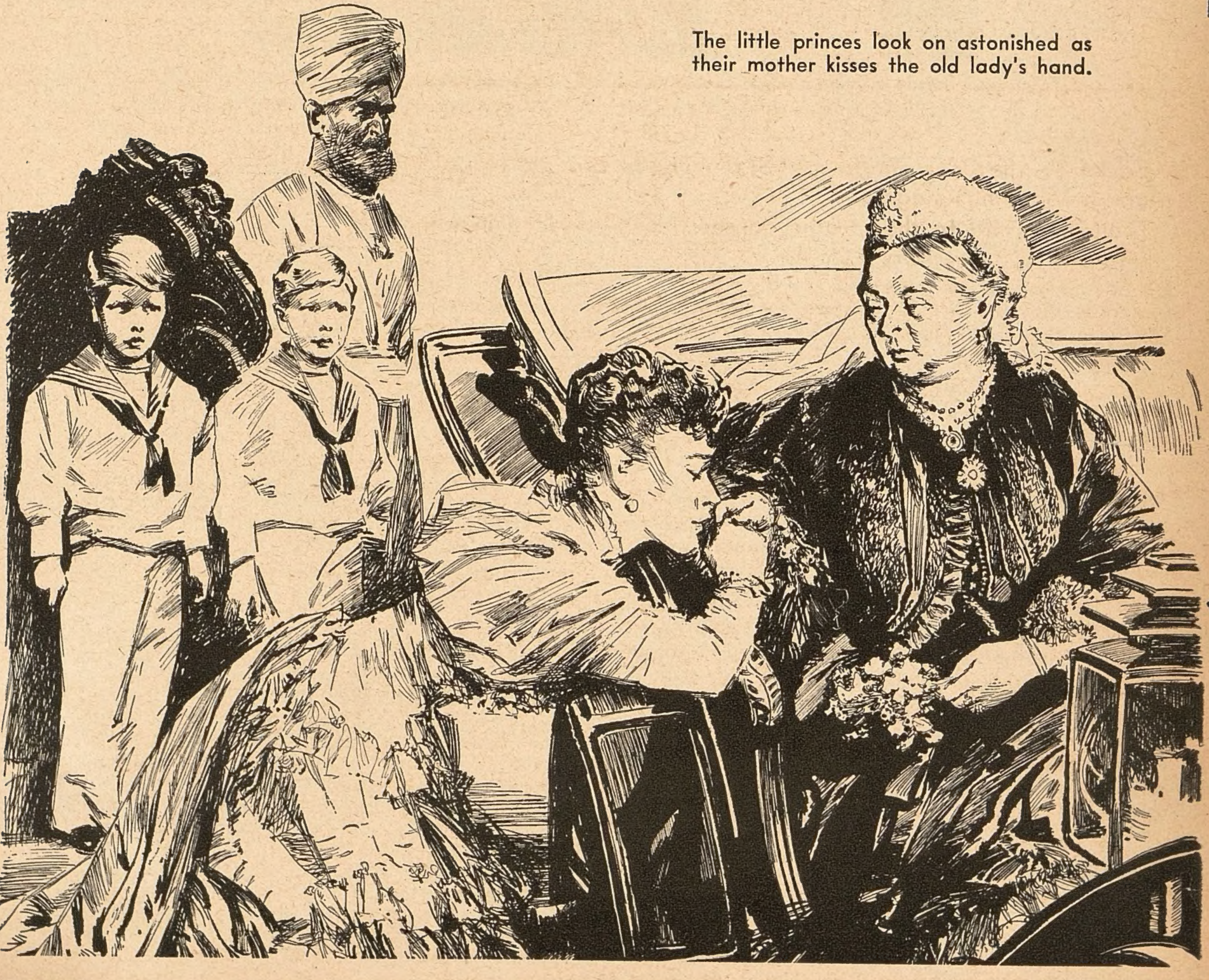
Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.

boys race through it, they reach a row of columns on the other side which lends that front a certain stateliness.

All this would be the setting for an English sentimental romance, such as was still in vogue forty years ago, and for that matter is still eagerly read by the majority of the British feminine reading public.

There were no romances in White Lodge, however; only tranquil marriages, with everything regulated by tradition, and the true history of the two brothers, which begins here, and which touches the hearts of many people more deeply than any bittersweet love story could do, hardly ever returns to the low, semicircular white house where the brothers raced to see who would win.

Now, as they sit still on their little garden seat under the old cedar, turning over the pages of their picture book with eager laughter or horror, their features, in repose, reveal their characters. Only brothers can be so alike and yet so different. The shape of the head, the cut of the hair, and their fairness—these show the family likeness; but the mouth, the eyes, and the ears are quite different. The elder's features are smaller and more delicately modeled. The wide, slightly parted lips, the big, open eyes of the younger reveal confidence, patience, and a natural simplicity. Everything about him is warmhearted and ready. The elder scans the world with a look both of scrutiny and inquiry, and his closed lips already seem to conceal what he thinks. The one is content with the present, the other uncertain what the next moment will bring, what demand it will make upon him.

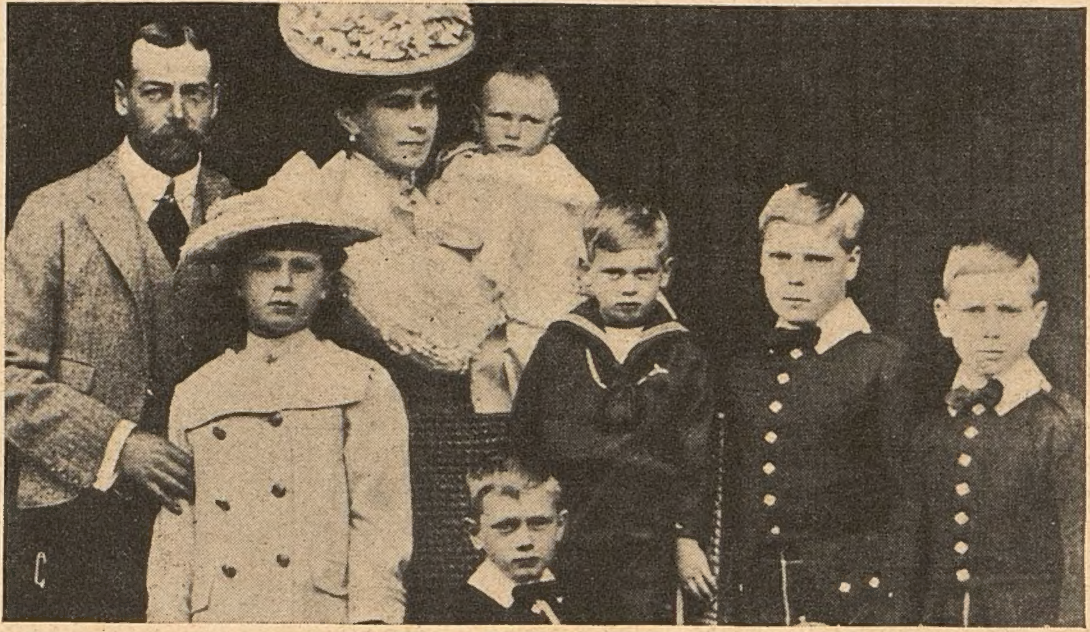


The little princes look on astonished as their mother kisses the old lady's hand.

An unfathomable gravity lies on the face of the elder boy. The only thing the brothers really share is a decided reserve; they are both on the defensive.

The youthful portraits of their ancestors show at once how much the elder resembles his grandfather Edward; he is called after him too, although in the family they prefer to call him David. To judge by the features alone, he seems to have skipped a generation. Albert, the younger, on the other hand, reflects the features of both parents. And their characters are destined to develop exactly along the lines on which they have begun life.

It could not be long concealed from them that they were royal children, more especially since the revelation implied an obligation to do all they were told, and to do it well. But the fact only takes on visible form when they visit their great-grandmother at Windsor. There, at the sentry boxes by the iron gate under the Round Tower, the sentries stand under their huge bearskins, and inside, menservants and maids glide about noiselessly in the high rooms with their rows of pictures, for there must be no noise to disturb the aged Queen. Even the children have to walk on tiptoe, and may only speak in whispers. But when the cushioned carriage comes rolling through the double gates, and she beckons the children to her, she looks at them quite kindly. They look on astonished while their mother kisses the old lady's hand, and see how the old lady permits her to do so before kissing her herself.



A family group in 1906: The Prince and Princess of Wales, later George V and Queen Mary, with their children—Princes Edward and Albert at right.

Most likely, think the boys, she is centuries old and she has seen all the tournaments fought with the weapons which now hang on the wall of the great hall in the castle. She is a legend, this Queen Victoria, a fairy tale of bygone days; the kingdom and all its powers must do her bidding; and they themselves—well, they are her great-grandchildren. What they mean to the old lady they do not yet know, but later they will read in her diaries how she had a christening shawl made for little David out of her own wedding veil, and how there was not enough music when he was christened, and how startled she was when the second boy was born on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death. But he was called Albert, because she wished her great-grandsons to have this name.

HOW the boys rejoice when they have got through their visit without a reprimand, for now they can stand at the window to see and hear the guard changing below. And soon they are back in the day nursery at home, rolling about on the carpet, laughing with pure relief at the stately visit being over. It is only on those visits that the boys have to be always on their best behavior. At home they can laugh at it all, and some old manservant or other tells them, to their joy, how the old Queen's secretaries dry her papers on a little copper stove to make the ink dry black so that she can read it with her old, old eyes.

When the Diamond Jubilee came, the children got only a few glimpses of the festival, but the sounds of it reached their ears, for generations had passed since a sovereign had reigned for sixty years. Three years later, when Victoria was dead, the two boys, now six and seven, stood in their sailor suits by the coffin, near the grave of Charles I, before the body was removed to its mausoleum. That was the first time they were princes; the first time, that is, that they had to represent something as actors do—namely, a bit of England's heritage, power, and empire. But as the presence of death bored them, like all children, their eyes most likely wandered over the walls where there was something to see. There the inquiring looks of little Edward could in the frescoes above distinguish by their costumes eight kings, but bishops to the number of twelve. Those numbers may well have come back to his memory at a later date, when he, a king himself, was harassed by the clergy.

LIFE with their parents was, for the time being, very pleasant. In some things their mother was stricter, in others their father. Both took the upbringing of their children seriously, but they gave them as much freedom as possible. The family, which soon numbered six children, led a simple country life in the little house at Sandringham standing beside the big brick one which their grandfather Edward had bought forty years before. The boys were even allowed to play with the village children—not with all of them and not always, but they were hemmed in by few strict prohibitions.

It was certainly more interesting in winter at York House, which stands in the old Palace of St. James's in London. There, at the window, they would tear the leaves off the ancient ivy, and if by chance a skylight was open, they could climb along the black-and-white battlements till they were fetched down by their horrified tutor. The guard which took up its stand at midday was always the same, but it was comical to see how, at the Horse Guards, exactly half of the sentry's horse stood in the sentry box.

From the upstairs window they could look over the street, the fat red buses which at that time (about 1903) were still drawn by horses, the hansoms, the fleet of bicycles. And then there were cries, the ringing of bells, the trotting of horses to enliven the day! In between they would play soldiers, like all princes, listen to the history of the Boer War, or hear about the great General Kitchener whom everybody called merely " Lord K."; and once, when the dreaded General Roberts, " Bobs," asked Prince David, to tease him, what he wanted to be when he grew up, the boy replied: " I'll pass a bill against cutting puppy-dogs' tails and prevent them from using bearing reins on horses, because they are very cruel! "

So he was already saying " them," and seemed to have a romantic idea of the good citizens and their laws. Once, when he had a children's party on his birthday, somebody called him " infernally bumptious."

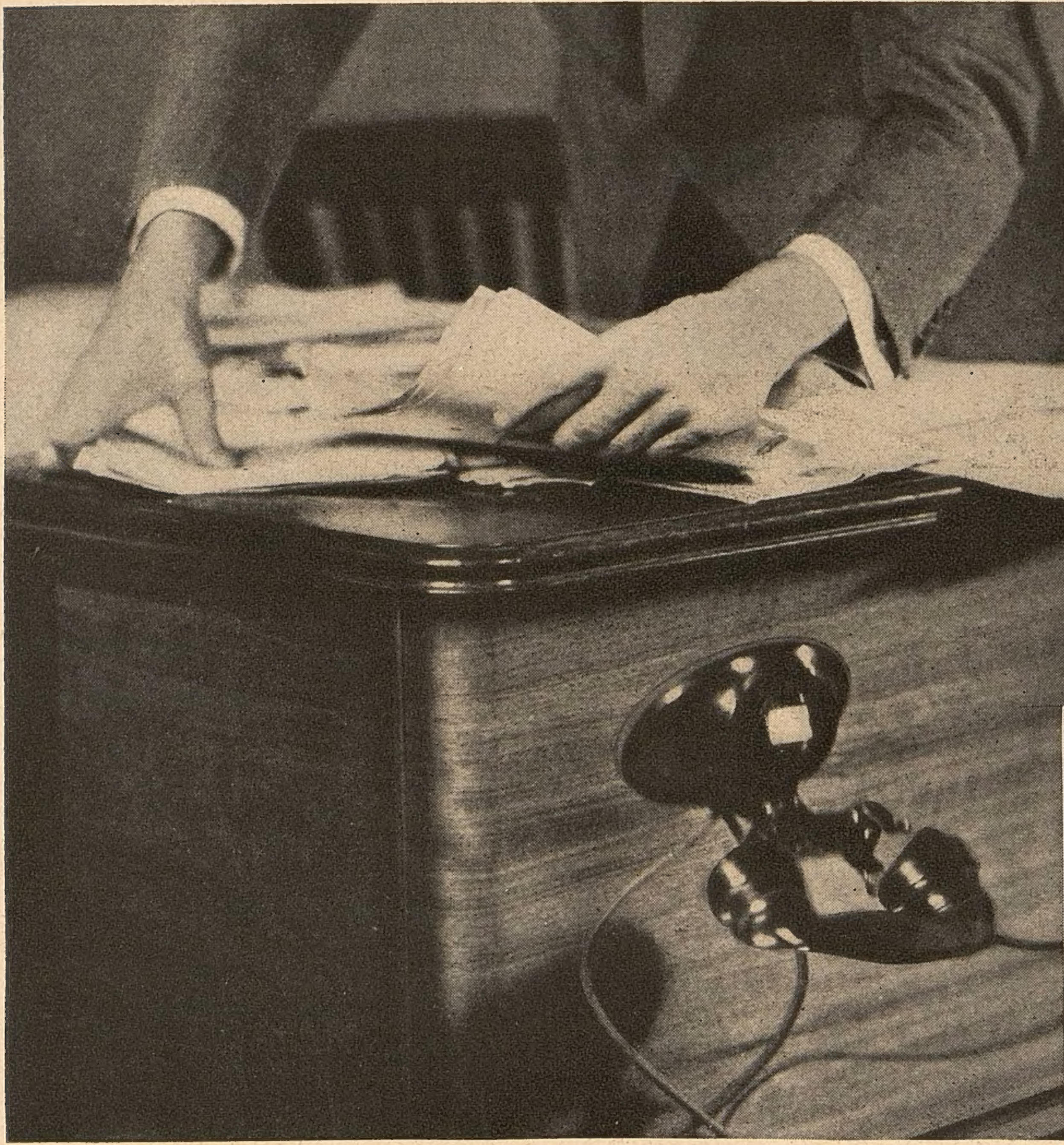
This smiling criticism came from his grandfather Edward, who began with it a friendship with his grandson Edward which lasted and grew from the Prince's seventh to his seventeenth year, when King Edward died.

Their physical likeness was the outward sign of a similarity of disposition which drew them to each other. While the younger Albert decidedly clung to his father, a deep affection united the two Edwards, old and young.

There was great rejoicing when the boys' parents made their tour round the world and they themselves were put in the care of their grandparents. There was no walking on tiptoe then. On the contrary, when they came over to Buckingham Palace of an evening, they could race through the corridors, and the more their tutor scolded, the louder their grandfather laughed. At that time the children were living in Marlborough House; but even at Windsor, when they went there on a visit to their grandparents, the still solemnity which had brooded over everything during the old Queen's life

(*Continued on page 10*)

Your Bell Telephone can take it!



"Where IS that letter from...whoa! There goes the telephone!"

"I guess I put it out of commission this time!"

...because it stands harder knocks in Western Electric testing

Bang! There it goes on the floor. This may happen to yours, no matter how you try to avoid it. You fear the worst. But the telephone continues its job of carrying your voice.

Why? Because hard knocks in daily service were anticipated in design and manufacture. That's true of all Bell System telephone equipment made by Western Electric.

Rigid "built-to-take-it" standards and quality-producing craftsmanship are Western Electric's contribution to better telephone service for you.

"Oh, boy! It works as well as ever."

Western Electric

... made your
BELL TELEPHONE

(Continued from page 8)

had given way to a general animation, even though the new master had been sixty when he ascended the throne.

King Edward VII's broad-mindedness in questions of upbringing was not merely the familiar, gleeful little revenge which all grandfathers take when they see their own children struggling with the problems of upbringing, and for that very reason spoil the children whose own parents they brought up so strictly. Edward allowed both his children and his grandchildren all the freedom of which his serious-minded German father had always deprived him. But even he never solved the problem of the education of princes, because it is founded on the paradox that an immature prince has to be brought up simply and strictly, like every other mortal, yet must learn at the same time to hold aloof from other mortals in the solitary dignity of a future king.

Considering that Victoria and Albert, when their son was sent to the university, had forbidden him to take his meals with the other undergraduates, to read a novel, and even to smoke, and considering that the widowed queen had prevented him, till he was fifty, from taking any hand in the affairs of state, it was only to be expected that he should kick over the traces, and make Europe ring with his name as a man of fashion and pleasure.

In the brief ten years of his reign he gave proof of great gifts, in spite of the errors of his all-too-puritanical upbringing. Was there any cause for wonder if, at eighteen, he looked awkward and restrained, self-conscious and sad, like his grandson after him? The wife chosen for him at twenty-one, the beautiful Danish Princess Alexandra, could not remain the only woman in his tedious life; he thirsted in vain for action, were it only in the form of campaigns in Egypt. Since Europe had gossiped about the Prince of Wales' adventures, some echo of them may well have come to the ears of his growing grandsons and made their grandfather as interesting as some old sea captain who tells stories in port.

How the old gentleman laughed when the boys came to visit him, and raced up the great staircase at Windsor, or played hide-and-seek behind the great lion rampant which, with teeth bared, bears the crown on its head and the huge coat of arms in its great paws. The children were sometimes allowed to sit in wonder while the King drove them about his garden in one of the first motorcars. That showed what a great man a king was! And perhaps as he drove he told the boys that, till recently, it had been the law of the land that a man with a red flag should run before any mechanically propelled vehicle moving at more than four miles an hour!

WHEN they sat together in the evening, old and young would pore over pictures and maps with the voyages of the parents marked on them. When the grandfather saw that Edward did not like reading, while Albert did, he silently took Edward's part, for he recognized in him his own observant, unliterary nature. But once, when the old Edward was telling a story and the young one interrupted him by pulling his arm, the old man grew angry. When he had finished and asked the boy what he wanted, the lad answered awkwardly: "Oh, it was only a slug in your salad. But you have eaten it by now."

Toward the end of his life, King Edward played an important part in the forming of his young successor's mind. The mobility of his clever, half-French way of thinking could not but captivate an impressionable boy of fifteen far more than his father's accuracy and thoroughness. It was at that time that he heard in confidence of his grandfather's dislike of the Germans, who had invaded the country of his Danish wife, and whose Kaiser paid him irksome visits, rich in breaches of tact. "Thank God, he's gone!" the old King once said after Kaiser Wilhelm's departure, and most likely the boy heard that too.

After their parents' home-coming, the boys' education was more strictly regulated. The parents had brought a French governess from Australia. But although yet another Frenchman was called in, Prince Edward, at any rate, had little to show for it; even today he speaks very little French, though his German is good. Mr. Hansell, the regular tutor, the typical slim, forthright, and somewhat pedantic Oxford man, can be seen in a picture walking between the two boys in kilts and explaining with his right hand something which obviously interests neither of them. According to the principles of aristocratic education in England, this capable tutor taught them more sport than lessons, and when they finished with private tuition at fifteen, they knew less about history, mathematics, and languages than about cricket, golf, and riding.

By nature, the elder brother was keener on football, the younger on tennis. Albert kept a cricket ball with which he bowled his grandfather, father, and brother—a kind of Three Kings ball for which some mad collector will pay a mad price one day.

In spite of the difference in their characters, neither of the brothers, in these early years, would have had any kind of feeling of superiority over the other if the younger had not been afflicted with a trouble which oppressed and depressed him all through his youth and even into his married life. Prince Albert had inherited a stammer from his Brunswick forebears, and every attempt at a cure came to grief, because the diagnosis was wrong. The doctors who examined him attributed the stutter to mental causes, and by convincing him of them, they only succeeded in aggravating the trouble. Both Albert and his brother, it is true, saw how both their tutors and parents patiently gave him time to speak. But as soon as he was out of the circle of the family he was intimidated and oppressed by the presence of others.

This weakness, which he only overcame when a doctor at last discovered its cause, shadowed his youth. It took all the good-fellowship and the perfect tact of a fine-feeling brother to prevent the weakness of the younger from turning to a grudge against the elder, who was privileged by his very birth. The real friendship which united them lasted until they were first separated in 1909. After that they never really lived together again.

IT is very rare that the education of a human being, carefully planned, with a definite goal in view, leads to great results. Alexander the Great is one of the few men of genius who were trained to their job. The really great kings have generally made their way in opposition to their fathers or predecessors, often with bitter youthful struggles; or have drawn their strength from political convulsions, from early crises and wars, or from revolutions.

At a time when the notion of royalty has been destroyed or shaken everywhere, and can actually be maintained in the grand style only by a state calling itself a commonwealth, the education of a prince is far less significant to him than the idea he forms for himself of the transmutation of that notion. Victoria, living among some fifty imperial, royal, and princely dynasties in Europe, still had to reckon with political marriages, with related and allied courts when she brought up her heir. He foresaw the dissolution the twentieth century was to bring, but the son whom he was training as his successor died early. He had intended his second son, who thus came to the throne instead, for the navy. What was to happen in the case of his grandson?

Both brothers began their careers in the navy, but both were thrown out of the training planned for them, the one by the war, the other by illness. Neither became a sailor; both became kings. It is a fresh proof of how impossible it is to bring up an heir: Fate takes a sovereign hand in the carefully planned game.

Albert, the younger, was more of a born sailor than Edward. His steadiness of character, the natural quiet and contentedness he had inherited from his father, seemed to mark him out as definitely for a sailor as his father himself who, after his brother's death, had only with great reluctance exchanged the sea for the cramped uneasiness of a court and a capital. But George as Prince of Wales was in a position to reckon with the possibility that his own younger son might come to the throne. Hence he might have given both sons the training of a ruler, and in such a way that their inborn weaknesses would not have been aggravated. The more impressionable character of the elder son required a steady hand; the more phlegmatic

(Continued on page 12)

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BALTIMORE

One of a series of open letters to the American Public appearing in 1030 Newspapers and in National Magazines

(Continued from page 10)

disposition of the younger, added vitality. What happened was exactly the reverse, although this was partly the result of unexpected events.

When Prince Edward at fifteen was suddenly torn from his private life with his brother and tutor and cast into an institution with a hundred other uniformed cadets, his sensitive, restlessly seeking mind could not but shrink. What he was exposed to here was not the freedom of a ship but the regimen of a naval college. That, as in every military academy in the world, consisted of equal parts of discipline, comradeship, and stupidity. The one royal cadet had also a fourth ingredient to digest in the mixture—namely the dignity of a historic and powerful name.

The democratic zeal of his educators now cast him between the Scylla and Charybdis on which all heirs apparent threaten to come to grief. He had to be in every way one of a hundred, no better than all the rest, privileged in nothing, with a dogmatic emphasis on his equality, which was the pride of his instructors and of the royal house itself. And yet at the same time he had always to bear in mind that, once he had attained his majority, he might be called upon to stand the test not as the youngest cadet but as the First Admiral of the Royal Navy.

HERE at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, in the little bungalow he shared with a dozen others, the Prince jumped out of bed at half past six, went to the gym, breakfasted on cocoa and biscuits, then learned mathematics, geography, chemistry, navigation. With equal care the games and recreation were arranged and prescribed, and the whole day, even the whole year, depersonalized. All the same, he had to be a prince again when the Czar arrived with his son to visit the Royal Naval College. One day he was "Cadet Edward" who, if he did not at once clear out when older cadets appeared, was smeared with red ink, and who, if he did not step into the gutter when passing older cadets, was shouted at. The next day he was the descendant of those kings whose marble busts stood in the Italian villa, and the great cedar, under which Victoria used to have tea with her ladies in waiting, told him as it soughed in the wind the story of his family, with its power, its momentous moments, and its uncertain future, which he himself was one day to represent.

But if, as a sailor, he was guilty of the slightest breach of rules, the older cadets would hang him up, symbolically, on the window frame and chaff him because he could see the castle where Cromwell had held his ancestor, King Charles, a prisoner.

Thus the sensitive, seeking, half-grown boy passed two years in feelings of restlessness which partly oppressed, partly exalted his self-confidence. For what he experienced at Dartmouth, immediately after his apprenticeship years at Osborne, was the same in outward form, except that he now lived in a great gloomy building, that the clock on the tower showed seamen's time, and that he got up at seven instead of half past six. Since modern navigation has developed out of an art and an adventure into a science, the cadets are taught more engineering and physics than seamanship. Prince Edward was no happier at Dartmouth. The seriousness of his childish photographs sinks, from his sixteenth year on, to such a sadness that it was even noticed by visitors at a gay dramatic performance, where he stood in the middle of the chorus in mask and wig, and did not laugh.

The landscape alone here, and really everywhere outside the town, struck an idyllic note; it formed a contrast to life. The land undulates as far as the horizon; between their whitethorn hedges the broad green fields lie open and mild; cattle graze on them—red-and-white oxen under the shady limes along the brook, where a ford leads across to the heath. The heath is wide and sunny. There is hunting here in winter, when the heather is abloom; but in summer the sun-yellow gorse blossoms in great thickets, with a glint of silver and blue from the sea.

The roads wind between the hedges from one squat gray church tower to another. Round the villages stand haystacks, but the princely clumps of trees in the meadows, the solitary oaks, and spreading chestnuts turn the country into a park, where the arduous labor and careful calculation of the farmer is hardly perceptible.

There are woods in which the pink and mauve blooms of the rhododendrons gleam between high forest trees, where pheasants feed beneath ferns. There are rose-covered cottages in little gardens behind larkspurs and sunflowers. But the white comely houses, with their green lawns, their ponds, their swans, and their long shady drives dominate the sedate landscape. The gray churches with the square towers dream beside the rose-smothered graveyards, and always, at the height of a flagstaff, a little white signal tower points toward the sea, if it does not itself reveal its rolling blue between the meadows. At the end of ends, it is to the sea that all English roads, landscapes, efforts, and dreams roll.

The two years of Edward's cadetship, from fifteen to seventeen, perhaps the most important years in the youth of a human being, were shaken by three great events which affected his life as a prince.

In May, 1910, King Edward died. For the first time the ancient destiny of the heir apparent was fulfilled in the young prince—the uniting of mourning with hope. The most natural feeling of the boy of sixteen was mourning, since he had lost in his grandfather a kind of friend and mentor; yet the equally natural desire in this prince, under tutelage, to become the master could hardly fail to rise in the young heart, and plunge him into a conflict of feelings, for now only his father stood between him and power. He could not but wish his father happiness and long life, yet he was under his orders. Could he fail to remember that his grandfather's beard was white by the time he ascended the throne?

A strange conflict of curiosity, joy, and fear in their young hearts, the brothers heard their father proclaimed King from the balcony of St. James's Palace with blasts of the trumpet by the senior among the heralds in their medieval array. The children, four sons and the one daughter, stood opposite in Marlborough House. They heard the cheers of the crowd, and a thousand voices sang God Save the King.

The same confusion of feelings must have shaken the boy when, side by side with his brothers, he followed the slow gun carriage on which, instead of a gun, the coffin of the dead king was borne. Nine kings and many princes followed his mourning father, and the thoughts of the young man turned ceaselessly on their duties and their fate, while the younger boys were, most likely, more occupied with the king's favorite terrier which, led by a Scottish Highlander, with the unerring instinct of clever animals crept dolefully along in visible grief.

Albert, walking beside Edward, could yield himself up without reserve to the sorrow of the moment, for he came second, not first. While the sixteen-year-old Prince Edward in the white sailor uniform, moving swiftly, lightly, and shyly behind the coffin, drew the eyes of thousands of Englishmen, Albert, looking into the ranks of those unknown faces, could see in them his own veiled future.

PRINCE ALBERT, following in his brother's footsteps, had meanwhile made no better start at Osborne. Though the simplicity of his feelings gave him greater poise, physical weakness beset him. Gastric trouble made it doubtful whether he would pass the medical examination, and he was glad when he was allowed to enter the naval college along with seventy-one other boys. But his brother had already left for Dartmouth, and thus the shy boy, who had never had any experience of school life, would have been stranded if he had not found in Greig, a young doctor, a sympathetic friend.

He was soon seen to be harder-working than his brother; moreover, everybody noticed how much more he resembled both his parents. The books and articles published later by his fellow cadets when he became king, which invest him with excellent qualities exclusively, make him less likable than his own tale that he was "usually at the bottom of the lists."

For that matter, both brothers were and are surprising in that they are persistently unassuming, a quality which was in the future, as we shall see, to stand out in pleasant contrast at critical moments to the flatteries of those about the court.

For Prince Albert the strict round of life both at Osborne and Dartmouth was made more difficult by his stutter. When a master who knew nothing about it suddenly asked the boy in the first lesson: "What's half a half?" the prince could not answer, and the master laughed at him. "The word froze in my mouth," the Prince related later. "I thought, if only the earth would open and swallow me up! The incident darkened many weeks of my year there." These moving words, quoted by Taylor Darbyshire in his biography of the present king, which was read and approved by Albert himself, give a hint of the sufferings of the young man, as well as of a sense of duty which never left him.

What Albert learned was interesting, and the engineering work stood him in very good stead later. He was also fortunate enough to be able to have his doctor Greig near him, and he enjoyed the games, particularly those in which he was not required to speak. He was allowed to share his brother's service only for a short time; then both caught the measles, and during their convalescence, they clambered about the rocks at Newquay, looked at the old churches, and watched a new lifeboat being put to sea for the first time. When the great steamers passed out to sea, they laid bets on their tonnage, and, like any squabbling schoolboys, brandished their new learning in each other's faces. As for fishing, they learned from an expert how high the fly-fisher stands above the common water fogger.

The grandfather, King Edward VII.

Together or apart, the brothers were always good friends, and the feeling of his impediment seems to have afflicted the younger but rarely. It is true that Darbyshire writes that "Prince Albert was sometimes very scornful of the efforts of his brothers." When Albert thought of the destiny of his father who, also a second son, was also trained for the sea and yet ascended the throne, he can hardly have failed to recollect a whole series of other English kings' sons whose fate was the same: Richard I, Edward II, Henry VIII, Charles II—all younger sons.

All the same, to judge from both his own character and the testimony of his friends, the secret wish for a similar turn in the course of events in his own case never arose in his mind, either then or later. Prince Albert dreaded nothing in life more than that he should be called upon to play the king by his brother's early death.

Meanwhile that same brother had run on ahead again. Edward went to sea for the first time as a midshipman on the Hindustan. Most likely he regarded the sea as an English lake. A quarter pleasure cruise, three quarters service. He was popular with his fellow midshipmen, who nicknamed him "Sardine," partly because he was so thin, partly because it means the opposite of whale (Wales). The report sent by the captain to the King, thoroughly professional and quite without flattery, praised the Prince's zeal in the gunroom and the stokehole.

No one who has ever seen the business of stoking at a time before power poured silently through pipes into the engines in the form of oil can have any idea of what such a scene meant in dust, dirt, and horrible noise. "Everybody," the report concludes, "will be sorry to lose so good a comrade and so intelligent a man. He was a thoroughly hard worker and is in many respects ahead of his years."

When he left the ship, the Prince's training as a sailor, though hardly begun, came to an end. It was but half-knowledge he took with him. The restlessness of the characteristic career of a crown prince set in. It was not much to the Prince's taste, for his ambition was to learn something as a whole and learn it well. In later years he laughed at himself, saying, "I hold the rank of an Admiral, but I would never advise anyone to sail in a ship in which I had charge of the navigation." Meanwhile, at such moments he may have envied his younger brother, who at the time was setting out on seven years of undisturbed training.

Then came another interruption—the coronation of his parents, with its long preparations, which the brothers, now sixteen and seventeen, were to experience in full realization of its significance, though, we may be sure, criticizing it in detail. Yet on this very symbolical day their separate functions clearly marked out the predestined parts they were to play. As the medieval procession moved through the summer morning to Westminster, the six children of the royal couple drove in the sixth of the gilt state coaches, Edward already in Garter robes, Albert still in cadet uniform, the three younger brothers in kilts, and their sister in white. Edward was so impressed by the gravity of the moment that he stuffed one of the little brothers under a cushion because he was beginning to get up to mischief in the coach. It is a sign that he felt deeply the dignity of his office and his family.

Later, in the Abbey, as heir apparent, he had to stand out in front, while Albert sat at the side with the others and could watch and wonder at the spectacle. The handsome lad of seventeen in his picturesque robes, wearing a little crown for the first time, knew perfectly well that half England and the representatives of the whole Empire were watching and listening to him as he knelt before his just-crowned father to pronounce the ancient oath: "I . . . . do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks."

When the Prince kissed the King's cheek, the King drew him close and warmly returned his kiss. When it was all over, and they were back at the palace, the six children crowded round a book with the new stamps, for the Newfoundlanders had issued a new stamp series, each stamp bearing the portrait of one or another member of the Royal Family. For a moment the growing princes were children again, and squabbled among themselves as to whose portrait had come out best and which stamp was most valuable.

Immediately afterward the Prince was invested as Prince of Wales. And now, on the ancient ramparts of Carnarvon Castle, there stood on a platform between the two ancient towers a young knight in a mantle of velvet, gazing with intense gravity from under his velvet cap at his father, who was investing him with the sword and crown. Then he received the golden scepter from him, while the ring wedding him to the land of Wales, and making him father of her children, was put on his middle finger. It was all something out of a fairy tale—most of all the heat which made the year 1911 famous, as it poured down on the velvet-robed figure standing still under the midday sun.

And the medieval pageantry was surveyed by the shrewd eyes of two very modern men who were destined, many years later, to influence the Prince's life. It was Lloyd George who received the Royal Family, and it was Winston Churchill who, as Home Secretary, read aloud the deed of investiture. The young Prince can hardly have failed to grasp the paradox of his future power when he saw himself in fantastic robes, his father in the brilliance of some great uniform, but the ministers standing in the street clothes of their epoch, like two opera directors sending their tenors and basses on to the stage, and not grudging them the applause, since it is they themselves who decide the whole repertory.

Prince Albert's first cruise as a midshipman, Prince Edward's years at Oxford and his prewar visit to Germany, and then the inspiring World War service of both Princes—including the present King's dramatic escape from death in the Battle of Jutland—will be pictured in next week's installment of Emil Ludwig's human story of the lives of these two great figures of our day.

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD'S COMIN

"THE trouble with stars," lamented a studio executive after an hour's battle with a temperamental lady of the screen, "is that they believe their own publicity."

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in your stars, but in yourselves," I misquoted.

What I meant was that studios rarely give out unvarnished truth about their stars, but gild them with glamour and endow them with romantic backgrounds in order to stimulate the interest of hero-worshiping fans. No wonder the stars, after reading highly colored tales about themselves, begin to believe them. If publicity proves a boomerang, the studios can thank themselves.

Everywhere you are seeing the slogan, "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment," on billboards, on banners stretched across highways, in newspapers and magazines, on the screen. Paralleling this Greater Movie Campaign directed at the public is an economy drive within the studios which is getting little or no publicity. Orders to retrench are sent from the front office all down the line. Budget allowances are cut way down, crowd scenes cut out except where absolutely necessary. And scouts are busier than ever hunting for talented youngsters who will work for reasonable salaries.

The greatest single expense in making pictures is the salary of the stars. With box-office receipts an uncertain quantity, the question naturally presents itself—are these huge salaries justified?

Most of the "big names" with audience appeal have been on the screen a long time. Although the drive for new names and new faces is not deliberately intended to eliminate old names and old faces, it nevertheless is a valuable protective measure against the possible waning popularity, the inevitably increasing age, and the overindulgence in artistic temperament by reigning favorites. The studios believe that a second-line trench of potential stars will not only be a money saver but also a big stick over high-priced, high-tempered stars.

The new youngsters are so eager for a chance on the screen, so ambitious to succeed, that they are willing to follow orders in every detail and sign long-term contracts at a low figure. Out of the hundreds of boys and girls given contracts, only a few ever reach stardom. It's a long-range gamble for the studios, but justified by the occasional lucky hit.

When you talk to a number of these newcomers, as I have done, you begin to see the world as a huge wheel, with every location, every occupation a spoke pointing toward the hub that is Hollywood. Movie scouts cover the globe; and when they beckon, young people courageously leave homes and jobs in the hope that they will prove worthy of the mantle of stardom.

Long before the days of the talent scout, Cecil B. De Mille won for himself the title "star maker" because of the many potential stars he discovered and developed into real stars. Now he's at it again. He has just placed under personal contract a lovely brown-eyed blonde named Evelyn Keyes.

"It was her voice that first attracted me," C. B. told me. "Clear and musical without that awful nya-nya so common to American voices. After I had given her stiff camera and microphone tests I felt sure she had what it takes for a screen career."

Texas is Evelyn's birthplace, dancing her profession. She is taking acting lessons from the Paramount coach, Oliver Hinsdell, and at the same time getting practical experience in pictures. Her big chance came in the De Mille production Union Pacific.

Ellen Drew, also a young Paramount player, happens to have a true Cinderella story. But so often is the rags-to-riches yarn fabricated by press agents that when the real thing turns up it is hard to make it convincing. Under her right name, Terry Ray, Ellen started her career by working for ten dollars a week in a five-and-ten-cent store in Englewood, Illinois. Her boss believed that this girl with intelligent gray eyes, light-brown hair, and bewitching chin dimple would have a good chance in a local beauty contest. He was right. And it cost him a salesgirl. Some friends, about to drive to California, offered to take "Miss Englewood" along, and she jumped at the chance.

When the studios refused to give her a look-in, she supported herself by working in a candy store. And there the scout found her. The rest is the usual story—a test, a contract, intensive coaching, and unimportant bits. Larger parts in Sing You Sinners and If I Were King attracted critical comment to the effect that Ellen Drew is a great find and a future star.

Young men who want to be actors are always harder to find than young girls with stage aspirations, but there is in Hollywood a group of young men imported from colleges, business houses, radio, and stage, and at least two or three of them seem to be candidates for stardom.

Robert Preston, engaged for the second male lead in Union Pacific, cannot by any standard be called handsome. Yet not since Clark Gable has Hollywood presented so rugged and pleasing a personality as this athletic six-footer from Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

The family moved to Los Angeles when Robert was two, and he went through high school. Success in school dramatics encouraged him to enter a public contest for a part in a Shakespearean road company run by Tyrone Power's mother. He got the part and his first stage experience. Three years later, in the Pasadena Community Playhouse, a scout discovered him.

Of all the new personalities in Hollywood, the closest to actual stardom is, I believe, the Austrian glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr. She created a sensation abroad in Ecstase, a picture that was banned in the United States because of excess of heat and lack of clothes.

Lamarr had been in the Metro studio for about ten months without being used, when Walter Wanger borrowed her for Algiers. Once more she created a sensation. If her acting can be brought up to the standard of her beauty and personality, she will be a top liner. With shining black hair, large blue eyes set in an oval face, a seductive womanly figure, she radiates that old-time sex appeal, that Elinor Glyn "It," which made Gloria Swanson and Clara Bow the big stars of their day.

In sharp contrast to the sophisticated Lamarr is a slim reddish-haired eighteen-year-old schoolgirl named Lana Turner. If Lana had taken her sandwich to school as usual, instead of eating at a café across the street, she might never have been in pictures, because Fate, in the shape of a Hollywood trade-paper publisher lunching in the same café, reached out and rushed her to a studio at the very moment when a director was looking for an inexperienced kid to play in his picture. Lana was tested immediately and got the part.

The New York theater, which has given Hollywood so much of its talent, is responsible this year for a charming seventeen-year-older named Nancy Kelly. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, Nancy has filled thirteen of her seventeen years with practical experience—a model for magazine advertisements at the age of four, the rest of the time a child actress on stage, screen (in New York only), and radio.

With a mother who had been on the stage and a father who was a theater-ticket broker, and both of them Irish, little Nancy demonstrated an inherited love of the theater almost from the moment of her birth. She never set foot in a dramatic school. Her mother trained her and got jobs for her on the stage itself. An exquisite face, lighted

NEW STARS

Presenting a youthful, hopeful galaxy of gamblers with Fate. Will some of them be the headliners of tomorrow?

BY CLARA BERANGER

by clear deep-brown eyes and crowned with soft brown hair, a hauntingly lovely voice, and a natural talent for acting combine to make "Nancy Kelly" a name to be reckoned with in any list of future stars.

The Fox studio, where Nancy works, had another lucky find this year in a young Englishman, Richard Greene. He too has a theatrical background, with grandparents, parents, and a flock of aunts and uncles playing at one time or another on the English stage. A talent scout saw Richard in London and, after a hasty exchange of cablegrams, signed him to come to Hollywood. Tall, handsome in the Robert Taylor manner, Richard is already receiving heavy fan mail.

Dennis O'Keefe (Flanagan's the real name) was born and raised on the road, while his parents toured in vaudeville. When the team of Ed Flanagan and Neeley Edwards, of the famous "off and on" act, were signed up for pictures, the Flanagan family for the first time in their lives could settle down in one place. They immediately entered their boy Dennis in a Hollywood school. Grown to six feet two, blond, blue-eyed, and with a romantic appeal that suggests the late Wally Reid in his prime, this same Dennis now seems to be going to town.

From Butte, Montana, via a New York dramatic school and a job as a Hattie Carnegie mannequin, comes a statuesque blonde beauty, Lucille Ball. She's the type Ziegfeld loved to glorify—in fact, her first job was in the chorus of Ziegfeld's Rio Rita. When the stage failed to provide her with a steady income, Lucille capitalized on her flair for wearing clothes by becoming a model and posing for commercial photography on the side.

Sam Goldwyn saw her as "the Chesterfield girl," and engaged her, together with other famous poster girls, to play in Roman Scandals. That was three years ago. Lucille stayed in Hollywood but did not register particularly until she got a comedy part in Stage Door. Co-stardom with Jack Oakie followed. And those in the know say that it will not be long before she achieves full star rating.

1—ELLEN DREW
2—ROBERT PRESTON
3—RICHARD GREENE
4—EVELYN KEYES
5—LANA TURNER
6—NANCY KELLY

It isn't often that one picture is the ladder by which four actors climb to fame, yet the highly praised Four Daughters seems to be just that, the actors being Priscilla Lane, Gale Page, Jeffrey Lynn, and John Garfield.

Priscilla, the youngest of the now famous Lane girls, who were born Mullican in Iowa, has stimulated critics to a flow of adjectives ranging from "clever" and "versatile" for her singing and dancing with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, up to "sincere" and "skillful" for her acting in Four Daughters. A little bit of a mite, vivacious in manner, she has a driving vitality that makes you feel she is definitely going places.

Gale Page is radio's contribution to this year's crop of new Hollywood faces. Her dashing personality seems to be clicking as well with screen audiences as her resonant blues voice did on the air. Spokane, Washington, is her birthplace.

Jeffrey Lynn of Auburn, Massachusetts, was, of all things, a schoolteacher. But he was also dramatic coach for the school. And that gave him ideas. He went to New York, took any job he could get—clerk in a department store, doorman at a movie theater, operator for a telephone company—in order to earn tuition for dramatic school. Good parts in rural stock companies and small parts in New York prepared him for the lead in a road company production of Brother Rat which included Los Angeles in its itinerary. A talent scout got busy with tests, and Jeffrey got a contract.

If you saw John Garfield walking down the street, you wouldn't give him a second look. But when he walks across a scene, he catches your interest and holds it. Garfield looks like what he is—a product of the New York slums. He started out as the bad boy of the neighborhood, but Angelo Patri, New York's Father Flanagan for problem children, took him in hand, helped him develop his oratorical skill, and advanced money for lessons in acting.

After dramatic school, Garfield went with Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Company as apprentice, and later threw in his lot with the Group Theater. Here he got rigid training not only in acting but in every branch of practical stage work. It was while playing the second lead last winter in Clifford Odet's Golden Boy that Hollywood beckoned. Garfield listened, not too enthusiastically. He was more interested in the theater than in the movies, he said, and would only go to Hollywood if they'd allow him to return to the New York stage once every year. Hollywood is not used to a newcomer dictating the terms of his contract, but because they appraised him highly they gave in. Rave notices for his first screen performance in Four Daughters proved they were right; and now, in his third picture, he is being starred.

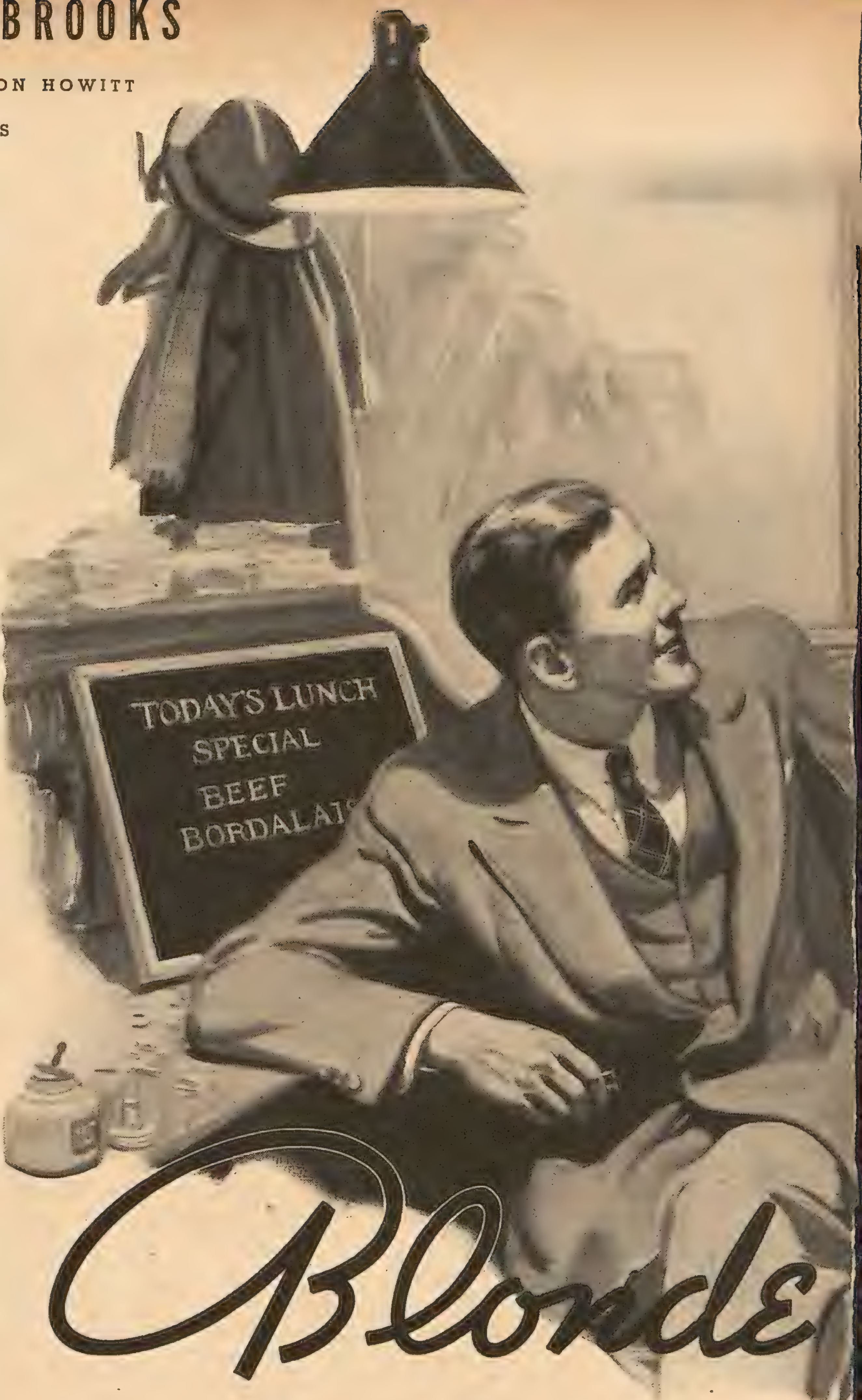
All of these young people have already attracted wide interest. Whether they will achieve stardom and, having achieved, be able to *hold* it, rests with the public. No matter how intensively studios train and ballyhoo new actors, the final verdict is not theirs. Only the will of the public can make stars and hold them in high places.

THE END

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



PAULA DAVIS banged the alley door of the Clinton Square Coffee Shop and rang "IN" on the time clock at three minutes before seven.

The weather, that morning, was cold and sloppy; the sort of day when Paula did her work with a vicious thoroughness, as if to punish herself for wishing she could stay at home.

She stood her dripping umbrella in one corner of her locker, placed her rubbers beside it, set her hat on the paper-covered shelf, put her coat on the hanger.

Then, with her pocketbook under her arm, she turned to the mirror and studied the reflection of her pert blonde face.

She looked all right. She wasn't really pretty but she fooled people into thinking she was.

Paula stole a moment to moisten a fingertip and run it over each eyebrow, patted her wave, and hurried past the kitchen through the corridor to the office.

The assistant manager was hunched over his battered desk, grouping letters in a window sign below the heading Today's Lunch Special.

"Hi, Conscience," he greeted her.

"Mr. Gaines, I don't like to be called that," Paula returned.

Her voice was never quite normal when she spoke to him. It made her furious at herself, just when she wanted to be alluring, to sound prim or snappish instead.

"You're my better nature asserting itself." He grinned. "You're dying to call my attention to something I've overlooked."

Alex Gaines was tall, tanned, wiry, and quite old. By Paula's reckoning, he was at least twenty-four or -five.

Once he had been an intercollegiate tennis champion, and he was still the number one player in city and state tournaments. Whenever there was the slightest excuse for it, both local newspapers printed his picture.

Paula liked him very much. He was so different from most men in the restaurant business. Alex never swore at the waitresses, never talked rough to them, never dated them on their days off, not even when the girls went out of their way to invite it.

"Come, come, Conscience," he said briskly. "Don't keep me in suspense."

Paula frowned.

"Have you gone on strike?"

She did not reply.

"Falling down on me, eh?"

"I won't say a word," said Paula obstinately.

"You're slipping like a smooth tire. Shame on you!"

"If you must know"—she pointed to the window sign—"you've misspelled 'Bordelais.'"

"Is that all?"

"Go out the back way and count your garbage cans."

"Now who could sink so low as to steal a garbage can?"

"The red bulb over the door in the fire wall has burned out. The night man left his mop bucket in our locker room."

"Pretty small potatoes. Find something that will really make me cringe."

She took a step nearer. "Mr. Gaines, I don't believe you know what day this is."

"Your birthday?" he asked hopefully.

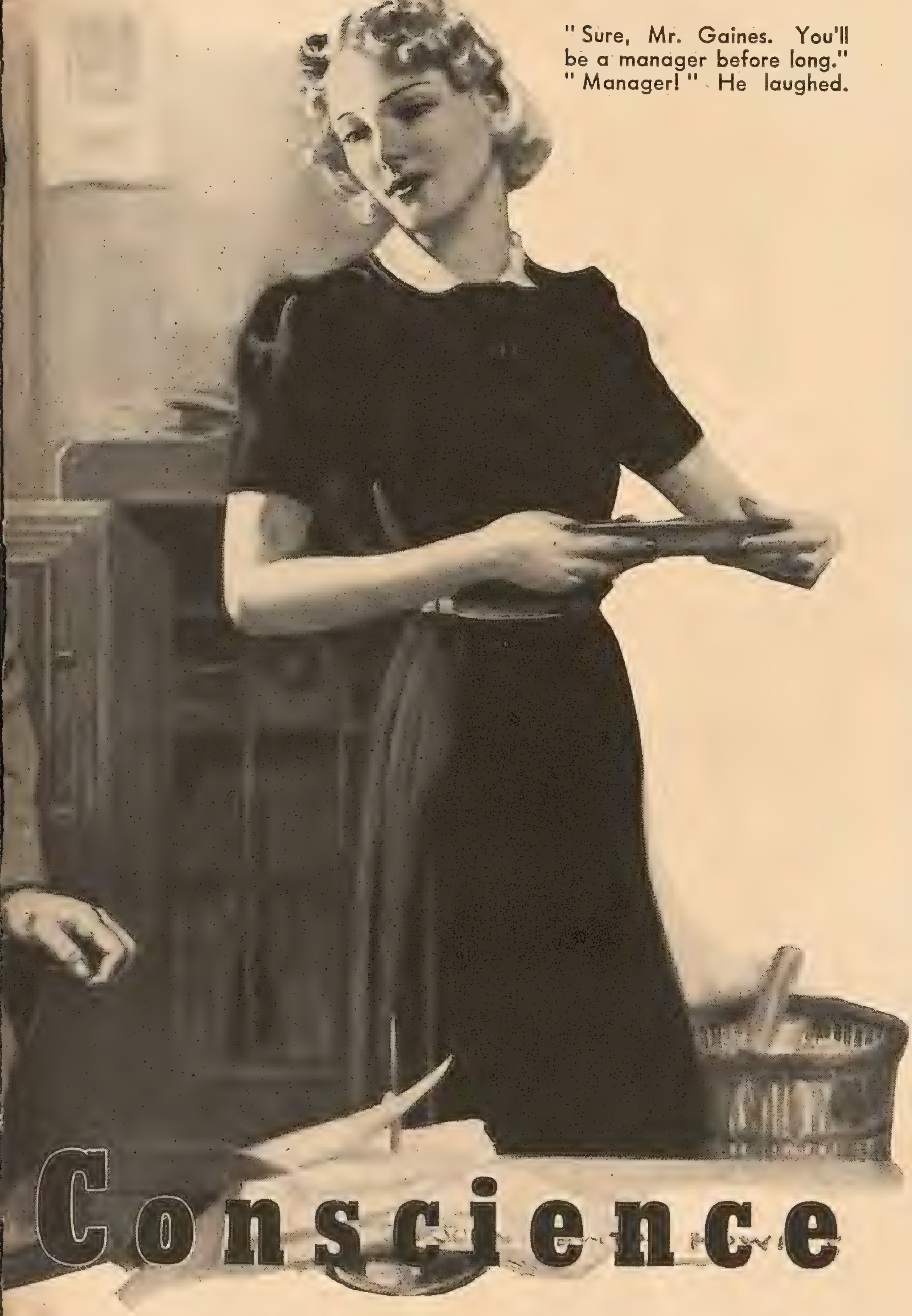
"No!"

"Well, I know it's not Christmas or New Year's or Fourth of July or payday."

"No."

"Then it's just another Thursday. And I must order six hundred pounds of fish for tomorrow."

Thrills, thievery, heart-throbs! . . A lively tale of a crook, a mystery, and a girl who used her mind



"Sure, Mr. Gaines. You'll be a manager before long." "Manager!" He laughed.

Conscience

"It's the second Thursday in the month—the Board of Health inspector's day."

"Why bring that up?"

Paula shrugged. "I don't care. It's nothing to me if that ptomaine hound snoops in during the rush hour."

"That's the idea. You and me both. Let him come. The exterminator was here Sunday. Our kitchen must be swell compared to some he sees."

"Perhaps he'll remind you that there's an ordinance against storing butter and butter substitute in the same cold box."

"Ouch! I forgot about—"

"But why should I care? The summons won't be served on me."

"Thanks, Paula. Thanks a million. I'll move the butter."

"Move the substitute," she suggested. "There's less substitute than butter."

"Yes," he agreed. "That will be easier."

"As soon as the inspector has gone, you can put the substitute back where it belongs," she comforted him.

"Paula, you've saved my scalp again."

"Nonsense. You would have remembered it before the inspector got here."

"No." He sighed. "I'm not capable of remembering anything except baseball pitching records and football scores."

"Mr. Gaines, you shouldn't be asked to count doughnuts. Any one can do that. You're well known around the city and you have a wonderful personality." There. She'd said it at last!

"Such praise from you," he teased. "I can't bear it."

"It's the truth," she insisted, flushing. "You should spend your time out front, shaking hands, meeting the customers and making friends for the restaurant. You would be the biggest asset the dump has."

"You're wrong this time," returned the assistant manager. "So far as the Coffee Shop is concerned, I play a sound net game."

"But—"

"Conscience, you've done so much for me that I'm afraid to face you."

That was the trouble. She was so efficient that she scared him off. But if she kept still and let him make mistakes he'd get into trouble.

She walked over to the open safe, took out the top money drawer, and hastily verified her change.

The bills were first. Tens, fives, ones. Right. The silver next. Halves, quarters, dimes. Right. Pennies, postage stamps, paid-out vouchers, pencil, paper clips, nail file, keys, and lipstick. Right.

She reached in the strongbox again for her renting library novel and gathered up her miscellany. "I'm leaving this unlocked."

"O. K., Paula."

"Tell the new fry cook that he will have to show his SSI card. If he doesn't he can't be paid."

"You bet. Thanks."

"And, Mr. Gaines—" She hesitated.

"Yes, Paula."

"Don't be discouraged. It seems confusing sometimes. But after a while you realize that there's nothing at all to running a restaurant."

"I guess I'm hopeless. I've been here a year—almost as long as you have."

"Sure, Mr. Gaines. That's just what I mean. The hard part is over. You have the experience now. You'll be a manager before long."

"Manager!" He laughed.

"A manager doesn't have to worry

about anything," she explained. " A manager can pass the buck."

With that sage observation, Paula picked up her money drawer and started toward the customer part of the Coffee Shop.

It was a huge paneled room done in weathered-oak plywood, an imitation of an imitation English inn.

Scattered unsociably at wall tables, a few early customers lurked behind their newspapers as they waited for their sausage and wheat cakes. It was going to be a good pork day. It took raw, damp weather to sell pig meat.

The waitresses on the " sunrise trick," in stiff fresh uniforms, were busy at their serving stations, folding linen, sorting silverware, filling sugar bowls and salt shakers.

GEORGE S. BROOKS

after serving overseas during the World War, became a reporter and later a magazine editor. Besides numerous short stories he has written scenarios and is coauthor of two plays, Spread Eagle and Celebrity. He is married and has three children.

A pair of bus boys staggered in from the kitchen carrying a wooden tub of shaved ice.

Paula made a mental note of that. The cold table should have been set up before the front door was unlocked. Some one was getting careless. Mr. Gaines would have to inquire and then give the guilty counterman merry hell.

" Why, Paula darling," the headwaitress called, " I was beginning to wonder what had happened to you. Did you miss your car? "

" Oh, no, dear. I was here on time," the cashier returned sweetly. " I was delayed a minute in the office. Mr. Gaines wanted to speak to me."

That should be a fly in Marie's bouillon all day. It was positively embarrassing, the way that girl threw herself at Mr. Gaines.

The cashier's cage stood between the front entrance and the cigar counter.

Paula bustled in, slid her money drawer in the open runs of the cash register, turned the adding mechanism back to zero and rang up a " no sale " to be certain that the tape was clear.

Out of the corner of her eye she watched the headwaitress. When Marie hurried to the kitchen, the cashier smiled knowingly.

She'd wager that Marie had gone back to look at the " IN " cards at the time clock and check on Paula's story that she had been talking with Mr. Gaines.

She unlocked the tobacco case, emptied the toothpicks from the glass bowl, wiped the bowl and replaced the contents, dusted her shelf and counter top, turned over the felt pad in her chair, and sat down.

" Miss Davis," said a man's voice.

Paula jumped. " Mr. Jerroldson! You frightened me."

" I affect lots of people that way."

Mr. Jerroldson was the Treasury Department man who had been coming into the Coffee Shop every morning since Paula discovered the first of the counterfeits.

He did not look or act like a secret service agent. He was more of an accountant than a policeman type.

" Anything today? " he asked.

" I haven't looked yet. If you'll wait a second, I'll run through my cash and see."

She took the stack of five-dollar bills from the drawer and counted them slowly, examining each one.

Five. Ten. Fifteen—

Paula stopped at a silver certificate with the portrait of Lincoln on its face. The shading on Lincoln's coat collar was flat and grayish, as if the plate had been badly worn when that particular note was struck off.

The girl set it aside and thumbed through the remaining bills. She found another bogus five and a faked ten-dollar Federal Reserve note with the portrait of Hamilton on its face.

Mr. Jerroldson handed her twenty dollars from his wallet and picked up the counterfeits.

" Twenty dollars of it in your cash every morning. No more, no less. That's unusual. And I've never known of a case before where an innocent cashier was made a passer. That is why I was instructed to play along with you, Miss Davis."

Paula's eyes were anxious. " I can't figure it, Mr. Jerroldson." Her word and her honesty had not been questioned, but unless something was done soon it might be. " You know, I come in at seven and work until one thirty."

" Yes, Miss Davis."

" When the afternoon girl relieves me, I take my money tray out of the register, go back to the office, and count up. Mr. Robbins, our manager, checks me off against the register total. When we've balanced, I make up my change for the next day, put it away, and go home. No one should touch it until I take it out myself the next day."

" You did that yesterday? "

" Yes, sir."

" The counterfeit bills were not in your change when you placed your cash drawer in the safe? "

" No, sir. I'm positive. I've been watching all the time, just as you told me."

" You can testify to that in court? "

" I'll say I can! "

" That's fine, Miss Davis. We've made quite an investigation. I think we have all the evidence we need."

" You mean you can make an arrest today? "

The secret service man nodded.

Now that it was almost a fact accomplished, Paula felt a little uncomfortable.

After all, she had made the complaint. Some one she had known and worked with was about to be locked up. Nobody likes to be a tattletale.

" Just one more question, if you please, Miss Davis."

" Yes, sir."

" Was the safe open when you came in this morning? "

" Yes, sir. Mr. Gaines opens it before I get here."

" And who has the combination to the safe? "

" Mr. Robbins, naturally. And Mr. Gaines. And the two other cashiers and I."

He nodded. " Thanks. I'll see to it that your manager learns how intelligently and faithfully you have cooperated with us."

Paula was trembling. " Who's the suspect? "

" Why, the young fellow. The assistant. Gaines, of course."

" Mr. Jerroldson." Her lips were bloodless. " Honestly, if you arrest Mr. Gaines, you'll have the wrong person."

" I don't believe so, Miss Davis." He stepped to the window and nodded to two men waiting outside.

They came in briskly. Mr. Jerroldson led the way between the tables to the rear of the restaurant. They stepped into the office and closed the door.

Paula wanted to follow them. She wanted to explain how mistaken they were. But it was no use. And, anyway, she could not leave her cage. There was nothing she could do except sit there and stare at the closed office door.

" Hey, Doll. Snap out of it! " A customer was waiting to pay his breakfast check.

Paula rang up forty-five cents for food and fifteen cents more for cigarettes, which was good for the first sale of the day.

She paid a bakery truckman for three dozen and four whole-wheat bread, made out the voucher, cautioned a bus boy about breakage, water bottles cost money, and then stalled the salesman from the Union Fish Market.

Finally Mr. Jerroldson appeared, alone.

" Where? " the girl asked. " Where is he? "

" Gaines? "

She nodded.

" Oh, the boys took him over to the marshal's office in the Federal Building. They went out the back way."

" Well? " she asked.

" We haven't pinned anything on him yet, any more than we had. He won't admit a thing. And he had no backs and fronts in his pockets. He was too smart for that. Probably he brings them over three at a time. I'm going to search his room. He's our man, all right."

" But I know he isn't."

" How do you know it? "

" Because." Paula hesitated. " Because of the sort of person he is. He—he's nice."

Mr. Jerroldson smiled

(Continued on page 20)

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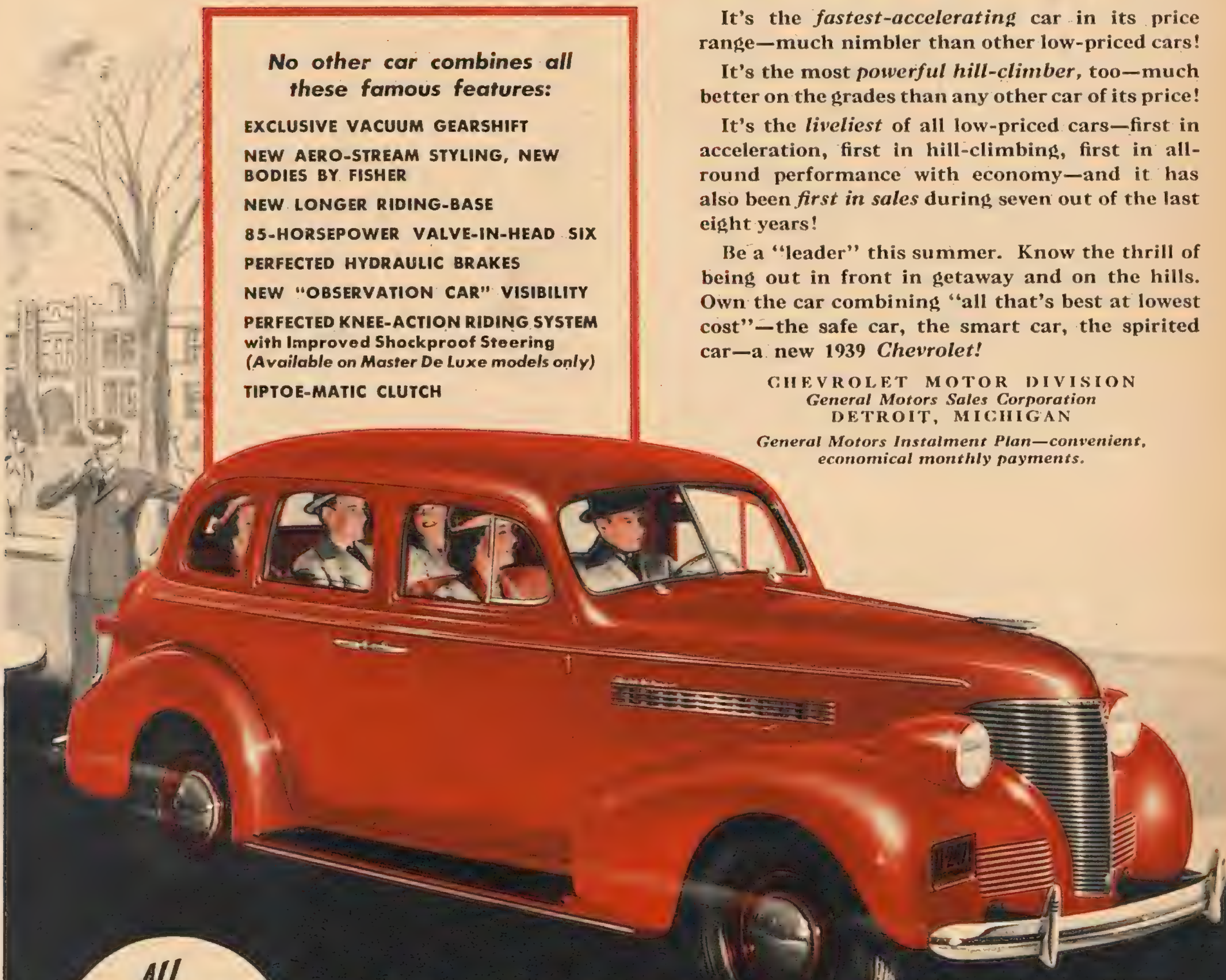

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(Continued from page 18)

sympathetically. “The prisons are full of nice people. Gaines gets twenty-two fifty a week here. He lives at the Central Athletic Club, in a fifteen-dollar-a-week room, with a bunch of millionaires. His pay wouldn't cover his club dues. The money he spends has to come from somewhere.”

“Can't he explain it?”

“He won't. He admits it looks bad but he denies everything.”

Paula stared at her fingernails. “Mr. Jerroldson, will you do a favor for me?” she asked.

“Yes, if I can.”

“Come back here after you search his room.”

“All right, Miss Davis; I'll do that.”

Paula watched him turn through the revolving door, walk to the curb, signal a taxi and climb in.

Then she called the nearest waitress. “There's been some trouble. Mr. Gaines had to leave. Lock up the office and bring the key to me.”

“What do you mean ‘leave’? Coming back, ain't he?”

“Yes,” said Paula confidently; “he is.”

She took the phone and dialed a number.

“Hello,” a man's grumpy voice answered.

“Mr. Robbins?”

“Yes,” impatiently, “this is Mr. Robbins.”

“This is Paula, at the restaurant.”

“What's wrong now? What's happened?”

“Mr. Gaines has been arrested,” she replied.

“What's he done?”

She held the phone close to her lips and lowered her voice. “I think he's a counterfeiter. The federal officers looked through my cash drawer for bad bills.”

“Did they find some?”

“Yes.”

“What did they say?”

“Nothing. They went back and arrested Mr. Gaines.”

The manager coughed.

“What are we going to do about the ordering? And the bank deposit? You see, we're not to go into the office until the detectives come back.”

“How long will that be?”

“I don't know. Two of them took Mr. Gaines away. And the other has gone over to search his room.”

The manager was silent for so long that Paula wondered if the connection had been broken. Then, in a more friendly tone, he said, “Very well, Paula. I'll come right down.”

“Thank you, Mr. Robbins.”

IN a surprisingly short time he appeared, hurrying to the cashier's desk.

Mr. Robbins was a slight, pedantic, nervous man with weak brown eyes distorted behind thick lenses. Kitchen help mocked his perpetual monotone: “Not quite so much on the plate specials. Not quite so much, there.”

“Say, miss, have they come yet?” he demanded breathlessly.

“Who?”

“The dicks who told you to keep the office closed. Are they back yet?”

“Not yet, Mr. Robbins.”

He leaned against the grill, swinging his keys on the end of the key chain. “Do you suppose it would be all right for me to get my daybook from my desk? I don't know what has been ordered.”

“You certainly need your daybook,” Paula agreed. “They can't come in here and close up the restaurant on us just because one man is a crook.”

“Of course not.” He dashed away again.

Paula took a deep breath, settled back in her chair. She called the bus boy and ordered her breakfast.

She was sipping the last of a pot of green tea when Mr. Jerroldson returned. “Well?” Her hand jiggled the cup as she set it down.

“No luck in his room, either.”

“Mr. Jerroldson,” said the cashier, “I think you ought to go into the office and search Mr. Gaines' desk and his files.”

“But we did—”

“Get in there quick. Search the desk,” Paula insisted. “That man in the office is our manager, Mr. Robbins. I phoned him that Mr. Gaines was arrested. Mr. Robbins is the counterfeiter. He came right down, and I'm sure that by this time he's planted some more bad money to help convict Gaines.”

WHEN Mr. Robbins was finally taken away, with an escort, the noon rush had begun. It was even later when Alex Gaines returned, grinning and alone. So Paula had no opportunity to talk with him until the afternoon girl relieved her. Then she carried her money drawer to the office, slammed it down on the desk, and prepared to balance up.

“Hi, Conscience,” he said. “Thank you for getting me out of jail. I'll do the same for you sometime.”

“There's another place you ought to get out of,” the girl told him. “What's this I hear about you living with a lot of millionaires at the Central A. C.? What's the funny stuff about paying fifteen a week for a room?”

“But I don't pay for it. I don't have to pay anything at the club, except tips. It's all given to me free because I play tennis there. The club needs the publicity. And I'm quite an attraction,” he added in an apologetic tone. “At the club, I mean.”

“Mr. Gaines, all you had to do was explain that to the secret service men.”

“But I wasn't sure I could trust them.”

“You what?”

“I never saw them before. Suppose they'd talked. After all, I'm state champion. There would be a terrible scandal if it leaked out that the ranking amateur was accepting remuneration.”

“So that's your idea of a scandal!” the girl exclaimed.

Alex Gaines dropped the subject. “Tell me. Why were you so sure I wasn't passing those bad bills?”

“You won't be mad? Promise?”

“Sure I promise.”

“Well”—she was still reluctant—“you're so untidy.”

He laughed.

“You're constitutionally untidy. I know exactly how your bureau drawers must look.”

“What did the federal man say to that?”

“I didn't tell him,” Paula replied. “It wasn't really evidence, but it was proof. In all the time I've known you, you never took a record from the files and replaced it the way you found it. Anything you pick up is always put down crooked.”

“You think all counterfeiters are nasty neat?”

“This one was. Every morning I found my bills in the same order they were when I put them away. I marked bills with ink spots and torn corners. And, except that Mr. Robbins slipped the good ones out and the bad ones in, I never would have guessed that my money had been touched. He even straightened the edges, the same way I do.”

“Conscience!”

“Yes, Mr. Gaines.”

“I won't have a conscience unless it calls me by my front name.”

“All right, Alex.”

“And suppose I am offered this manager job?”

“You will be. They're sure to give it to you now, Alex. I'll do all I can to assist—” She bit her lip. Why couldn't she say something that didn't sound like part of an inspirational message to branch managers?

“Hang it, Paula! Won't you stop taking inventory and be human for a minute?”

“Yes, Alex. Yes, of course.” Her voice began to quaver but she went on desperately: “Let's put the money in the safe and lock it. Then, when that's off our minds, we can be as human as you like.”

THE END

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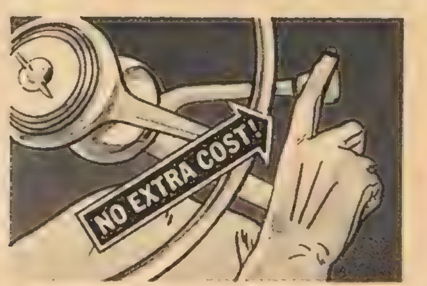
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By HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER and ROSE M. CONE

Liberty's Short Short

"I'M trying it again," Helaine told herself. I must be one of those people who learn from everything but experience."

She glanced up from under her hat at her husband, who was looking straight ahead, his hands gripping the wheel. Why was she trying it again? She did not know, except that she was a romantic and had longed for romance from her childhood. She would try it this once more, the tenth time.

The telegraph poles whirling past checked off the years for her. Her honeymoon, her first anniversary, her second, her third . . . her eighth, her ninth. Expectancy, hope . . . and then no hope; this year a duplicate of the last. Always the same room in the same hotel in the same Atlantic City. She closed her eyes now and saw where the bed stood in the hotel room. And she even saw herself standing by the window—was it last year? It must have been—none of its edges had been rubbed off by time.

"Phil—Phil!" she had cried then. "Smell the salt in the air! Oh, aren't you glad we're here? Let's put on our best clothes and go some place to celebrate."

"What's the celebration?" he had demanded. "We come here every year. We can't waste our money, once we're here. It's hard enough to swing it."

"Oh, Phil, this is the only time of the year we can be by ourselves! Don't you like to come to Atlantic City?"

"Sure—sure"—he'd climbed into his trousers—"but I'm not going to lose my head over it."

She was silent, watching the dark ocean and the lights.

"It doesn't mean anything to you?" she whispered.

"Where do you want to go for dinner?" he asked, when they stood on the boardwalk.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "let's forget dinner! Let's take a rolling chair and go way up the beach."

"For heaven's sake, haven't we got feet?"

She became numb inside. The night had suddenly become black, and the ocean moaned rackingly.

The next morning she had lain awake for a long time while he was still sleeping. She thought about the years that had passed—and the years yet unknown. She and Phil had to make something out of them. There were a thousand things she wanted to do while she was young—big things, like making Phil into something more than a plodder; little things, like—having breakfast in bed. Maybe she could begin on the one with the other. She had giggled like a child and stretched happily. Phil rolled over.

"Dear," she kissed him awake, "call the dining room and let's have breakfast sent up."

He looked at her incredulously. "What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No," she answered, very low, "I'm not sick."

The ocean looked cold and gray when they stood later above the beach.

"Let's take a walk," she said, an edge to her voice. He grunted and they started off, half a mile up and half a mile back. Suddenly she spied the little old lady—the same old lady who for eight years had stood at the exact spot with her basket of flowers. Helaine let out a little cry.

"Oh, darling, I must have those!"

The old lady smiled and held out the asters to Helaine, who buried her face in them. "Oh, Phil, aren't they perfect?"

"Listen, funny face," he said, putting them back in the old lady's basket and drawing her arm through his. "Those'll be faded in an hour and then what'll you do with them?"

AND now she was returning for the tenth time. . . .

She hardly spoke for the remainder of the journey. Yet somehow, with the first smell of ocean, she felt a surge of joy again. Maybe things would be different. If she pretended . . . as she always had . . . .

She found herself humming as she dressed for dinner.

"Where shall we go to eat, darling?" she asked.

"The Plaza, maybe?" he said with a smile.

She looked at him to see if he were joking.

"Oh, how wonderful! I've always wanted to go there!"

Later, they came out on the boardwalk. Without a word, with only a smile, they climbed into a roller chair and the colored boy with a sleepy grin started them on their way. The stars shone brighter than she had ever seen them.

"Darling!" she said. She slipped her hand into his.

Next morning she was wakened by her husband when he came in with a breakfast tray. "It's sorta fun," he said; "kind of friendly."

On their last day they walked along the ocean. And there stood the little old lady. But this time her basket held violets. Oh, this time—she would buy them herself. She wouldn't tempt fate. But before she could reach into her purse, he had caught up a bunch and was saying, "Violets for my love."

"Oh . . ." In her mind the flowers had become a symbol of the elusiveness of her hopes and illusions, and now she held them in her hand.

Driving home that night, she drew close to him. "Oh, my darling," she said, "it's been wonderful. I'll never be afraid of anniversaries again."

"It's the way they all should be," he said, "something wonderful to remember. Then there'd never be any fear of the future."

"That's it," she said. "When I was married to Phil I was always afraid of the future. With you I'm not afraid of anything. This is our first anniversary trip, John, and we'll always remember it: John dearest, you've taken away the past and given me a future."

"The future is not for you," said her new husband quietly. "The future is for *us*."

THE END

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Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.25 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

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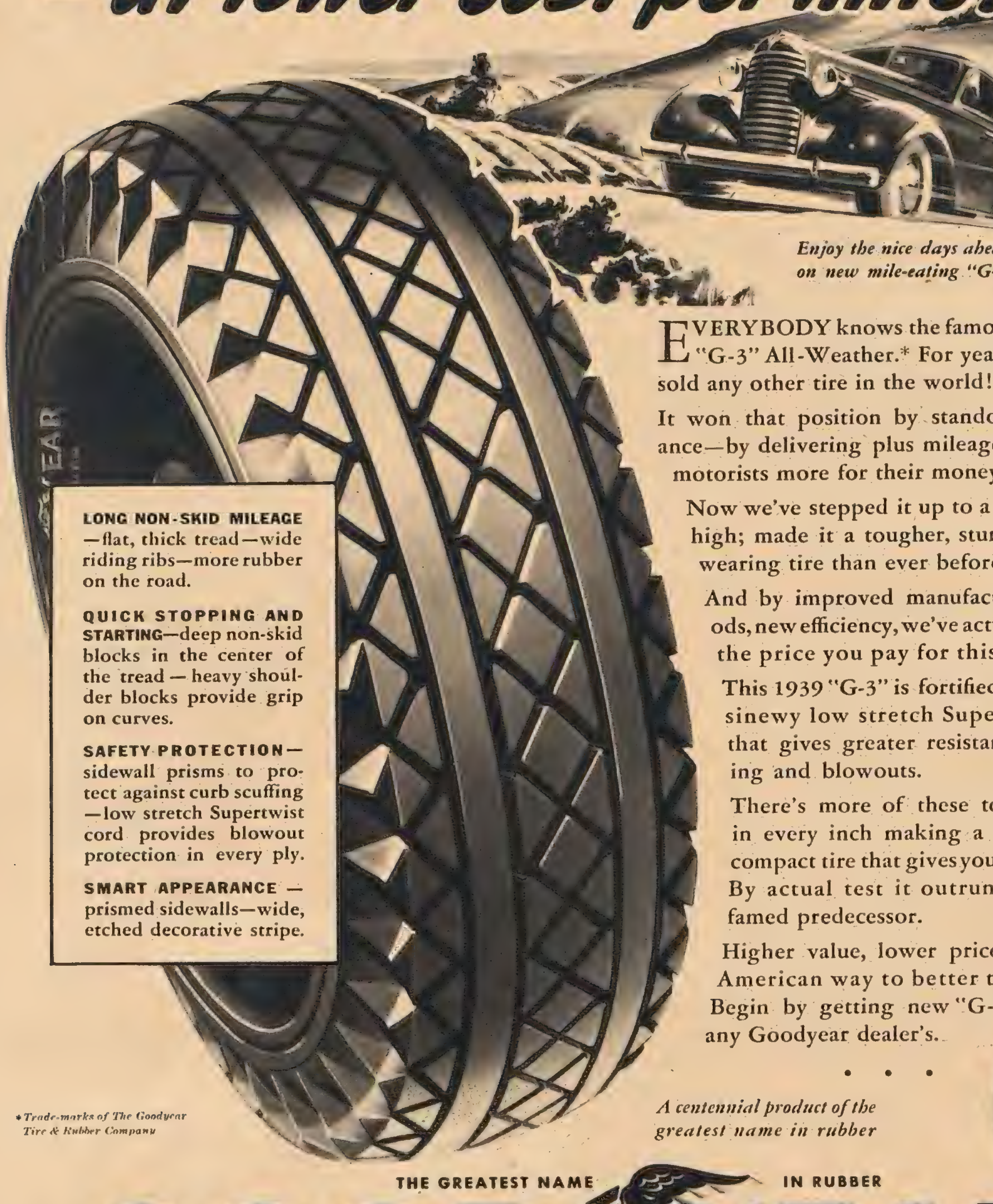
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YOUR TOWN'S

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IF Congress gives the United States Army all it dared ask for, then toward the end of 1940 we will have about one third of the minimum equipment necessary to protect the nation's vital spots from air raids.

We now have fifteen partially equipped regiments of antiaircraft artillery, scattered from the Philippines to the Atlantic seaboard—not enough in all, if concentrated, to protect Boston or New York or San Francisco from attack.

If, before it adjourns, Congress provides the army with the money to purchase equipment, we will have in about eighteen months a total of thirty-four antiaircraft regiments. In the estimate of American defense experts, the minimum of security will be reached when we have ninety antiaircraft regiments.

That the United States can, and will, be bombed from the air in the event of another world war is believed by most military men. That the cities in the heart of the continent will be no safer than those on the coast is a demonstrated fact. If any coastal city can be bombed, any inland center is vulnerable and would be a more important target for an enemy intent upon crippling American lines of communication and civilian morale.

Antiaircraft guns, of which we have the best in the world, are not the most important units in the co-ordinated defense the army is trying to build against the coming of the sky raiders. Combat airplanes are important, too, of course. But guns and airplanes are both all but helpless without sound detectors, range finders, directors, and searchlights.

Congress is providing the airplanes. The army never has to worry about Congress appropriating money for such conspicuous and romantic instruments of defense as airplanes. Even the inland legislators who are chary about building more battleships, because their constituents will never see the dreadnoughts and feel pretty safe from invasion anyhow, will vote funds for aircraft. A flock of new snub-nosed pursuit ships or walloping big "flying fortresses" can cut up didos over the heads of the inhabitants of Mud Creek, but only the constituents on the coasts get to look at men-o'-war.

But when it comes to the mechanical gadgets which make airplanes effective for defense, or enable antiaircraft guns to locate a mark, interest flags in Congress. Detectors? Ugly-looking things, like a bunch of old-fashioned phonograph horns of gigantic size! Directors? Huh, wooden suitcases full of knobs and dials—can't tell *me* they are worth $25,000!

Well, let us figure out this whole business of protecting an average-sized city of industrial importance from being blasted off its basements. Let us leave out New York or Chicago, and take any city whose industrial heart is concentrated within a square mile. Say, for instance, that within the square mile are the railroad classification yards, a bridge over which transcontinental trains must pass, the local power plant, and a dozen factories turning out essential goods. Within that square would probably live a thousand persons whose skill was essential to the industries' operation. The city can be anywhere you choose—in Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois.

What does that municipality need to make it as immune from aerial destruction as possible?

I put this problem before the Army Air Corps and the Coast Artillery (whose interests and responsibilities are not limited to the tidewater fringes of the nation but, rather, extend from coast to coast).

First of all, said these experts, you must figure out at which point the enemy bombers would become a menace to the city. A bomber, flying 15,000 feet high at a speed of 200 miles an hour, would not drop its explosives over the target, but launch its bombs 2,980 yards away from the object it was trying to hit. The initial problem, then, is to stop the enemy airplane before it gets within a mile and three quarters of the edge of the mile-square objective. And, just in passing, it might be mentioned that a big bomb would take just 30.5 seconds to fall in its parabola from the plane to the Union Depot or the powerhouse.

So, 3,000 yards from the enemy target, the first ring of antiaircraft artillery is set up, the units about 6,000 yards apart. Each unit consists of four guns, which fire simultaneously from a single control. There would have to be five such units on the perimeter of the area defended. Inasmuch as there are three batteries of four guns each to a regiment, the city would need practically two regiments for its close-in defense.

Each battery would need at least one high-powered mobile searchlight, one directing mechanism, and both light and heavy machine guns to supplement the artillery fire. All this, then, on the rim of a circle drawn about two and a quarter miles from the dead center of the vital mile-square target of the enemy bombers.

Two and a quarter miles in front of the artillery is placed the circle of sound detectors and the searchlights which will have to pick up the enemy squadron and render it visible to the defenders. These groups of detectors and lights would also be about 6,000 or 7,000 yards—three and a third to four miles—apart, and would also have to have machine guns of .50 caliber and 37 millimeters to protect them from a diving attack from the air.

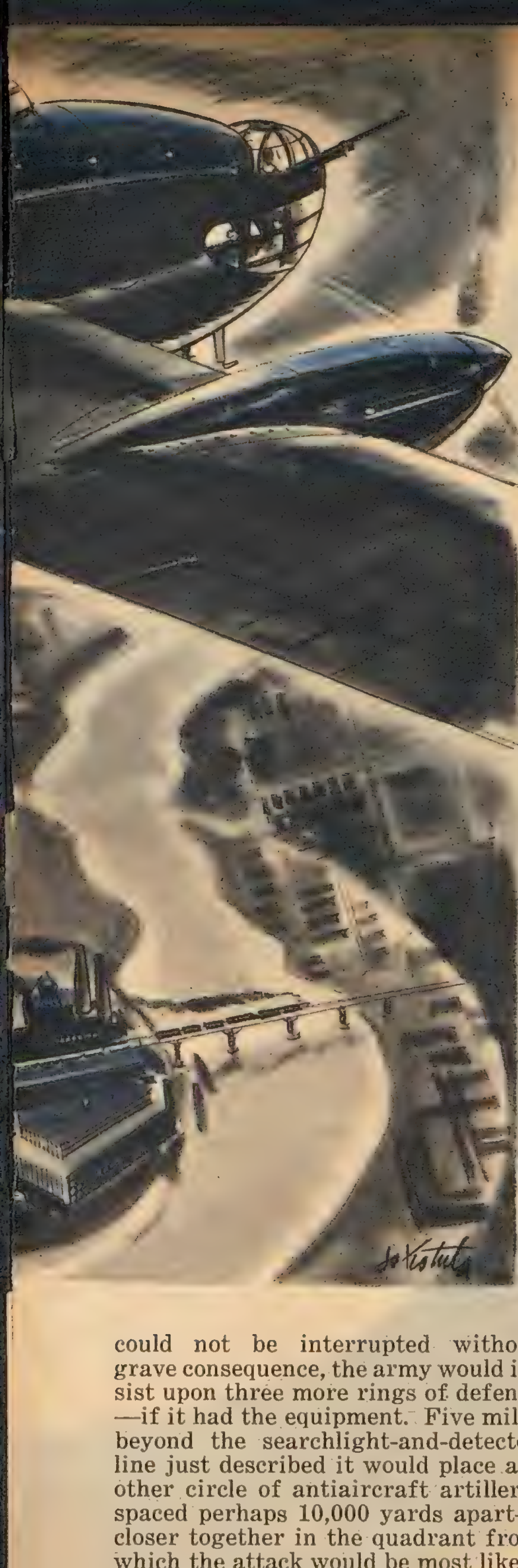
To supplement the ground defenses there would have to be combat airplanes to heckle and harry the enemy from the air and contest every inch of progress up to the range of the guns. How many airplanes? As many as you can get. There is no set number.

Granted favorable weather and all the breaks, our problematical city stands a fifty-fifty chance of not being blown to smithereens with this defense equipment.

If the city were one of tremendous importance to the national defense, a major railroad center and bridgehead or the home of industries which

Death and destruction from the sky! Can it happen here? Well, consider the facts

A TARGET



could not be interrupted without grave consequence, the army would insist upon three more rings of defense —if it had the equipment. Five miles beyond the searchlight-and-detector line just described it would place another circle of antiaircraft artillery, spaced perhaps 10,000 yards apart—closer together in the quadrant from which the attack would be most likely directed. And five miles in front of that outer circle of artillery would be placed the external ring of detectors and searchlights.

Then, across every main highway and watercourse would be swung "balloon barrages," or captive balloons, swinging at an altitude of 13,000 feet or more, from which would dangle a steel web to enmesh the enemy airplanes guiding themselves toward their objective by following the gleaming concrete road or river. The area between the balloon nets and the outer ring of lights would be the aerial combat zone, into which the American pursuit ships would plunge to meet and attack the raiders.

With such a set of six concentric circles of defense the army is satisfied that a city would be safe from crippling damage.

If war came tomorrow, no city in the continental United States could be given such protection. By the end of next year, if Congress appropriates the money needed for the fire-control mechanisms, the big cities on the nation's fringe will have at least partial defense. So far we have no "balloon barrage" equipment at all.

Now let us look into the mysterious horns and boxes which are literally the ears and brains and eyes of the anti-air-raid organization.

The searchlights are simple enough to understand, very difficult to operate. They are mounted on trucks, and carry with them their own gasoline-powered generating plants; in clear weather they can illuminate an object four miles distant, but it takes the finest sort of human skill to keep the beam on its target, especially if the target is an airplane going 200 miles an hour and dodging all the time. Without the searchlights the defensive pursuit planes are utterly helpless at night, and the artillery is under the same handicap as a blind man who has, however, supersensitive ears.

The ears of the defenders are the detectors. Almost everybody has seen pictures of them—a battery of gigantic loud-speaker horns, whose function, however, is the reverse of speaking. They are so sensitive that they can pick up the sound of an airplane motor a dozen miles away. The main trouble is that they also pick up most of the sounds from the intermediate sources—an automobile five miles away, and the ticking of a watch half a mile distant. It requires men of peculiar aptitude and long training to distinguish the sound of an intruding motor from the welter of noise and static—including the drone of the defensive aerial patrol.

Most marvelous of the mechanical auxiliaries, however, is the "magic brain," the director. This instrument computes mechanically the position where the approaching enemy airplane *will be* when the shells explode, transmits that measurement electrically to the battery of four guns, which, firing simultaneously, fill a cubic acre of sky with flying steel and convulsive air waves.

We obtained our first and rather primitive directors from the British, for whom the Maxims developed the mechanism. It used to take a month to turn out a single detector. Members of the army intelligence in Spain learned the secrets of the German detectors supplied by Hitler to the Franco forces, and sent the information back to the United States, where American mechanical genius swiftly applied the knowledge to the British instruments and achieved something far superior to both parent inventions. When it was announced that the British were being given access to the American detectors, upon request, Congress started to snarl about sending our secrets abroad, either forgetting or ignoring the fact that Great Britain first provided the United States with its own secrets of aerial defense, without which we would not have been able to reciprocate.

British orders for the detectors came in such quantities that the American manufacturers—the Sperry gyroscope people principally—were able to develop mass production which meager American army orders had not enabled them to achieve. Instead of one detector a month, the factory could turn out one a day. Consequently we not only have the British to thank for the basic idea but for the purchases in the United States which made it possible to produce the "magic brain" thirty times as fast and much more cheaply.

Now the army has made long strides toward that ultimate perfection which will make the detection, location, and destruction of enemy aircraft wholly mechanical and automatic, but the newest improvements remain strictly our secret. The British government has asked to share in that secret, but the United States has refused on the grounds the newest detectors are still "experimental." Fear that peanut politicians would make the same unholy fuss they raised over the sale to France of experimental military airplanes had a lot to do, one suspects, with denying the British what might be the means of saving London from destruction.

But to get back to the organization of defense for *our* vulnerable cities:

It would not be left for the artillery to do the job alone. In broad principle, antiaircraft artillery is the last line of defense, a defense which would be organized in a circle with a radius of 200 miles from the target city.

First of all, of course, is the effort to prevent enemy sky raiders from getting started. They would have to take off from some sort of base, either an emergency airdrome in Canada or Latin America or from airplane carriers at sea. Given fair warning (which the enemy would work hardest of all to prevent), the invaders' base would be attacked by the light swift bombers in which this country is specializing.

Next line of defense would be the "warning net." The 400-mile circle around each strategically important city would be, in time or threat of war, divided into checkerboard

A revealing survey of what we need—and lack—to defend us against new dangers

squares, in each of which at least two competent selected observers would be charged with the duty of listening for the approach of airplanes in force. These observers will be, on the paper organization the army is preparing, commissioned and noncommissioned officers of the reserve not fit for active duty, or specially selected civilians.

Suppose an observer on the far end of the 200-mile radius of a city hears the drone of high-flying airplanes some night. He listens, tries to gauge the direction of the flight, picks up his telephone.

"Flash!" he says. The operator at once plugs him into headquarters.

"NNE-1," barks the observer. "Undetermined number of airplanes, too high to be seen, flying SE."

On his platting board the man at headquarters places a check in Square No. NNE-1, and on a big wall map, similarly marked off in squares, a tiny electric-light bulb is caused to glow. Then the observer in an adjoining square checks in: "Undetermined number of aircraft at an estimated 15,000 feet, heading SE."

A check in that man's square, another glowing bulb on the wall map. By the time the third observer calls headquarters the direction of the enemy flight is determined. The alarm is given to the power plants in the city against which the attack seems to be directed, and all lights are cut off. Automobiles are ordered off the streets; official cars travel through blackness with only wan blue headlights glowing.

Meanwhile the great mechanical ears of the detectors are revolving, trying to pick up the drone of the invaders' engines. Generators on the truck-mounted searchlights begin to throb, and the pursuit ships of the defense forces are wheeled out and tuned up.

At headquarters there is a string of lights on the wall map, showing the approximate location of the invaders. The detectors pick up the sound. Pursuit ships take the air, in radio communication with the ground command.

Suddenly great rods of light begin to lash the sky. An enemy bomber is speared by the beam of one searchlight. Down dive the pursuit ships, machine guns spitting tracer bullets, and down upon them, in turn, dive the enemy's combat planes. The fight rages up to the range of the first ring of antiaircraft artillery, where what are left of the defenders' pursuit ships drop out of the fight and the great guns take up the battle. Now the enemy combat planes dive down upon the crews of the antiaircraft batteries and of the searchlight battalions, their machine guns sweeping the ground like a sickle of lead and flame, while the American machine guns which supplement the artillery fight back.

The bombers have one job to do, and with as little maneuvering as possible they bear down upon their mile-square objective, with never a backward look for their companions who plunge downward in flames and vanish in a great gout of fire as their bomb-laden carcasses hit the ground. Five miles from town the bombers release a shower of small highly explosive contact bombs directed at the inner ring of artillery defense. A lot of them will fall in the suburbs. Two and a quarter miles from town the surviving bombers will let go their big "eggs," to blast factories and bridges and railroad yards into a bloody debris.

Or they may have found the fight too hot, in which case they would dump their bombs on suburbs and villages outside the city and high-tail back to their base.

It can't happen here?

There are just eighteen bridges and railroad concentrations in the United States the destruction of which would immobilize most east-west transportation and chop this country into three bleeding segments like an earthworm under a spade. An enemy of the United States would gladly sacrifice a third or more of his aircraft to accomplish such destruction.

In the next war, for the first time since the Revolution, no person can count himself immune from death at the enemy's hands, civilian or soldier, farmer or factory worker, housewife or school child. And by the same token, every person with ears and eyes in working order will be charged with aiding in the national defense.

THE END

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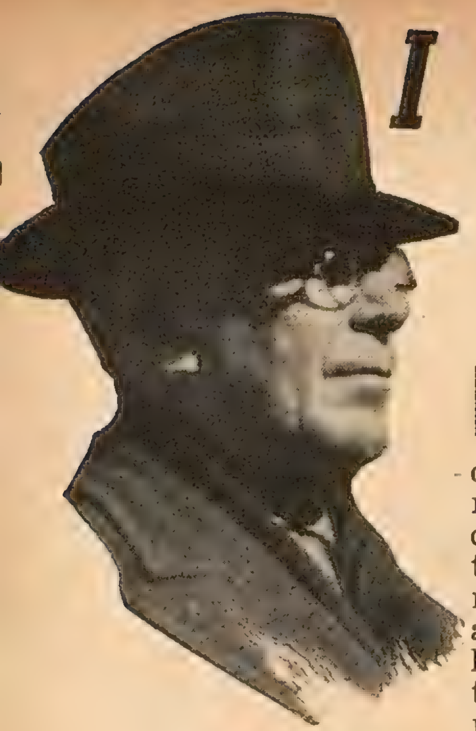
BY CARL CROW



THE AUTHOR

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT seems quite the normal thing for me to be hunting up keys for suitcases and checking over socks and shirts in preparation for a trip to China, because I have done that so many times. I first went there as a reporter almost thirty years ago, and every time I left that huge and ancient country I returned so promptly that my residence there was almost continuous.

And now I am going back again as a reporter, and on the most interesting assignment I have ever been given—an assignment any reporter would be proud to undertake. Liberty is sending me on a long journey to the little known Western China, to report on what I see and hear.

The assignment does not take me to Shanghai or Peiping or Nanking or Canton. Each of these cities has been, at one time or another, the news center of China; but now they have been replaced by Chungking. This city, built on a Gibraltar-like rock at the confluence of the Yangtze and Kialing Rivers, is 1,400 miles from the sea but it is now the heart of China. All of the principal government offices are located there, as are the embassies of the United States and all the other Powers except Japan. It is from here that the resistance to the Japanese invasion is directed, and from here that the great movement for the development of Western China is carried out.

I spent a few weeks in Chungking about four years ago. It was then, as it had been for centuries, the most important commercial city in Western China; but Western China itself was not of any great importance. It was isolated and remote; neglected and half forgotten by the more prosperous coast provinces. American missionaries and representatives of the big oil companies were stationed there, but few other Americans visited that part of China.

Now these rich and self-confident coast provinces have fallen into the hands of the Japanese invaders and millions of refugees have fled to the west, taking with them their movable possessions, their tools and machines. In less than two years the center of population in China has shifted and the currents of trade have been reversed. Chungking is now the most important city in China, and Western China is the spot toward which all eyes in China are turned. It is here that with one hand the Chinese are making determined efforts to fight back the invaders and with the other they are developing the hinterland as a base from which they can continue their resistance for generations.

If I went to Chungking by the usual route, I would land in Shanghai from a trans-Pacific boat and then travel up the Yangtze for about 1,400 miles. But this waterway is now under the control of the Japanese military forces and no one can travel on it without their permission. So far as newspapermen are concerned, that permission is dependent on their promise to submit what they write to Japanese censorship and present only the Japanese side of the story. If a reporter is willing to do this, there is nothing the Japanese will not do for him. Only recently an American free-lance news-film photographer was taken on a tour of the Yangtze as a passenger on a Japanese gunboat, and the commander obligingly blew a defenseless Chinese village to bits, killing dozens of the inhabitants, just to give the photographer some good shots. I wouldn't want to go up the Yangtze under any conditions the Japanese would impose, and I am sure the readers of Liberty would not care to read anything I might write under those circumstances.

So I am going to Chungking by a route which I have never traveled before, nor have many others—the backdoor route through Burma. From Southampton I will fly to Rangoon, a distance of a little more than 7,000 miles and touching many countries. The first night I will sleep in Rome, the second in Alexandria, the third at Basra, and the fourth at Karachi. I will then have traveled more than halfway around the world from New York. The fifth night will be spent in Calcutta, and on the sixth day I will reach Rangoon in time for a late breakfast.

Rangoon, a sleepy city with the languor of the Orient and the lassitude of the tropics, is living at a faster pace now, for it has become the new gateway to China. Foreseeing that the Japanese might eventually take Canton and so disrupt the route over which munitions could be shipped to the interior, the Chinese government looked for a new route. It would be more correct to say that they developed an old route, for tea and silk had been shipped by pack mules over this route through Burma for centuries. The Chinese government rushed construction of a highway from Chungking to Burma, and at the same time the government of Burma constructed their link from Rangoon to the Chinese border, but not with the feverish energy of the Chinese. The Burmese were only building a road which would open the trade of West China to them, while the Chinese were building a life line for themselves.

The road is now one of the busiest and most important highways in the world. Ships loaded with supplies and munitions for China dock at Rangoon, where the cargo is loaded on motortrucks which snake themselves over the long highway to Chungking.

Rangoon is a thousand miles from the border of China, but it is now China's most important port. It is full of Chinese officials who are there to keep the supplies moving forward—and of Japanese secret agents who are there to hinder the traffic in every way possible. The Japanese keep a keen eye on the motortrucks going to China, and know many devious methods of sabotage, such as fire and theft and the destruction of vital parts of a motorcar. The police of Rangoon have to be on the job day and night.

But Japanese ideas of sabotage cover a wider range than the mere hampering of traffic over this highway. They know that the lazy and good-natured Burmese have always been mildly restless under British rule and they haven't forgotten that there was a Burmese revolt during the World War. So, while one branch of Japanese secret agents counts the motortrucks on the way to China, there is another branch which whispers to hotheaded Burmese students that their country should be free and independent. You have probably read in the papers a great many stories about riots and strikes in Burma, and there were many other stories you did not read because the censor suppressed them.

After I get through with my investigations in Rangoon I could get on an American-made airplane and fly all the way to Chungking with an American pilot and be there in two or three days. But the part of the country I would be able to see from an airplane would be of little interest to me and what I could tell of it would be of less interest to the readers of Liberty. I may fly part of the way, and I may go by boat up the muddy Irrawaddy as far as Mandalay, Burma's interesting old capital.

I will certainly travel by motorcar through a part of the Shan States in the northern part of Burma, for this is a fascinating part of the world which few foreigners have ever visited. There are innumerable feudal rulers in these states, and more princesses than in all of Europe put together—some very charming ones. Every Shan ruler is a monarch in his own right, though he rules with the paternal assistance and protection of the British government, as is true of so many of the small states of India. The rulers of the wealthy Shan States send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge.

The Japanese secret agents are busy here, as well as around Rangoon, trying to employ assassins who will take pot shots at the drivers of motortrucks on the road to Chungking, or others who will engage to tear up the motor road or destroy bridges, or do anything else which will impede the flow of ammunition to China. They have had no luck with the Shans, who are a race of peaceful farmers, but there are some wild hill tribes who would slit a throat for a dollar. But they are not very good at it and are even worse with a rifle. They would probably steal my baggage if they found it unguarded, but that is not likely to happen.

WHAT I am worrying about is not the dangers of the trip, but what I shall get to eat. Throughout the Shan States, as in all other parts of British India, there are neat little bungalows, known as rest houses, provided for travelers. They are ideal for the purposes of British officials, for whom they were primarily built, and for others who are traveling with plenty of time and money at their disposal. They send their servants ahead of them in an extra motorcar with baggage, bedding, and food, and when the travelers arrive everything has been set up for them and the cocktails are ready to be served. I have traveled in parts of China in much the same style and comfort, but here it is out of the question. I will be traveling with the luggage allowed by the British Imperial Airways, a maximum of forty-four pounds; I will have no servants, and I am not a British official. However, this road is now being traveled by many Chinese, and I feel sure that they have solved the problem of food. Wherever there are Chinese there is always a good cook and something to eat. And it is really surprising what a world-wide distribution there is of American food products. I feel certain that although I will be traveling in a very strange and remote part of the world, I will never be a hundred miles from a bottle of catchup or a can of salmon.

No matter what the discomforts of the trip may be, I feel sure that the interest and strangeness of the scene will at least partly compensate for it. It would be difficult to map out another journey where there would be greater changes in altitude. The first day out of Alexandria I will have breakfast at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, 680 feet below the sea level; and a few weeks later I will be traveling over passes in mountains that tower to eight and ten thousand feet. On the coast of Burma the climate is tropical, with the almost unbelievable rainfall of 200 inches a year. One wears sun helmets and slaps at mosquitoes. In Shan States, where I will be a few days later, it is cool and dry as in the Berkshires, and in the summer evenings people sit around wood fires.

I feel sure that I will reach Chungking with no particular difficulty. I have many friends there, and I have already written to one of them suggesting that he might have a comfortable bombproof shelter picked out for me, for by the time I arrive it will be the open season for Japanese air raids. During the winter months Chungking has a natural protection against air raids, for it is blanketed with a mist which makes flying difficult. But in the late spring when I will arrive there is usually bright sunshine and an aviator can easily pick out the tile-roofed buildings of the city.

In fact the raids have begun earlier than expected, for as I write this I read of a Japanese air attack in which a number of buildings were destroyed and a lot of people killed. The fact that I am deliberately and cheerfully going to a place which is subject to airplane raids has worried my friends much more than the greater danger of dysentery which I fear, so I will devote a little space to it. I can't pretend to be a veteran of airplane raids, for I am not; but in the two Japanese attacks on Shanghai in 1932 and 1937 I did see quite a lot of them. Except for an earthquake, there is nothing more terrifying than to see a bombing plane overhead and to realize that at any moment a bomb may be released and start on its swift fall toward you. And when you see a street full of dead and mangled bodies, terror and nausea reach a point beyond which there is no possible further progress in human emotions. With most people the pendulum swings back toward sanity and a compilation of the old law of averages comes to one's rescue.

It is not, I suppose, a pleasant thing to be the target for shots by an automatic revolver. Yet, having once taken a course of training in revolver shooting, I know that if I were at a reasonable distance and were following my natural inclination to run, the best shot in America might empty his magazine at me and the chances are that at the end of the encounter I would be frightened to death but still alive. Now about the same law of averages works in the matter of airplane raids. A great many people may be killed in a raid over a populous city, but the chances of the individual escaping are very good indeed, especially if he takes reasonable precautions. It is only when the airplane swoops low over the ground and machine-gun bullets are poured into helpless crowds that deaths are unavoidably heavy. The Japanese are not likely to do that in Chungking, because it is the residence of too many foreign diplomats. So, from a statistical analysis of the situation, I know that I will be just as safe from death by air raids in Chungking as I would be from death by taxicabs in New York. And I also know that when I see the big bombers overhead I will wish I were in New York or anywhere in the world but Chungking. Anyway, I won't be there very long before I will be able to tell you what an air raid is like.

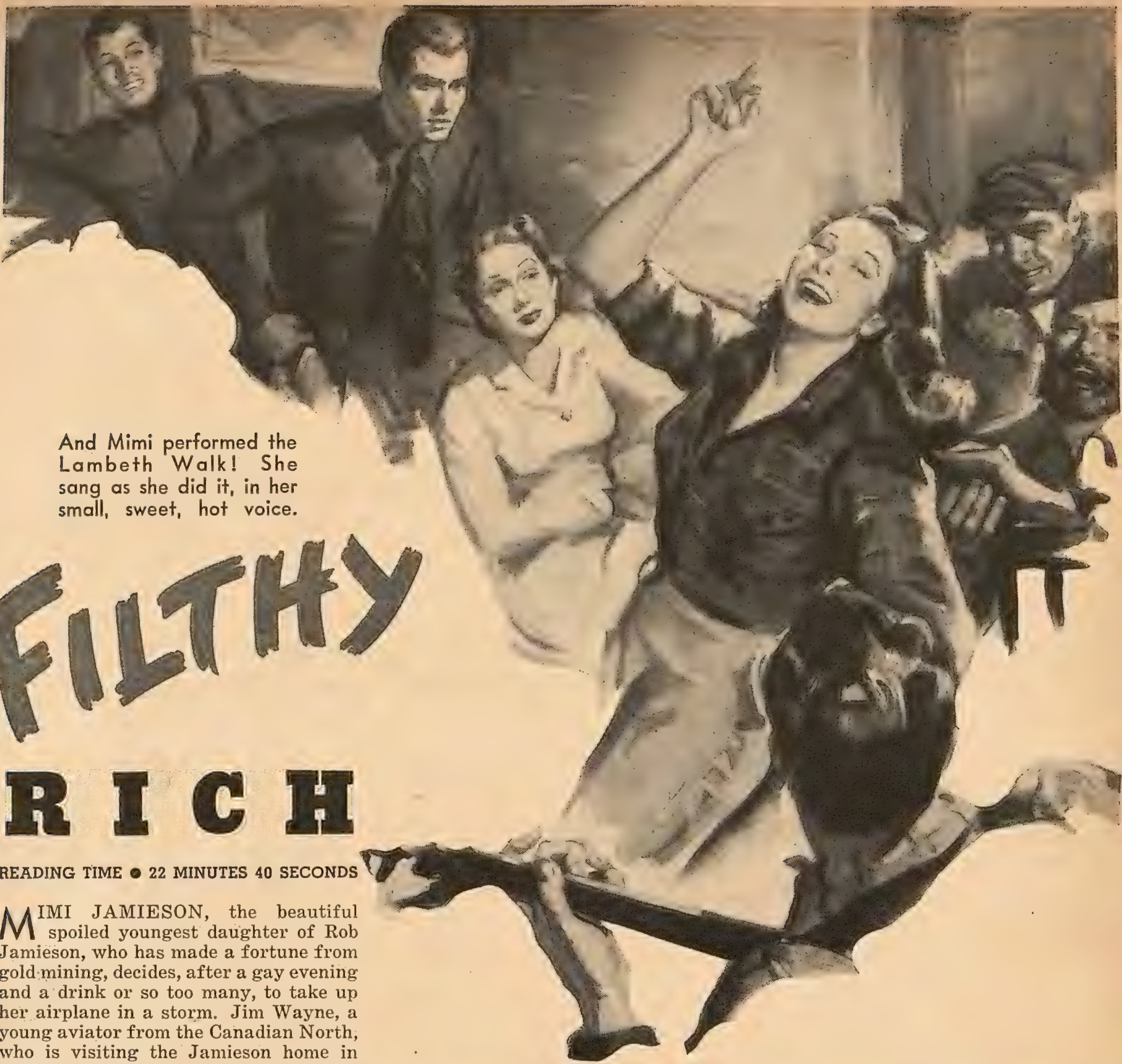
ONE of my first tasks in Chungking, and a very pleasant one, will be to call on Madame and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and hear their message to Liberty readers. I met Fulton Oursler, the editor of Liberty, when he was in Shanghai a few years ago, after he had interviewed these two famous Chinese personages in Nanking. Since that time Liberty has been the publication they have used more than any other to present their views to the American public. Mr. Oursler's interviews were at a time when China was at peace and both were full of enthusiasm over the success of the New Life Movement which they had launched. Shortly after that the Japanese attacks began; but these two brave people have never faltered in their faith in the justice of China's cause and their belief that out of the grief and misery of the present a new and greater China will emerge.

There are many and diverse elements in this program for the building of a new and greater China. There are guerrillas who tear up railway tracks, cut telephone wires, and ambush columns of Japanese troops. There are the blue-shirt terrorists who sentence Chinese traitors to death and carry out the sentence with ruthless efficiency no matter how carefully the traitors are guarded. There are the thousands of high-school and university graduates who are working throughout the great areas of Western China, teaching the farmers how to reclaim waste lands and grow bigger crops, and organizing village industries so that, with Japanese troops occupying more than half of the territory of China, this part of the country will be able to carry on the program of resistance to the invaders. Then there are the millions of refugees who are being put to work as a part of this program of development. It is a thrilling story which I am anxious to write and I hope you will be anxious to read.

It would be idle for me to pretend that I do not wholeheartedly sympathize with my Chinese friends in their defense against Japanese attacks, and I believe that most of the readers of Liberty feel just as I do about it. But my job is to make a report to you on what I see and hear, to take you with me on this long journey and, as far as it is possible for me to do so, tell you the story just as you would have it on a personal visit.

I am your reporter.

THE END



And Mimi performed the Lambeth Walk! She sang as she did it, in her small, sweet, hot voice.

FILTHY RICH

A kidnaped heiress in the wilderness!—The story of a tumultuous romance plunges into new excitements

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MIMI JAMIESON, the beautiful spoiled youngest daughter of Rob Jamieson, who has made a fortune from gold mining, decides, after a gay evening and a drink or so too many, to take up her airplane in a storm. Jim Wayne, a young aviator from the Canadian North, who is visiting the Jamieson home in Ontario on the invitation of old Rob, rushes after her and seizes control of the ship. Jim, who hasn't seen Mimi since she was sixteen, four years ago, and who has been in love with his memory of her, is shocked at the shallow creature she has become. Once in the plane, he decides to take a drastic step to save her from her own folly and from the smooth fortune-hunting Austrian count, Otto von Ungemach, whom she intends to marry. Carrying her, protesting, from her own plane to his amphibian which is at the Toronto airport, he flies north with her.

Arrived at Lone Island, Jim's home, Mimi discovers that the only people on the island are Indians who are devoted to Jim. Jim tells them that Mimi is insane and that he has brought her north to cure her, so they refuse to go near her.

When Jim tells Mimi that she is to cook and keep his cabin clean, she refuses and takes to her bunk. That night she steals into the lean-to where Jim is sleeping and takes his keys. She goes down to the lake, rows out to the amphibian and tries to start it. A voice from the beach—Jim's voice—calls: "I wouldn't try it if I were you, Mimi. I drained the oil."

Meanwhile, not many miles south of Lone Island, Otto von Ungemach talks to a guide near a lake where another amphibian is floating. "We'll find Jim Wayne's place tomorrow," he says.

PART THREE—THE WHITE SQUAW

MIMI JAMIESON stood completely naked on the shore of a tiny birch-rimmed cove and shivered. She had just withdrawn one very pink foot from the ice-cold water that was to be her bath. Overhead the sun shone, but its early light didn't warm her much.

"I don't care! I'll show him!" She squared her beautifully modeled shoulders, shook her red-gold head, and leaped forward — an auburn-haired September Morn in action. The impact of the icy water spanked the breath out of her. "Damn!" she gasped. "Why couldn't Jim Wayne have had a bathtub?" She thrashed about for a second or two, then called it quits, and ran for shore. "He thought I wouldn't do it!" she triumphed to herself, snatching up her

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DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"

2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER... THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

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Asst. Mgr.,
Terminal Barber Shop,
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New York City

For a fast easy lather shave at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream for these 3 reasons.

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COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

towel. "Thinks I'm a softy, does he! I've been in water colder than this off dad's yacht plenty of times!"

She started to dress—moccasins; no stockings (she had thrown those ragged cobwebs away); her brief silk pantie; a lumberman's plaid shirt and caribou-skin trousers. These last two articles she had discovered beside her bunk this morning.

She was only halfway into the trousers when she heard a sound, the unmistakable drone of an airplane! It was high in the sky and approaching from the south. Mimi screamed in sheer excitement, seized the trousers, ran, waving them madly, to the water's edge. Her eyes fairly tore the heavens apart. There it came! A plane flying low. Her father looking for her? Otto? Oh, if only there weren't so many trees about! They'd never see her! She started to run out into the water, then had an inspiration—matches in the pocket of the lumberman's shirt! She scratched one on a log and lighted a pile of leaves. Nice damp leaves near the shore. All the inland brush was dry—evidently the storm hadn't come this far north. "Hey!" she hollered, jumping up and down as her dampish fire began to smoke satisfactorily. "Hey!"

But alas, the plane didn't swerve from its steady northward course. Briefly the small amphibian glittered like a giant devil's darning needle in flight; then it vanished, and Mimi's hopes with it.

Sadly she hauled on her trousers. As she did so, a roar not as loud as that of the plane but angrier sounded behind her. The Indian Gewgewsh came lunging out of the woods, swinging his arms and howling guttural imprecations. Paying no attention to her, he made for her bonfire, shoved it into the lake.

MIMI, murmuring, "This is where I came in," made a quiet but speedy retreat. On the path back she met Jim, who listened to Gewgewsh's shouts, then told her sternly, "I agree with him! Only a demented idiot would build an open fire in this weather. This is fire weather! The country up here hasn't had rain for weeks! And let me tell you, girl, until you've seen one of our fires, you can't rightly imagine what hell's like! Now come back to the cabin and be useful for a change. I'll show you how to work the oilstove, then you can get breakfast."

"I see no reason why I should! I'm a guest here—an unwilling one." She entered the cabin ahead of him.

"You're also a *paying* one; no work, no eat—see?" He went over and began monkeying with the blue-chimneyed oil-burning stove. "And I've a hunch that you're just about the world's hungriest white woman!"

Mimi hesitated, glanced at the bunk where she had planned to continue her lie-down strike; but the smell of the coffee that Jim had started on the embers of the fireplace proved too much for her. She gave in, muttering, "I wouldn't get to first base with Gandhi, would I?"

Jim smiled in spite of himself. But he didn't look at her. In that absurd mannish outfit, with her bright hair tied childishly back with a strip torn from one of his bandanna handkerchiefs, she looked too much like the Mimi he had adored, the Mimi who was as dead as last winter's caribou catch. Lord, what a dandy lot of self-torture he had let himself in for in this escapade! "Call me when the meat's fried," he told her, and strode out into the open where he could breathe freely.

"Meat for breakfast!" Mimi sputtered, as she flung quivering red lengths of venison into the hot iron pan. But when Jim was out of sight, and even before the meat was half cooked, she ate a piece. Because her hunger was so great, it tasted as good as a cut of roast beef right off the haunch on the table in the middle of Chicago's smartest food bar. She poured herself a cup of coffee, drank it gratefully, almost scalding her throat in her haste, and she devoured a chunk of butterless bread—as delectable as any toast Melba.

SHE was on her second succulent strip of venison, eating it Indian fashion, in her fingers, when Jim appeared in the doorway. "We have a guest," he announced.

Mimi gasped, grinned guiltily, then let the grin fade as her eyes met the cool, level, disapproving ones in the face of the tall girl in the doorway. A girl who entered the cabin as though she belonged here, a girl who looked exactly like a Red Cross poster in her nurse's uniform—save that her neatly coiled fair hair was bare of any hiding cap.

"This is Laura Hill," Jim said. "Better known and plenty beloved up here as the White Squaw. Paddled here with her Indians on an errand of mercy. Don't know what we'd do without her." Jim beamed on the big girl, whose height nearly matched his own.

But the girl's answering smile was strained; and Mimi thought quickly, She's jealous! Wonder how he explained me? Nutty? Aloud, Mimi asked, "Have some coffee? And I'll put more whatever-it-is on to cook."

The nurse shook her head. "We've got to be on our way." She crossed the room without further ado, opened the door of a wall closet, calling over her shoulder to Jim, "I know you have some of the serum. At least a shot or two; I left it last time you cut your hand."

"Antitetanus," Jim explained to Mimi. "An old friend of mine, factor at one of the trading posts, has been seriously hurt in a mine explosion." Then, as Laura turned about, triumphantly holding up a bottle, he said, "I'll fly the stuff there, Laura, and give him the shots myself if you don't trust the half-baked medico. But I'm going to ask you to stay here with Mimi. As I told you, she hasn't been well—and her dad would never forgive me if she suffered another nervous upset."

Mimi gasped. Laura scrutinized her briefly. Then she said with forced bedside manner, "I'm sorry you've had such a harrowing time, Miss Jamieson. I, too, lived through a train wreck once, and I know. But I can't possibly stay." She turned now to Jim, her voice playfully chiding, "You don't mean to tell me you've forgotten the date—June 1, and Treaty Party beginning? It always means double work for us at the hospital; practically day-and-night shift in our little dispensary."

"Treaty Party!" Jim groaned. "I'd forgotten. My Indians aren't Treaty; but not even a gold strike would keep them from the party. Oh, Lord, that complicates things!" To Mimi Jim explained, "This is a yearly jamboree—Indians gather at certain points all over the North, and those who have given up their hunting grounds and practically their souls to the government get supplies and medical attention from the agent and government doctor. Other Indians who've kept their rights trail along for the days of fun and feasting. Mine always go. It *would* have to start today!"

The White Squaw looked at Mimi with an accusing air, as much as to say, "See all the trouble you've caused my Jim?" Then she suggested crisply, "Can't old Nishima stay with her?"

"Nishima's off collecting her spring mess of magic herbs. Look, Laura. Be an angel. Let me have a few words alone with Mimi."

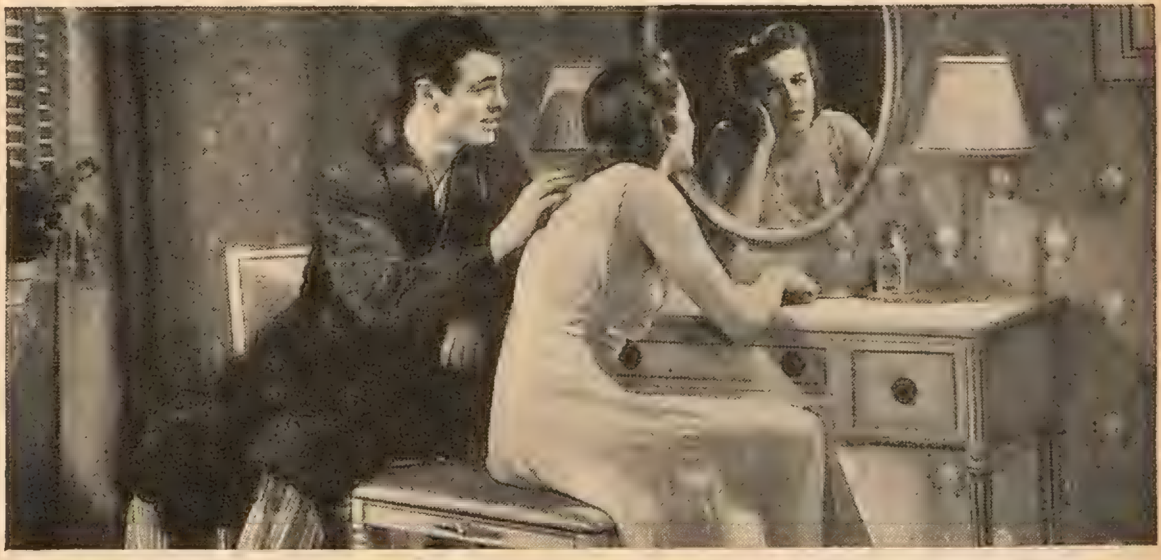
LAURA withdrew, obviously hurt; and Jim faced Mimi. "Wait!" he said. "I know everything you're going to say. But I haven't time to listen. A man's life may be hanging in the balance even while I waste this much time. Now, do you want to stay here, or will you come with us and *give me your word of honor to make no move to escape?*"

Mimi's eyes blazed. "I'd rather stay here—even with bears and mad dogs and Indians out to scalp me—than to have to chum along with you and your Girl Guide!"

"Very well. I'll leave Gewgewsh and Tool Doodle with you. They won't come near you—unless you start building fires." He turned on his heel and went out. Mimi glared at his retreating back. But her glare changed to a look of apprehension when she heard the nurse's cool clear voice ask, "Jimmie dear, won't Gewgewsh and Tool Doodle be simply furious to miss the party?"

Jim's answer, "They'll do as I say whether they like it or not," didn't make her feel any easier. Nor did the gestures and growls of her two guardians. From the window she watched the joyous exodus into bright canoes of all the Indians save her two penalized caretakers. And she watched Jim laughing and talking with the White Squaw creature while he fueled the plane.

Stage a quicker come-back—take Sal Hepatica



MRS.: Isn't this just like me? The day I'm to be matron of honor at a big wedding, I wake up with the worst logy headache. Even a laxative won't clear my head in time.

MR.: I know one that will—Sal Hepatica.

MRS.: Why, how's Sal Hepatica so different?

MR.: Well, it's different in two ways. First, Sal Hepatica is a mighty quick yet gentle laxative. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

THAT AFTERNOON

MR.: Honey, the folks couldn't look at the bride for looking at you! You look like a million dollars!

MRS.: I *feel* like a million dollars—thanks to you and your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. It certainly put the old sparkle back in me!

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today!

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It was partly the Indians, partly the whining of the dogs in their compound, and partly Laura's and Jim's laughter that made Mimi change her mind. Seizing Jim's parka and shouting, "Wait for me!" she ran down the slope, red hair flying. As she climbed into the four-seater cabin and took one of the back seats, she saw that the nurse looked distinctly displeased. She also saw that Jim looked harassed. The face he turned to her just before he made the take-off was stern. "You promise, Mimi?"

She nodded. "Cross my heart, hope to die." Her eyes sparkled wickedly. "I think I'm going to find this trip very interesting," she announced, staring at the fair neat back of the White Squaw's head.

But the nurse had no intention of letting Mimi monopolize the situation. She began to talk at once to Jim. "You asked me about the explosion at the mine. Well, no one seems to know. But we're afraid it's like the others. Two foreign workmen disappeared just before it happened."

Jim nodded grimly. "I know—sabotage. It's spreading, Laura, right across the country. The devils hit at our nerve centers—our power plants, transportation lines, mines. They figure if war comes we'll have nothing to fight with. But we're on guard at last."

MIMI leaned forward. "Dad says he's sure the labor strike at Jamieson River was caused by foreign agents sent in to make trouble."

Jim nodded. "Very possibly." Then he began to question the nurse about people and problems strange to Mimi, making her feel like an outsider for the first time in her life, like a little girl tolerated but not welcomed on a grown-up expedition.

The four-seater plane was entirely too small for the amount of seething human emotions it had to contain. Jim, tight-lipped, conscious of Mimi's presence, conscious of Laura's long-standing affection for him and his great admiration for her, handled his ship with about one fifth of his mind. The other part was equally divided between worried attention to Laura's all-too-well-founded gossip about the workings of a secret enemy force in Canada and thoughts of Mimi. Why couldn't Mimi be as fine a person as Laura? Mimi! He couldn't black out the memory of how she had looked last night when he had carried her to her bunk—a naughty lovely child. A child? Yes, but a woman as well and a beautiful one!

Laura, sitting close beside Jim, was thinking thoughts by no means as noble as her serenely handsome face. So this was the rich little snob Mimi Jamieson! The society beauty whose pictures Jim had had plastered all over his bunk walls! The girl who stood between her and Jim. I could kill her, Laura thought deliberately. She isn't good enough to grease his hunting boots! What's she doing here anyway? On his island, in his cabin. Nervous breakdown? I doubt it! Why did she have to come just as I'm sure Jim was beginning to care!

As for Mimi—her thoughts were a jumble. Anger, excitement, and a feminine curiosity about this big blonde nurse who so obviously considered Jim her property. I dislike her, Mimi decided. I never go for big noble women who deliberately try to make others feel like worms. Then Mimi wrinkled her nose into a mischievous smile. She's exactly what Jim deserves; and I hope she gets him! But first I think I'll be just a trifle annoying!

Mimi leaned forward, the sun on her copper-and-gold hair, a come-hither glint in her laughing dark eyes. "Jim," she said in the first sweet friendly tone she had used since reaching the island, "remember when we flew, years ago, in this plane out to daddy's mines? Dad sat back here and I sat beside you. You gave me my very first flying lesson."

Her voice was too honeyed. Jim smelled a rat. "This isn't the same plane," he said shortly. "That was Chasse-Galerie I; this is Chasse-Galerie II."

Laura put her large capable hand on his arm. "Jimmie dear, I wish you'd drop the name Chasse-Galerie. I'm not superstitious; but the stories behind that name are all so sinister. I hate the thought of linking you and this beautiful ship with a lot of dead Indians flying on evil errands in a black canoe over midnight forests!"

"Their errands weren't all evil," Jim protested. "They had a lot of fun. Remember the bunch who went to the party and danced all evening with the living—"

"Speaking of dancing," Mimi interrupted, "will there be dancing at this Treaty Party? If so, I wish I'd brought my evening dress."

"Hardly!" said Laura wiltingly. "It's not that kind of a party."

AND when the plane arrived at the bleak straggly little mining town, Mimi could see that the White Squaw had spoken true. This was not going to be a party like any that Mimi had ever attended. The town, with its one lane leading to a lake shore, its mission, its log house with a large sign, HOSPITAL, over the door, its Hudson's Bay Company store, and its sixteen or so makeshift dwellings, reminded Mimi of the tales her father used to try to tell. Tales that always brought her mother's bored anger down upon his head—"For heaven's sake, Rob, won't you ever let us forget your pick-and-shovel days?"

Yes, this was a pick-and-shovel town all right. And at the present moment an Indian Treaty Party town. As Mimi climbed out of the plane on to the barren field she could see Indians of all sizes and costumes pitching their tents on the lake shore.

"Are those friendly Indians or meanies like yours?" she asked Jim.

"Friendly, if you behave yourself," he called over his shoulder, as he hurried after Laura to the primitive hospital.

Mimi shrugged, then turned swiftly to confront the grinning face of a young prospector. "Your friend," drawled the man, "doesn't seem to think much of your behavior."

"Just our little joke," she said. "I'm really an angel."

"What a pity! I was going to offer to show you the town." His engaging one-sided smile, with a gold tooth like Wrong-Way Corrigan's, removed half the freshness from his words.

Mimi was spared answering, however, because Laura called to her from the open door of the hospital. "The old man wants to see you," she said as Mimi approached. "He knew your father."

Reluctantly Mimi entered the darkened room. She hated hospitals, never knew what to say in them. But when she saw the sweet-faced old man lying on the bed, she felt almost at ease. He looked like some one out of her childhood, beloved, familiar. "I know!" she exclaimed, after Jim had completed the introductions. "It's Santa Claus!"

THE old man beamed weakly. "It's a long time since I've been called that. . . . So you're Robbie's daughter? Let me look at ye. A beauty! Ye must be a great joy and companion to your father. A splendid man, Rob Jamieson; they don't come finer. . . . And our Jim here's another just like your dad—one of the breed of giants that's fast dying out. . . . No, I'll not stop rambling, Jamie! You're a grand lad, and all of us in this part of the country's grateful to you for what you're doing! . . . All right, I'll go to sleep now. Wait! Give my best to your dad, Mimi . . . he's a lucky man."

Mimi and Laura and Jim tiptoed out into the brilliant sunshine. Laura squeezed Jim's arm. "You've done it again," she said triumphantly. "You got here in time. He'll be right as rain in a few days."

"You mean *you've* done it again," Jim corrected, patting her hand.

Mimi got away from them as soon as she could. She felt restless, unsure of herself, and unaccountably small. The old man had said, "Ye must be a great joy and companion to your father!" When? Not for years. She wandered aimlessly about the tiny village, looking at the Indians, listening to their drums. Jim, who was treated with deference by everybody in the settlement, was busy for hours talking to members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Mimi considered them gorgeous in their scarlet-and-blue uniforms, put on in honor of the Treaty Party. But they were a total loss socially because they were all so absorbed in the discussion of the sabotage menace.

Everybody was busy, everybody had a place here—except Mimi. She went down to the shore, sat on an overturned boat, nursing her oval chin in her hands.

"Penny for your thoughts." The fresh young prospector came up be-

The Boss is a
"SOUR PUSS"
all I ever get
is a glare!

Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

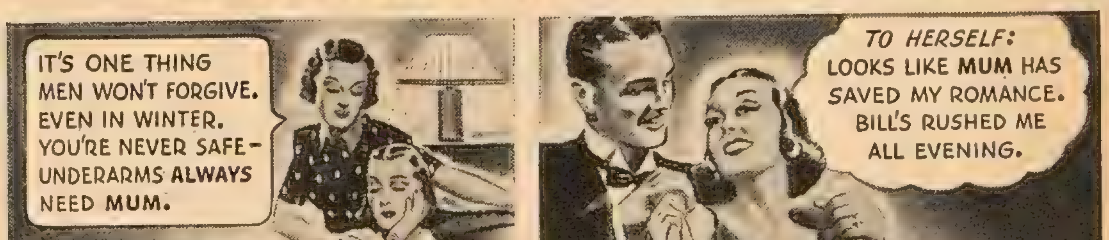
Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!


IT'S ONE THING MEN WON'T FORGIVE. EVEN IN WINTER. YOU'RE NEVER SAFE—UNDERARMS ALWAYS NEED MUM.
TO HERSELF: LOOKS LIKE MUM HAS SAVED MY ROMANCE. BILL'S RUSHED ME ALL EVENING.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

hind her, grinning his golden grin.

Mimi felt suddenly glad for his companionship. "I was thinking that all this is pretty different from anything that's ever happened to me."

"Same here," he agreed. "That's why I spotted you the minute you got out of the plane. You're an American, aren't you?" She nodded.

"So'm I. Chicago." And at that they both began to talk of the Windy City as though they had been away from it for a hundred years. "Look here," he said after a while. "I know I sounded fresh, trying to pick you up the way I did; and maybe I'm going to sound fresh now—but I'll risk it. I've got some liquor back in my shack. How would a spot of it go right about now—while the old funny faces down there"—he pointed to the Indians dancing ceremonially on the beach—"swing it?"

MIMI followed him to his crazy little shack, where she had a quick one—which raised her mood immeasurably.

"Don't let your boy friend know I gave this to you," her new acquaintance warned. "Drinking's absolutely taboo at these Treaty Parties, on account of the Indians. They're crazy for it, will do anything to get it. Have another."

Mimi did. "And he's not my boy friend," she said.

The prospector exclaimed suddenly, looking out the window, "Well, whatever he is, he's looking for you. Here, chew this gum!"

Mimi laughingly accepted it.

As they strolled out into the sunny lane, her host said, "You know who's crazy about chewing gum? The Eskimos. I did fur trading among them one winter. They have a saying to describe utter misery, 'Poor little Eskimo: no father, no mother, no chewing gum!'"

Mimi laughed, and from then on—in spite of Jim's mounting disapproval—she enjoyed herself. His conferences with the members of the R. C. M. P. had delayed them well into the afternoon, so that Jim decided to stay overnight. When he told Mimi, she said she didn't care; in fact she thought this was much nicer than fighting dogs, Indians, mosquitoes, and oilstoves on his island!

Before the evening sing party in the mission hall, Mimi had a few more secret drinks with her Chicago friend, so that by the time the party was in full swing she felt completely like her old self. She noisily applauded Jim's singing and guitar playing. She tried to make jokes with Laura—who sat as near Jim as possible and looked so possessively cow-eyed that Mimi told herself, "I wonder he doesn't frow up!"

Finally, when a lull came in the entertainment, Mimi jumped to her feet. Looking straight at the Indians who sat in a rapt and slightly odoriferous group near the door, she announced, "I enjoyed watching your dances so much today that now I want to do one of our American tribal dances for you!"

Some one translated; and Mimi, accompanied by her Chicago prospector wielding a mean banjo, performed the Lambeth Walk! She sang as she did it, in her small, sweet, hot voice. Her dark eyes flashed, her hair flounced on her shoulders; and her performance—lumberman costume and all—would have made even the Iridium Room rock with applause. As it was, here in this rough little hall, it caused a mild riot. The Indians beat the floor with their hands, shouted, "How, how!" The Mounties and miners cheered. Only Laura's smile was frozen—and Jim's was puzzled. But he wasn't puzzled when he said good night to her at Laura's door.

"Where did you get it?" he demanded.

"Don't you wish you knew?" she taunted, closing the door in his face.

But later, as she lay on the hard bed beside the one on which the White Squaw was supposedly asleep, she didn't feel so funny. The young prospector's liquor had been pretty cheap stuff. And on top of her feeling of physical discomfort she was suffering good old-fashioned qualms of conscience—an ailment she had believed she had left in the nursery. Suddenly she thought of the sweet old man lying next door in the hospital. She was glad he hadn't been able to see her performance; glad her father hadn't been able to see it either—her father who was "one of the breed of giants." She'd never thought of him that way; but, come to think of it, he was quite a person! He was a lot more than just a funny little old man whose dress shirt wouldn't stay down and who was always saying the wrong thing at mother's dinner parties! As for Jim—was he another giant?

Mimi stirred restlessly, shook herself. "If you begin to think *that* lug is one of Nature's noblemen, my girl," she told herself sharply, "you *have* had too much to drink! Guess that's your present trouble anyway! Yes, Mimi, my pet, you're suffering a severe case of what is known as drunkard's remorse. Snap out of it."

HAVING settled that problem, Mimi went to sleep and woke up the next morning as fresh as paint and as cocky as a Scotty pup.

It was a perfect day: blue sky dappled here and there with snow-white wind-blown clouds; earth sweet and warm under the June sun. Campfires were blazing on the lake shore and caldrons of strange-smelling stews swinging over them on tripods. A big feast was in preparation, to which every one—red and white—was invited.

Laura—possibly prompted by some feminine urge to put on a show even as Mimi had—appeared for the ceremonial occasion in a dramatic white caribou-skin costume, gorgeously beaded and fringed. She looked splendid as she took her place near the campfire; splendid but big. "Mrs. Manito Great Spirit," Mimi's prospector called her to Mimi. But Jim was enthusiastic. "You should be painted in that as the Spirit of the North," he said.

Mimi, seated cross-legged on the other side of Jim, chose that moment to sniff. "The smell of this food is getting me down!" And Jim glared at her, because scarcely had she spoken when one of the fine old Indian chiefs came up to offer them a ceremonial taste of the opening course of the long, long meal. Hours long it was, the feasting interspersed with chanting and dancing. The sun's rays began to level out before any sign of let-up could be seen.

Mimi's sense of smell had always been too acute for her comfort. Therefore she was increasingly miserable as the feast progressed. Laura and Jim, however, and all the others seemed to be enjoying course after course of the hot greasy smelly food.

A climax for Mimi arrived just before sundown when Laura dipped into the round-robin pot and pulled out several hunks of particularly loathsome-looking gray meat, which she put solicitously on Jim's plate. Mimi faintly eyed them. "What is that?"

"A great delicacy up here—moose nose."

"How *ghastly!*" Mimi leaped to her feet and fled up the slope past the store, across the open field. Finally she dropped down beside Jim's plane—out of sight, sound, and particularly smell of the party. She leaned feebly against the ship.

JIM found her. But he was not at all sympathetic. He delivered her a lecture the like of which not even her crossest governess had ever equaled. He told her that her manners were atrocious, her bearing snobbish; that he was disgusted but not surprised. He said that the only surprise in the whole sordid performance—her flirting and drinking, her acting out last night, her rudeness today—was that a daughter of a father as decent and kind and fine as hers could turn out to be quite so cheap! He finished by adding that he realized what flirting she had tried on him, Jim, had been done solely to hurt Laura—who was so splendid and simple and good that only the shallowest, cruelest kind of woman would try to hurt her!

"Oh!" With blazing eyes and paling cheeks Mimi jumped to her feet. And at that moment a plane circled above the still waters of the lake, poised, wheeled, glided down to a landing on the blue-gray surface. Both Jim and Mimi watched it taxi inshore, put out its skiff.

Suddenly Mimi gave a triumphant shriek. In the sunset light she recognized the man who, trim and elegant in his flying clothes, stepped into the small boat. It was Otto!

Will Jim let Mimi go with Otto? Will he give her up without a struggle to the sinister fortune-hunting nobleman? Suspense and drama crowd the coming installment of this vivid novel. Read it in Liberty next week!

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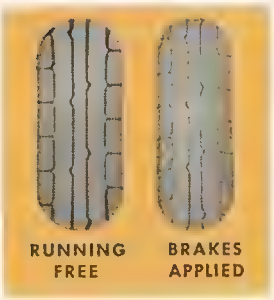

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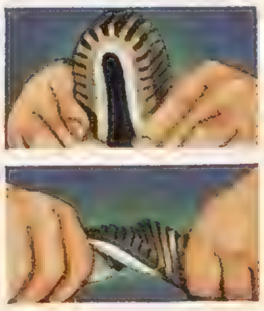

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Steps out—

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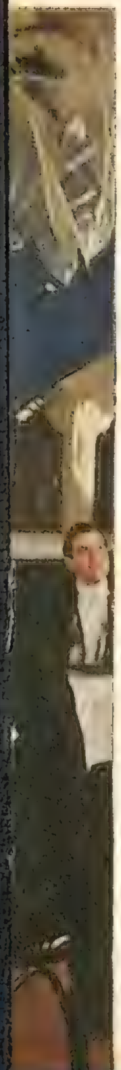

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THERE are days in Sweden when you combine the virtue of getting up at dawn with the luxury of lying abed until half past eight, because the winter sun doesn't rise till then. Field flowers of Sweden are mostly blue and yellow, colors of Sweden's flag. Hardest Swedish word for us is *sjuttiosju*, meaning seventy-seven. . . . My interest in Sweden has just been stimulated by a lady who radiates enthusiasm for the subject. She is American-born Countess Folke Bernadotte, formerly Estelle Manville, now here with her husband. Count Bernadotte represents his country at the New York World's Fair, where textiles and carpets shown in the Swedish Pavilion feature striking designs by Elsa Gullberg and Martha Maas-Fjetterstrom. . . . From Countess Bernadotte I learn that every Swedish girl takes a course in home budgeting as soon as she's engaged; that the striped woolen aprons of Swedish village wear could set a gay new sports style for us; that of all outdoor exhilarations, Swedish drag hunting on horseback over the ice is positively *the* big thrill. . . . Even in far-off Sweden, Estelle Bernadotte's intimate friends call her "Paki," a red-Indian nickname dating back to her Girl Scout times in Colorado. . . . Count Bernadotte spoke of Sweden's great legislative progress, maternity-benefit laws, etc. He said sometimes they're oddly interpreted. One woman wanted to buy a little pig with her layette money. Her infant would soon outgrow baby clothes, she argued, but you can't outgrow a pig!

☆ I asked Countess Bernadotte to recommend a Swedish recipe for us. She selected this *Currant Cream Cake*, a delicious summer dessert, lovely to look at and easy to prepare: . . . Use fresh red currants and a sponge cake either baked in two layers or split in two. Crush 1 cup of the currants; mix with 1 cup whipped cream and sugar to taste. Spread thickly as filling between the cake layers. Cover top of cake with plain whipped cream slightly flavored with vanilla. Chill 4 hours.

Now take a few choice clusters of currants on the branch; dip them in the beaten white of 1 egg diluted with 1 tablespoon water. Drain on greaseproof paper; roll gently in powdered sugar, and lay on wire rack to harden. Just before serving, decorate top of cake with frosted currant clusters and little mounds of whipped cream.

☆ Newest book on the Swedish system of liberal life and government: Democratic Sweden, edited by Margaret Cole and Charles Smith. (Published by the Greystone Press.)

☆ A glad difference between this country and Europe came vividly to my appreciation while lunching with Grover Whalen at the Fair's very elegant Terrace Club. Mr. Whalen showed me a letter he had just received from an elderly English couple.

The letter said: "Will you kindly advise us concerning a good safe hotel near Times Square? Although we would rather not pay more than two dollars a day, we are prepared to go as high as five if necessary, *but the hotel must be bombproof.*"

☆ For a summery window effect that is inexpensive, instead of drapes at the sides of the window, hang three wall brackets to hold glass bowls of growing ivy.

Top with a festooned valance of ivy-patterned chintz.

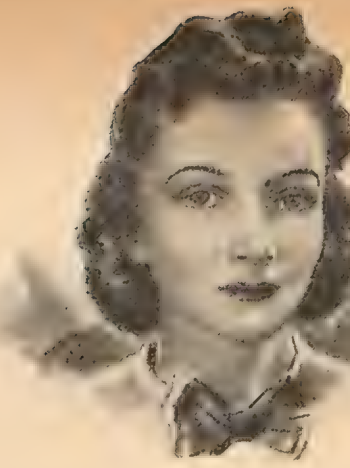
☆ One noontime, shortly before the Fair opened, I walked through it with R. Bruce Lockhart of British Agent fame. He and I were both jailed in Russia during the Revolution, so we're still a trifle touchy about that land of the free. The League of Nations Building at the Fair was not quite finished, and we observed three workmen sitting decoratively on the roof, eating sandwiches. Bruce Lockhart's political eye saw a chance for symbolism. "Wouldn't it be impressive," he said, "if those three American workers happened to be immigrants from three leading nations of the League; say from France, England, and Belgium!" The foreman stood near by. We asked him who the men were. "Them?" said the foreman, glancing up at the roof. "They're three Russian tinsmiths."

☆ Now science has given us a timetable for dreaming. Professor Joshua Rosett, Columbia University neurologist, tells us what kind of dreams we dream at various stages of the journey as we go drifting through dreamland to deep slumber. First we dream about occurrences of the day; second come vague and foggy half-dreams; third, the realistic hallucinations, dreams often strange and fanciful but clear as life. Fourth come our dreams of falling, caused by the restless period of sleep when we flounder and kick off the bedclothes. Sleep Number Five brings us to complete unconsciousness. . . . One, two, three, four, five, and we're out.

Professor Rosett didn't tell what stage of sleep it is in which we dream of lucky race horses or lucky numbers.

D
E
OK
Chon Day

"He's getting warm, isn't he, mother?"



MILLY

COMMUTER'S PROGRESS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ONE morning John Weatherby did not take his usual train, the 7.55—the train from Silver Brook that most secretaries and minor employees and clerks like himself took. He took the 8.52—the Bankers' Special. He had had to go to the dentist's that morning, and although the dentist had made the appointment as early as possible, the 8.52 was the best John could do.

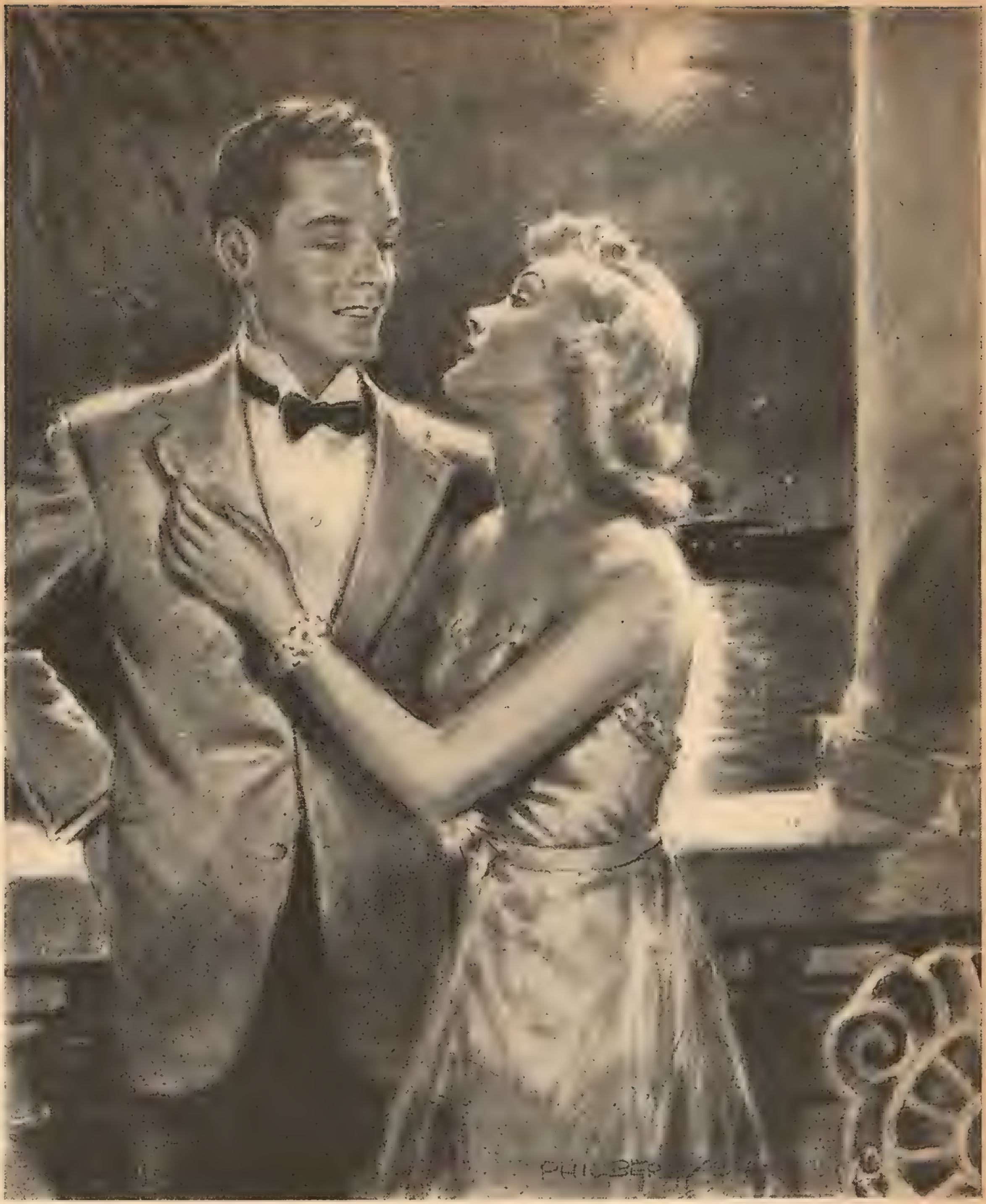
And that's how he happened to see Honey Ladew. It marked a turning point in his life.

When the 8.52 pulled into Grand Central, John was the first one off. But the club car was ahead of the car in which he had been. And gazing through the window of the club car he saw Honey Ladew seated at a card table. And despite his lateness he came to a dead stop. "Gosh!" he said. And he gazed through the window of the club car as a hungry urchin gazes into the window of a bakery shop.

And John himself was a little like an urchin grown tall. He had outgrown the suit he wore. His shoes were scuffed, his hat stained, the collar of his shirt just a little frayed.

John wasn't the first man whom Honey had stopped dead. Honey, with her yellow hair and amber eyes, was something to see, something to make any man's heart beat a little faster, his breath to catch, as when one gets a first glimpse of one of nature's triumphs, whether it's a sunset, a snow-capped mountain, or an incredibly lovely woman.

That night John Weatherby said to his mother, "Mom, I want to be rich."



In that moment, by some sixth sense, John knew he could have this woman.

His mother sighed and said, "Yes, dear. That's nice. How are you going to do it?"

John frowned intently. "I don't know," he said, "but I've got to."

Yet the next day, for one determined to get rich, John did a strange thing. He spent all his money. He withdrew one hundred and fifty dollars from a savings bank where he had deposited it almost dollar by dollar. And he took the money and marched without hesitation to Barnes Brothers in Madison Avenue and bought himself new clothes. From head to foot. A new hat, a new double-breasted blue suit, white shirts, ties and socks and a pair of shoes made in England. He carried all these things home in a monstrous package, too impatient to wait for their delivery. And the next morning came down looking himself like a Bankers' Special.

"Goodness!" said his mother.

"Maybe you've got to look rich before you get rich," John said defensively.

"Well, maybe," said his mother, placing his coffee and poached eggs before him. And went on worrying about how she was going to pay the coal bill. Since her husband's death, two years before, it had been a constant struggle. John's salary was meager. He helped, but—yet not a word of reproach for John. Because she was that kind of mother.

John of course took his usual train that morning, the prosaic 7.55. A

Warm, engaging, human! A lively story of youth and dreams, and a lover who hitched his heart to a star

little self-conscious, he sat next to Milly Starbuck. Milly was the girl who lived next door to John, the girl John had known all his life. She was a slender dark girl, with serious brown eyes. But there was nothing the matter with Milly's intelligence or her lively observation.

That morning she looked at John from the corner of her eyes and smiled and said, "Pretty swell!"

"What do you mean?" John asked, knowing perfectly well what she meant.

"The splurge," said Milly, "the Wall Street effect. How come?"

"Well, you can't always go around looking like a bum—not if you're going to get anywhere," said John.

"I've been thinking that for quite a long time," said Milly, "but I didn't know how to supply the urge. Who has?"

"Why—why, nobody special," John stammered. "I just thought it was time I sat up and took notice of things."

"Yes, things and people," Milly suggested.

Unfortunately, no miraculous immediate results followed John's sartorial reform. He was merely a clerk in the New York office and display rooms of a New England concern, a century old, that manufactured fine silverware. But a year after his splurge at Barnes Brothers, he was made a junior salesman. By that time the double-breasted blue suit was shabby and had been replaced by a dark brown suit, very elegant and also from Barnes Brothers.

And now John could take the 8.28, which, while it wasn't the Bankers' Special, was distinctly a step up from the 7.55.

"I'm glad you've been promoted, John," Milly Starbuck said when he told her, "but I'll miss you in the mornings."

"You should get yourself a new job, Mil," John said. "That old codger you work for is unreasonable about hours."

"He may be unreasonable about that, but he isn't about other things. He's just given me another raise."

"What does your old codger do anyway?"

"Imports fancy stuff like pâté de foie gras and caviar."

"Maybe he'll make you a partner some day," said John lightly.

Milly's smile was amused and secret. "Maybe," she said. "A partner or something."

DURING that year John had caught only occasional glimpses of Honey Ladew. John and Milly were townspeople. They lived, they had always lived, in the village of Silver Brook itself, while people like the Ladews lived in big white houses or houses of stucco and stone on the surrounding hills. The wall of demarcation between them was invisible but insurmountable.

But on fine Sunday mornings John walked out toward the Ladew place.

"I'm just going out for a walk, mom," he'd say.

"Yes, that's a good idea, John. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm just going to wander around."

But he always went in the same direction. Sometimes he had his reward. He'd see Honey, one of a group of riders on the bridle paths near her home, or, from afar, he'd see her on the links of the Silver Brook Country Club. Now and then, too, he'd come across her in the village, hopping out of her canary-colored roadster before some shop or other. Honey's eyes fell upon all men with friendly delight, and maybe they fell upon John that way. But if they did, his own expression remained wooden. He wasn't ready to try to meet her.

And once he came across a photograph of Honey in the Sunday newspaper. The photograph showed her, slender and pliant, in riding togs. It seemed that she'd taken a prize at the Rolling Farms Horse Show. John cut the picture from the paper and stuck it in the mirror over his old mahogany chest of drawers that had been in the Weatherby family for generations. But it hadn't been there a day before his mother discovered it.

"For goodness' sake, John," she said, "why have you got that girl's picture up over your bureau?"

John flushed. "Why, I—I think she's so pretty."

"It's that Ladew girl, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"No," said John. "How—how could I ever get to know her?"

"Oh, she isn't as high and mighty as all that," said Mrs. Weatherby indignantly. "The Weatherbys were settled in these parts long before the Ladews were ever heard of. Around here anyway. The Starbucks were too. Now, if you want to stick any girl's picture over your bureau I should think it would be Milly Starbuck's."

"Why, Milly and I never think of each other that—that way," John said.

"Well, if you don't, it's time you did," said his mother.

So John removed Honey's picture from the mirror and for a long time carried it in his wallet. Until it became crumpled and unrecognizable.

Well, that year passed and another, and then a third, and John was made assistant to the sales manager. Ever since that first glimpse of Honey Ladew he'd caught the knack of dressing well and he carried himself well and with confidence. He had sobriety and determination, two qualities which the staid New England heads of that silver company admired and encouraged. They had their eyes on John. Which John knew perfectly well.

ON the 8.28 one morning Milly walked down the aisle of the train and took the seat beside John.

"I'm on your trail, John," she said. "I'm through with the 7.55. It's the 8.28 for me, too, now."

"What happened, Mil?"

"I'm the office manager now. Better pay, better hours."

"Your old codger must have relaxed."

"He's relaxed all right," said Milly. "Ever since his wife died he's—he's sort of come to depend upon me."

"When did his wife die?"

"A year ago."

"Look here, Milly," John said impulsively, "that old codger isn't getting any silly ideas in his head, is he?"

Again Milly's smile was secret and amused. "Maybe they'd only seem silly to you," she said.

And then there was a bolt from the blue for John. Honey Ladew was married. Honey Ladew was now the Princess Vrolonsky. The society pages told all about it. The prince was a White Russian, but he was a real honest-to-goodness prince all right.

The news stunned John. Heaven knows he had no right to be stunned. But it was as if some bright preposterous hope had died within him. It was a dream ended, a mirage vanished.

But he could not get away from the facts. The princess who had once been Honey Ladew lived in New York now, and more pictures of her appeared in the newspapers as an active member of the new café society which had just been christened that. There were pictures of the princess in this restaurant or that one, and resplendent at first nights. John Weatherby, however, did not like these pictures of the princess nearly as well as he had the picture of a lovely young girl in her riding clothes, a picture now crumbled to dust and which, perhaps, only John remembered.

Yet John's determination to get rich—which years ago Honey Ladew had implanted in him—did not weaken because, in a way, she had failed him. On the contrary, he was more determined than ever and he worked harder than ever. As a commuter he even took a step backward, for once again he used the 7.55 so that he could put in more time at the office. . . . Two years later he was made sales manager of the New York office. And meanwhile Honey Ladew had divorced her prince because, it seemed, the prince was altogether too loyal to his countrymen—and countrywomen.

One day, shortly after this news, John Weatherby said to his mother, "Mom, I've bought a house."

"A new house!" she exclaimed.

"No, an old house," he grinned; "the old Brewster house out near the country club."

"The Brewster house, John! Why, it'll take at least two servants—"

"Sure," he said easily. "Why not? I thought you could manage at first anyway with a man and his wife to do the work—the man can act as butler, the wife cook."

"A butler!" Mrs. Weatherby laughed a little ruefully. "I suppose next you'll be joining the country club?"

"I already have."

"And you'll be wanting me to go to beauty shops and always look just so."

"Yes," he replied. "I do."

For John felt that now at least he was ready to meet Honey Ladew who was no longer a princess. He was ready to meet her, so to speak, on her own grounds—the bridle paths around the Ladew place, the links of the country club.

Yet these hopes faded.

Honey went to Hollywood to become a movie star, but, while she did not become one, she married one. His name was Richard Bromley and, while he was a falling star, he had been the idol of millions in his day. And he retained his well known charm, or some of it, but he drank too much, and when drunk he had no charm at all. The marriage lasted a year. In Reno, Honey met her third husband. His name was Kargill and he was a millionaire.

It was just a year after this third marriage of Honey's that John had a nervous breakdown. And that's how John found himself in Bermuda. And that's where—at last!—he met Mrs. Jay Kargill who had been Mrs. Richard Bromley and, before that, the Princess Vrolonsky and, before that, the lovely young Honey Ladew.

THE meeting took place at a dinner party at the Harbour Hotel, where John was staying; and he shouldn't have gone to a dinner party perhaps, but he was tired of resting, and the top man (Groton, Harvard) from the Boston office of the silverware company was also staying at the Harbour and he was giving the party and said, when John protested, "Nonsense, old man. Do you good. I'm giving the party for Mrs. Jay Kargill."

John's pulses gave a jump. He said, "I didn't know she was here."

"She arrived this morning. Do you know her?"

"No, I—I don't actually know her."

"Well, she's been through the mill, of course, but she's still a fascinating woman; but"—he sighed—"but I met her once in Boston when she was still Honey Ladew. Gad, what a glory in the morning she was then!"

"Yes," said John, "I remember."

"I thought you didn't know her."

"I don't know her, but I used to see her in Silver Brook. Is her husband with her?"

"No"—the man from Boston laughed a little maliciously. "She won't stick to that old dodo long. It was largely a marriage of convenience. On her part anyway. Honey was broke, you know. Both her prince and her movie star cost her plenty."

Before John went downstairs to the party he read again a letter that had just arrived from his mother.

"I read somewhere that that Honey whatever-her-name-is-now may visit Bermuda," his mother wrote. "Now, John, if you should run across her,

LOOK WHAT I MARRIED!
1. DARLING, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL STAY-AT-HOME! WHERE'S YOUR OLD-TIME SNAP AND SPARKLE? AND THAT REMINDS ME —
2. THEY TELL ME WE'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP—AND I'VE FOUND A SIMPLY GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS — B AND D. IT'S CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP. WE'RE HAVING IT TOMORROW
3. BREAKFAST NEXT DAY —
SAY! PEP WOULD BE SWELL EVEN IF IT NEVER HAD A VITAMIN! THE CRISPIEST FINEST-FLAVORED CEREAL WE EVER HAD. JUST WATCH ME GO FOR IT FROM HERE ON!
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IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS — DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST — CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. GET IT AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

don't lose your head. You don't have to tell me you've always had a hankering after that one. And here's more news. Milly's going to be married. She came over to tell me last night. She's marrying the man she's worked for so long. It was a shock to me. Somehow I'd always thought . . ."

Somehow it was a shock to John too. Milly shouldn't be marrying that old codger, he thought a little indignantly. And very clearly he saw Milly's dark hair and her honest brown eyes. He seemed to see them even more clearly than he had when Milly and he, poor and struggling, had traveled together on the 7.55.

Presently, rather subdued, he went down to the party.

The table was at the end of the long dining room with the windows open upon the sea and the stars, and there were tall candles unflickering in the still air. In their kind light, Mrs. Kargill still looked very lovely, but also she looked as if she had lived too intensely in too short a time, and her long pointed nails, painted so dark a crimson, seemed almost predatory.

John sat at her right. Each time he looked at her it was as if something treasured within him crumbled—as if another little piece of precious memory flaked and broke away.

"Craig tells me you're from Silver Brook, Mr. Weatherby," she said. "It's strange we never met."

"Well, you see, I was one of the village boys, and you—"

"I see," she said, and put her hand on his arm. "How silly it seems now, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said.

After dinner, coffee was served on the veranda. John moved away from the others and stood by the railing of the veranda, and presently Mrs. Kargill joined him and, together, elbow against elbow, they leaned on the railing gazing over the sea.

"Craig tells me you're the man of destiny in your company, Mr. Weatherby," she said.

John laughed. "Craig is too generous."

"When are you leaving here?" she asked very softly.

And in that moment, by some sixth sense, John Weatherby knew he could have this woman whom for years he had dreamed of possessing. And now the nectar of that dream was like ashes in his mouth.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," he said.

It was too late to do anything about it that night, but John rose early the next morning to send a cable to Miss Milly Starbuck at Silver Brook. It read, "Please don't get married until I see you. Am flying home. JOHN."

HE was back in Silver Brook that night. It was almost eleven. He went directly to Milly's home. The house was dark but, even so, he banged violently the brass knocker on the front door.

Presently Milly herself opened the door. She wore some kind of a robe clasped tightly around her. She looked sleepy and disheveled. To John she had never looked so desirable.

"Why, John!" she exclaimed inadequately.

"You got my cable, didn't you?" he demanded truculently.

"Yes, but—but I didn't understand it."

"You were going to be married, weren't you?"

"No."

"But my mother wrote me—" He stopped suddenly. He understood. Then he laughed and said, "Mother's always been fond of you, Milly. She even lies for you."

"Well, it wasn't entirely a lie, John. I did tell your mother he—he wanted to marry me, but somehow I didn't want to marry him."

"On account of me?"

"Yes," she said, "I suppose so."

"Darling," he said, "I've been a fool so long—"

"Yes, so long," she agreed. "And now it's so late and I'm so sleepy."

"Don't you even want me to tell you I love you?"

"Yes, I do, John. Very much. But let's talk it all over tomorrow. Just now we've got to think of the 8.28."

"Oh, to hell with the 8.28!" said John.

THE END

NO SPLASH
NO SPILL!

NO WASTE
SPACE!

ONLY THE NORGE MARATHON AND NORGE C/M SYNCHRONIZER REFRIGERATORS HAVE SPILLPROOF SPACE-SAVING

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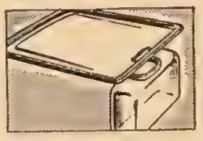
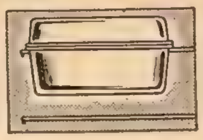


The Handefroster Is Simple . . . a thin drip tray only a fraction of an inch thick . . . a handy spillproof sanitary glass drip container.

The Handefroster Gives Extra Storage Space . . . makes possible the Coldpack for near freezing meat storage and added shelf space below for food storage and is usable, even during defrosting.



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Sagas of Yesterday

The movies turn to Texas, Kansas, and the past for two new tales of fighting men

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

Richard Dix as Texan Sam Houston, and lovely Gail Patrick in Man of Conquest.

★ ★ ★ MAN OF CONQUEST

THE PLAYERS: Richard Dix, Gail Patrick, Edward Ellis, Joan Fontaine, Victor Jory, Robert Barrat, George Hayes, Ralph Morgan, Robert Armstrong, C. Henry Gordon, Janet Beecher, Pedro de Cordoba, Max Terhune, Kathleen Lockhart, Ferris Taylor, Leon Ames. Screen play by Wells Root, E. E. Paramore, Jr., and Jan Fortune from a story by Harold Shumate and Mr. Root. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. Produced by Republic. Running time, 96 minutes.

FIRST place this week because it tries sincerely to present a man and an era. The man is Sam Houston, who, in spite of bullets, hard likker, and Indians, lived to be seventy. He was a hardy fellow, for in that span of seventy years was crowded a youth spent living with the Cherokees, an enlistment in the army, the study of law, and terms in Congress and in the governor's chair of Tennessee. Then Sam turned to the Southwest, found time to defeat the Mexican general Santa Anna at the Battle of San Jacinto, liberate Texas, become its first president, help its annexation to the United States, become its governor—and marry three times. To put it mildly, Sam had stamina.

The film hurries a little over some of Houston's crowded career—and you can't blame the harassed scenarists. But, neatly aided by Richard Dix, it shows Houston to be what he was—a shrewd backwoods politician, an able leader with considerable of the showman, a shrewd opportunist. The picture finds time to present the bloody fall of the Alamo, the massacre that tore the great territory of Texas bodily out of Mexico.

Gail Patrick is a little modern as Sam's ultimate inspiration, but she's a good actress. It is Edward Ellis who almost steals the picture as Andrew Jackson, a pretty ornery gent himself. In fact you'll remember Ellis' rugged pioneer president for a long, long time.

VITAL STATISTICS: After hunting five states for a location, the Republic staff found a duplicate of the San Jacinto flats—scene of Santa Anna's defeat—at Salt Springs Reservoir, about thirty-six miles outside of Stockton, California. There's usually plenty of rain there in January, but Republic was lucky. The sun was out every day of the location stay. . . . The battle scenes were staged by "Breezy" Reeves Eason with Yakima Canutt and his troupe of thirteen performing stunt men. These hardy guys specialize in tumbles from horses and like thrills at so much per bruise. . . . Several days' shooting had to be scrapped when it was discovered that the Texas flag was flying upside down. . . . Edward Ellis made his stage debut as a child with his father, Edward Ellis, Sr. He had a long series of leading footlight roles to his credit before he drifted to Hollywood seven years ago. Was the original Blackie Daw of the old stage hit, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. . . . Dix has two hobbies: collecting pipes and raising dogs. Has thirty-six canines in his kennels right now.

★ ★ ★ DODGE CITY

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan, Bruce Cabot, Frank McHugh, Alan Hale, John Litel, Henry Travers, Henry O'Neill, Victor Jory, William Lundigan, "Big Boy" Williams, Bobs Watson, Gloria Holden, Douglas Fowley, Georgia Caine, Charles Halton, Ward Bond, Cora Witherspoon, Russell Simpson, Monte Blue. Screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 105 minutes.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

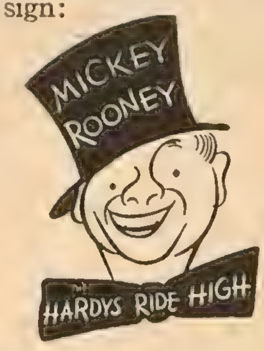
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Has Judge Hardy's delightful family dropped in on you yet? If by chance they haven't, why don't you drop in on them?

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll know they're in town when you see this sign:



HERE'S A CHALLENGE. Mickey Rooney (himself . . . not a stand-in) will write a congratulatory letter to the five best copiers of the above drawing. Mickey's letters are very personal. So send yours (don't make it too big) to Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box L, Culver City, Cal. We are the final judges . . . all drawings become our property . . . none will be returned.

★ ★ ★ ★

All who send in drawings but don't win one of Mickey's personal letters will receive (with our compliments) The Screen Forecast, giving all the inside dope about coming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer attractions, of which there are many.

★ ★ ★ ★

And one of the most attractive of the attractions brings together Claudette Colbert and James Stewart in a Van Dyke-directed opus entitled "It's a Wonderful World."

★ ★ ★ ★

No matter what your opinion of the world may be, you won't deny that it's a wonderful picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Claudette and James, Guy Kibbee, Frances Drake, Edgar Kennedy, Ernest Truex are in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Early in June we shall all say a gay hello to "Good-Bye Mr. Chips." Our scouts report that Robert Donat's performance is his best ever, and director Sam Wood's screen translation of the James Hilton novel is perfection.

★ ★

WIZARD OF OZ
(*More rhythmic notes*)
THE TIN WOODMAN
(*Jack Haley*)

The woodman with his blade so trusty
Must yield to oiling daily,
For when he weeps his joints get rusty.
Oh, Jeeper Weeper Haley!

(*To be continued*)

★ ★ ★ ★

May also comes in like a lion.

—Leo

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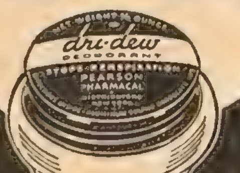

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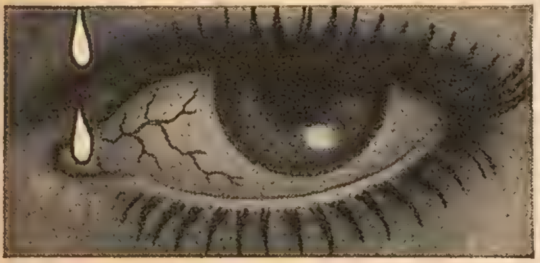

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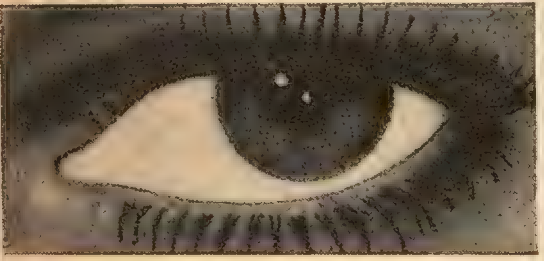

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
EYE-GENE

THIS is a Western with epic pretensions—but it turns out to be just another story of a handsome, courageous, hard-riding young cowboy—an Irishman this time—who wanders into the pioneer Kansas settlement, remains to clean up the place in the unhealthy job of sheriff.

Photographed in color, there are lovely panoramas of prairie, sky, and covered wagons. Errol Flynn is good-looking but none too believable as the redoubtable Wade Hatton, Olivia de Havilland is a pretty heroine, Alan Hale makes the most of the hero's hulking buddy with the penchant for brawls and two-fisted drinking. But the story is palpably made to order and conventionally moviesque. Surely there must be a different, down-to-earth yarn in those picturesque days when Dodge City was the rough, tough terminus of the Sante Fe Railroad and the West's great cattle-shipping center.

VITAL STATISTICS: It took five days to film that brawl (it lasts ten minutes in the picture) in the Gay Lady Saloon; 150 extras participated, 73 breakaway chairs were broken, 392 breakaway bottles were biffed over some one's skull. Talk about attention to detail! . . . Before that poker player gets killed, Director Michael Curtiz saw to it that his five-card draw included two aces and two eights. That's the famous "dead man's hand." . . . Baths are the order of the day in films right now. There was Merle Oberon in Wuthering Heights, and there's Alan Hale in an old-fashioned tub in Dodge City. . . . The location stuff was shot in and around Modesta and Sonora, California. Twelve miles of barbed-wire range fencing and 6,348 posts had to be taken down to get the effect of rolling prairie.

★ ★ ½ BROADWAY SERENADE

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Lew Ayres, Ian Hunter, Frank Morgan, Wally Vernon, Rita Johnson, Virginia Grey, William Gargan, Katharine Alexander, Al Shean, Esther Dale, Franklin Pangborn, E. Allyn Warren, Paul Hurst, Frank Orth, Esther Howard, Leon Belasco, Kitty McHugh, Kenneth Stevens. Screen play by Charles Lederer from a story by Lew Lipton, John Taintor Foote, and Hans Kraly. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 113 minutes.

HERE you have the Ice Follies—minus the ice. It's the same plot slightly disguised. The feminine half of a married song-and-dance team walks into a stage producer's office, arouses the interest of the backer. Not knowing she is married, he gets her a job in the show. In no time at all she's a Broadway hit. Alone, her partner loses his faith in himself, takes to drink, hits the bottom. Will she forget him and marry the handsome backer?

Jeanette MacDonald is the girl who turns Broadway upside down, Lew Ayres is her young husband, Ian Hunter is the show angel. There are any number of elaborate production numbers, with La MacDonald singing and dancing. There's a bit of Madam Butterfly done in Broadway style with decorative cuties lolling against bamboo bridges.

For all our liking of Miss MacDonald, who always is attractive and a pleasant vocalist, we report this as overlong, overdull and over—well, just over!

VITAL STATISTICS: Bob Leonard started in films thirty-two years ago. Now he's both director and producer. The merger is a tough one, for producers worry about budgets, directors snap their fingers at 'em. Bob had to take turns fretting and snapping. . . . Leonard and his cameraman, Oliver Marsh, have worked together for seventeen years. . . . Lew Ayres' comeback continues. And a fortune teller once told Lew that he'd never amount to anything, that he'd die broke, that no one would ever know his name. . . . Jeanette MacDonald is following in the concert footsteps of her recent co-star, Nelson Eddy. . . . Al Shean once was one of the famous comedy team of Gallagher and Shean. Remember "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher!" "Positively, Mr. Shean!"

★ ★ ½ STREETS OF NEW YORK

THE PLAYERS: Jackie Cooper, Martin Spellman, Sidney Miller, Buddy Pepper, Bobby Stone, David Durand, Robert Tucker, William Tucker, George Cleveland, Robert Emmett Keane, Robert Emmet O'Connor, Dick Purcell, George Irving, Marjorie Reynolds. Screen play by Robert Andrews. Directed by William Nigh. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 73 minutes.

THERE is no denying that things happen in this little melodrama of Christmastide. It's knee-deep in plot. Jackie Cooper plays an ambitious East Side lad who keeps a newsstand and studies law in his spare moments. Then, too, he has taken into his keeping a little crippled orphan boy. Jackie attracts the interest of a kindly judge when, out of the blue, appears Christmas and Jackie's sinister, bad, big brother—a hardened racketeer.

This is probably better acted than it deserves—by Jackie, by George Irving as the jurist, by little Martin Spellman as the cripple.

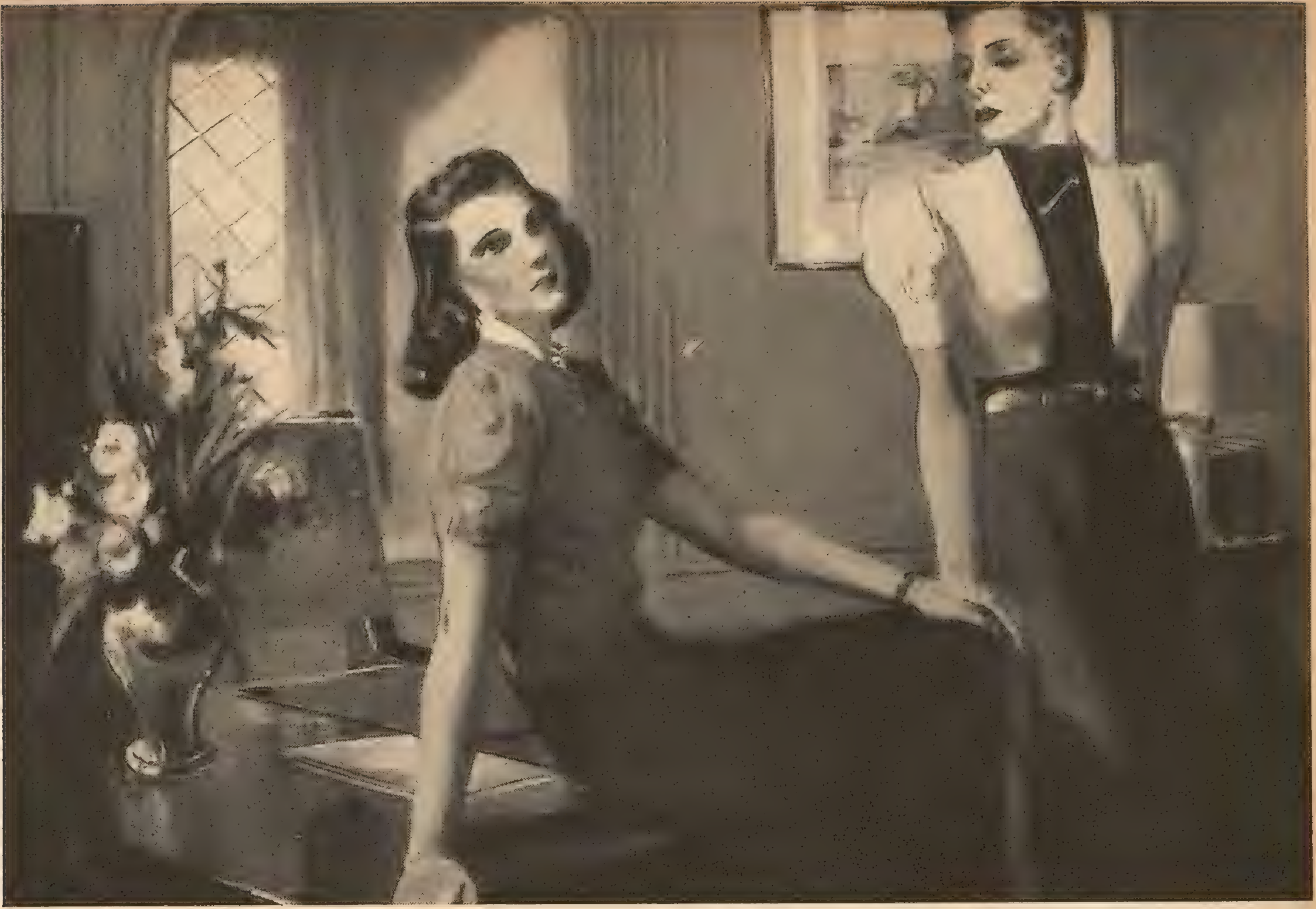
VITAL STATISTICS: Jackie Cooper sold his decorated jaloppy last fall to the family butler and purchased a sedate sedan, maroon-colored. Smokes a pipe because his mother objects to cigarettes. Jackie has gone in strong for photography at the Beverly Hills High School. Still has his own orchestra with which he hopes to tour if he ever gets time. He's a swell amateur drummer, as you probably know. In his swing band are some of the boys appearing in this film. . . . Buddy Pepper, who's fourteen, is a hot trombone player. . . . Martin Spellman was discovered by Director Norman Taurog selling papers outside the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, and Norm gave Spellman a role in Boys Town. Next you'll see him in Beau Geste at Paramount. . . . Marjorie Reynolds got her start in Westerns. . . . Bill Nigh was a big-time director; megaphoned John Gilbert and Joan Crawford in the old silent days. Back there he directed Robert Emmet O'Connor, who plays the kindly cop, then doing leads.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

★★★—The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years.



" Wait'll you see," Andrea threatened. " I won't need a husband. I want to be like you! "

WORLD'S FAIR GIRL

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

"I've been a fool!" Now a swift surprise brings the story's dramatic climax

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

CRAY came to Fair's office. A huge man, bald and flabby and worn, with pouches sagging under exhausted eyes. Fair rose and came around the desk, giving him her hand and a smile.

" I wondered what had become of you," she said.

" I sort of—wanted to get away by myself," muttered Joe Cray. He paused, turning the hat in his hands. " I had to come back, though. Had to come around to—to thank you for—everything—"

" You don't have to thank me," she said warmly.

" It was wonderful, all you did. I—"

She interrupted, " What are you planning to do now? Have you decided? "

" I—I'm going away."

" Where to? "

Joe Cray smiled wearily. His voice, too, was tired. " As far as I can get from New York, I guess. Maybe the Coast."

" But you haven't any money."

" Yes, I have." The smile persisted without humor as he looked down again at his hat. " There was a bookie who owed me fifty dollars. He couldn't pay off while I was in jail. I found him this morning, though, and he gave me the money. Fifty dollars will carry me for a while."

On impulse Fair went back to her desk. She pulled a checkbook from the drawer. Before she could open it, however, Joe Cray said quickly:

" No. No, please! I won't take any."

" Nonsense! When you get a job you can send it back."

" No." His voice became so strained and hoarse that she paused in amazement. " *Please* don't! You've done—plenty."

Joe Cray stared at her with a touch of yearning. Perhaps for the first time he felt himself, emotionally, in the role of her father. She was *his* . . . his even more than Frederick's. And yet he couldn't claim her without dragging her down to himself. . . .

" Good-by, Miss Antler," he said choppily. " That's all I came to say. Just thanks and—good-by! "

He turned, put on his hat, and walked out of the office. He didn't wait for the elevator but went quickly down four flights of stairs. He couldn't see clearly. He couldn't think clearly, either. But he heard himself muttering aloud, " She'll go up and up now! " Then he stopped, because his voice was so shaky. He pulled down his hat and strode on blindly.

IN his quarters on the destroyer Phalanx, anchored off Colón in blue Panama waters, Lieutenant Scott Newcomb smoked a pipe and smiled bleakly over Fair's letter.

"I'm sorry, Scott," she had written, "but the answer must still be no. This makes the fifth consecutive month in which you've proposed, and you make me feel utterly heartless and cruel. But won't you believe me, Scott, when I say I must go on like this? I set out to prove something to myself, and I can't quit—especially now when I seem at last to be achieving a goal. Since the Cray trial I seem to have become a prominent attorney . . ."

When he finished, Scott smoked for a while without moving, gazing in reverie at the hazy hills beyond the porthole. Then he turned, picked up a pen, and replied:

"While there's love there's hope. And the love seems to continue month after month. I've given up trying for an immediate transfer, but I expect to be back in New York in the spring. Perhaps—I'm forever optimistic, you may have noticed—perhaps you'll have changed your mind before then."

He paused, then added more easily: "Mother's last letter is beside me. She says you've become quite a personage after the Cray trial, and I must confess that terrifies me. She adds that you recently made a lecture tour of New England, then returned to find yourself swamped with your law business, and yet managed time to help organize a new nursery school, probably for Andrea's benefit. She says, too, that you now hold office in several women's organizations. Putting all these activities together, and coupling them with your growing fame, I'm becoming just a little bit afraid of you, Fair Antler. You're too eminent. And still, fear or no fear, I go on loving you . . ."

Whether her increasing renown was altogether attributable to her defense of Joseph Cray, with its attendant publicity, she didn't know. She knew only that now, in her late twenties, she had an amazingly profitable law practice and was being acknowledged as a leader in women's organizations.

And it went on, a cumulative success, until February, 1924, when something wholly unexpected happened to her career and her theories.

It happened on a day when she and Frederick were dining early in their new apartment overlooking Central Park. They were planning to attend Paul Whiteman's Jazz Concert at Carnegie Hall tonight—the first of its kind ever to be presented in the dignified old auditorium.

"The place will probably shudder in outrage," Frederick chuckled over coffee. "Imagine jazz in a hall accustomed to Rachmaninoffs and Kreislers and Mengelbergs! . . . Still, it will probably be amusing."

That was when the maid announced visitors.

Unfortunately, these were callers who could not be rushed out even for a Carnegie Hall concert. One was Harrison G. Todd, a brilliant white-haired leader in the city's new Fusion Party. The second was the lovely Mrs. Dwight Conroy, prominent in the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, with whom Fair had served on scores of committees.

"A purely informal call," Mrs. Conroy cheerfully announced when they settled in the drawing room. "We were dining a few blocks away and fell into a discussion over you. I assured Mr. Todd I knew you well enough to drop in unannounced." Mrs. Conroy tilted her Junoesque head and smiled a bit mischievously. "Fair," she inquired, "how would you like to be elected to Congress?"

Fair, brushing back auburn hair, abruptly checked the movement and stared.

"Congress?"

"On the Fusion ticket."

Fair, losing color, sat astounded. She looked lovely in the black evening gown; but the occasion for wearing it—the Whiteman concert—was forgotten. After a moment she gaped around at Frederick with such amazement that neither Mrs. Conroy nor Mr. Todd could avoid laughing.

"We've been discussing your chances for weeks," Mr. Todd assured her, his blue eyes merry. "By 'we' I mean the Fusion Campaign Committee. As far as we can see, you have every desirable qualification, Miss Antler."

MRS. DWIGHT CONROY said in her beautifully modulated voice: "We didn't come to flatter you, Fair. Merely to catalogue a few facts. I don't see how you can possibly be defeated."

"But really—" Fair began, feeling as if she had drunk too much champagne. "I—"

Mr. Todd genially went on from where Mrs. Conroy had paused: "We feel you should pull ninety per cent of the women's vote and a good share of the masculine vote too—enough to elect you by a wide margin."

Frederick, standing near a window, actually beamed. His fingers jerked nervously at a button of his vest. His eyes were bright and happy. Fair deserved this, he told himself.

As for Fair herself, she was flushed now. She sat rigid, gazing over Mr. Todd's handsome white head and seeing visions. Congress! Representative Fair Antler standing on the floor of the House and demanding the passage of bills to insure further equality for women. Equal pay. Equal opportunities. The end of labor for children. . . .

"Let's be quite frank about it," added Mrs. Dwight Conroy. "Election campaigns are apt to become sordid if the fight is bitter. The days of muckraking and mudslinging are not by any means gone. And so it's most important to choose a candidate

Snap! into the
Joy of Living

MISTER MAN, you cannot afford to let so-called "spring fever" *slow you down* . . . or *let you down!*

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whose background is irreproachable, whose career leaves no room for —well, for slanderous attacks, let us say. There, Fair, you are the ideal choice."

At that something inside Fair suddenly crashed.

She snatched her gaze back from a realm of visions and fixed it, wide-eyed, almost in horror, on Mrs. Conroy. Frederick's expression, too, changed. His fingers stiffened on the vest button.

"Irreproachable background?" Fair repeated dazedly.

"Well, you know what I mean," Mrs. Conroy said in deprecating tones. "We couldn't very well run as our first woman candidate a woman with—well, shall we say with a past? A woman who is questionable?"

"No-o, I suppose not—"

(But what if they dig into my past, as they no doubt will? thought Fair. What if they learn I was never married to Andrea's father?)

She had decided long ago that Frederick had been right: for Andrea's sake it was wiser not to reveal the fact that there had never been a marriage. Andrea was four now; to stigmatize her among other children seemed so unfair.

YET, curiously, that was not the thought which pained Fair now. The realization that brought a pang was this: She perceived that, regardless of how much she achieved in life, women like Mrs. Dwight Conroy would never accept her as a leader if they knew about Andrew Light and Andrea.

She rose, feeling stiff. She attempted a smile, but that was stiff, too.

"Believe me, I appreciate all this," she said. "And I—I thank you. But I'm afraid my answer must be no."

Mrs. Conroy said in dismay, "But, *Fair!*"

Mr. Todd, too, gaped at her, bewildered. And he looked at Frederick as if to seek an explanation. But Frederick had turned his head and was frowning out of the window at the lights of Central Park.

"Really, Miss Antler—" began Mr. Todd.

"Please don't think I'm ungrateful," Fair said to him. "I'm overcome, if you must know. But as for being a candidate, no. I—I prefer to continue as I am."

"But consider the opportunity, Miss Antler! I should imagine you'd *welcome* a chance to go to Congress and fight officially for some of the measures you've been demanding!"

"I'll continue to do my fighting in New York. Others can present bills in Congress. I think I can be more—effective, more influential—if I remain as I am."

Her refusal, of course, was not accepted without protest. Not only that evening but on subsequent occasions her visitors—especially Mrs. Conroy—called again in attempts to change her decision. But the efforts were useless.

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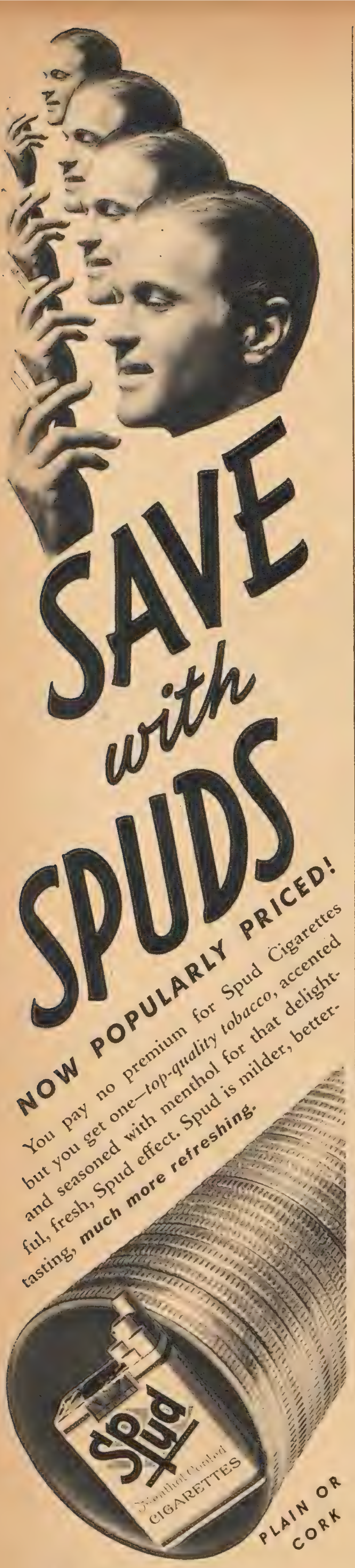

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PLAIN OR CORK

"Because, dad," Fair admitted to Frederick, "I've learned something. Something that's painful but true." She went to the window and gazed down at the park. "I used to believe," she murmured, "that women were more understanding than men. More sympathetic, more forgiving. I'm afraid I was wrong."

Frederick, sighing, put aside a book he had opened.

"It seems," she went on wryly, "I've committed the one unpardonable sin in having Andrea. It will never matter what else I do. Women will never forgive me Andrea."

"Oh, come," objected Frederick, trying to sound very liberal. "You're exaggerating—"

"No, I'm not. Take women like Mrs. Conroy. I have the highest regard and admiration for her. She seems to respect me, too. But would she back me for Congress if she knew about Andrea? I should say not!"

"But this refusal means," Frederick said bleakly, "that you're renouncing *all* political ambition. The situation about Andrea will never change, you know."

Still gazing out of the window, Fair answered with a shrug: "What else can I do?"

FROWNING at the floor, Frederick could guess how much bitter disappointment her low tone concealed. It must be agony to feel that women, for whom she had given her efforts so unstintingly since she'd been eighteen, could forget those efforts; could turn contemptuous backs on her because of a single revelation. . . .

"Fair," Frederick muttered, "you're doing yourself an injustice."

"By refusing the nomination?"

"No. By going on like this, alone, giving your whole life to a fight for women who'll never repay you for what you're trying to do." He shook his gray head. "You ought to marry. Your life is incomplete. Just—just half a life—like this. You ought to take the other half while you're still young enough. Being single becomes a lonely hell. And a man like Scott Newcomb is worth—"

"Scott? Scott would have me chasing all over the world, trying to keep up with the posts to which he's assigned. The Canal Zone one year. The Philippines the next. Or Guam or . . . No, dad, it would be exactly what I've been opposed to all my life. A woman's having to toss herself, her ability, her usefulness away in deference to a man's life and career. . . . I can't, I *can't*. It isn't fair of men to demand that. I've got my own job to do. I've got to be faithful to it—to myself!"

And she was.

True, such faithfulness involved the painful necessity of saying no to Scott Newcomb month after month; and then year after year. For, though the frequency of his proposals diminished, their sincerity did not.

As Lieutenant Commander Newcomb, he was eventually transferred from duty at sea to Washington, where he served as a technical expert in the Navy Department. Fair saw him more often then. He found it easy enough to run up to New York over week-ends. Even after his mother died in 1930 — a peaceful and unexpected death which came to Marjorie Newcomb in her sleep—he continued to visit New York at least once a month.

"Just to keep in touch with you," he admitted to Fair.

That year she added a new enterprise to her crowded activities as a lawyer, a lecturer, and a leader in women's clubs. She became a radio commentator.

Saturday evenings at seven you heard an announcer say: "The American Woman's Journal presents Miss Fair Antler in The Woman's Point of View—fifteen minutes of world events seen through feminine eyes."

Scott wrote enthusiastically from Washington: "It's grand being able to listen to you every week! Sometimes I violently disagree with the things you say, but even then I have a good time. I understand you're on a coast-to-coast network — which should make you one of the best known women in America. My love to Andrea, who must be very proud of her mother; and to her mother, who must be proud of Andrea. As for me, I wish you'd let me demonstrate my pride and love for you both."

Andrea *was* proud. Almost twelve now, she was blonde, amber-eyed, breathlessly excited by her mother's achievements. On Saturdays she would sit on a hassock beside the radio while her mother's voice came over the air; and as she held her chin in her hand she was, it seemed to Frederick, even lovelier than Fair had been at twelve.

"Mother," Andrea told her mother one Sunday morning, "that was a swell speech you made last night."

"Thank you, dear." Fair spoke absently, her gaze wandering among the headlines of a newspaper.

"I—I'd like to be just like you some day."

Fair couldn't help laughing at that. "Nonsense. I want you to be yourself, not an imitation of *any one* else."

"Of course. But how does a person get to be herself? It's by *expressing* herself, the way you do, isn't it?"

STILL amused, Fair nodded. She glanced at her daughter over the top of the paper. "Expressing oneself" had become a rather common phrase these days, she realized.

"Well," Andrea persisted, "how *can* a girl express herself best? I talked it all over with Myra and Dorothea and Beth the other day, and we all agreed there was only one way: You go out and get an ambition—like being a lawyer, maybe—and you devote yourself to that and nothing else. With all your might. You forget even boys and getting married and babies. You just—"

"But," Fair protested in mock surprise, "all the girls aren't agreeing to renounce marriage at your age?"

"I don't know about that," said Andrea, "but *I* am."

"Well, well!"

"Wait'll you see," Andrea threatened. "I won't need a husband. I want to be like *you!*" She frowned into the empty fireplace. "Grandpa says you were married to daddy just a few weeks before he was killed in the war, so you never really had to rely on him, did you? You can't call *that* being married. Not by rights, you can't. It was just a slip . . ."

Those were the days when Fair became too busy with her pressing legal practice and radio contracts to continue in active office for women's organizations. So, in 1935, she was made an honorary president of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs. That was the year, too, when, representing a foundling home, she won a suit involving a million-dollar legacy—and copious publicity—against one of New York's most august legal firms.

She was, of course, marching toward a culmination that was all but inevitable, especially when women's clubs and a few newspapers began to chant her praise. Here was a woman who had never sought elective office, yet seemed born to public service. Her distinction as a lawyer, after many years of practice, pointed to but one possible reward—a judgeship. . . .

But she didn't immediately obtain that. She was sent first, with a committee of other American women, to the League of Nations in Geneva; a session which discussed the status of women throughout the world. It was only on her return to America in 1938 that her name was presented in Washington for official consideration. And met approval.

And so, early in 1939—three months before the opening of another World's Fair, when she was almost forty-six—Fair Antler was appointed to the federal judiciary.

It was, beyond doubt, the climax of her life. Like a coronation. Seven hundred men and women gathered at a banquet to celebrate the occasion. They spoke of her as her Honor Judge Antler. They reviewed every step of her career, from volunteer nurse in 1917 to judge in 1939, lending the story color and glory and drama. And when the banquet was over, on the way home, Fair shut her eyes, leaned back in the car between Frederick and Andrea, and whispered fervently:

"What happened tonight proves I've been right. It may be a trite old thing to say, but I must say it again: A woman *does* travel farther and with more satisfaction by traveling alone!"

SLIM, white of hair, but still amazingly energetic at seventy, Frederick Antler came into her study one April evening to announce: "Tomorrow I'm taking you to the World's Fair!"

She looked up from an involved brief she had been studying. "Then your Salute is ready?"

Frederick had been going to the Fair grounds every day for weeks. He went principally to supervise the placing of his heroic sculptural group, Salute to Tomorrow, for he was one of the leading sculptors to be granted commissions by the Fair Corporation.

"And you'll have a chance to see the entire Fair before the official opening," Frederick went on. "We'll take Andrea along, too."

Fair rose—still slender and sleek and lovely at forty-six. She dressed habitually in dark clothes that were chic despite their reserve; but her auburn hair and amber eyes seemed as youthful as ever. "Have you asked Andrea if she'll go?"

Frederick chuckled. "Not yet. I wouldn't interrupt her now for a dozen World's Fairs. She's in the drawing room having a quarrel with young Ted Landers."

At that, Fair paused in lighting a cigarette. With the flame between her fingertips, she arched amused brows. "A quarrel? With Ted? Hardly!"

"Now don't ask me if I was listening in," chided Frederick, smiling as he turned to the door. "I wasn't. . . . Not for long, anyhow. I think," he finished with a wink, "that Ted wants very much to marry our Andrea." . . .

Strangely, Fair's heart began to hammer. The match almost burned her fingers before she remembered to put it down. Andrea getting married! . . .

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BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

Just my luck. Not two words did he say till I'm poking into my purse, after dessert. "Can that be a package of Beeman's?" he asks. And the whole dinner party looked so wistful I had to pass it around.

"That makes it a *real* party!" says he, thawing out. "I've been hankering for the fresh tang of that Beeman's flavor! Peppy as your sparkling eyes, my dear — refreshing as your smile! Folks, a toast to Miss Merriwell, the pearl of dinner partners!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

Well, why not? She was twenty. A glorious twenty, tall and slender and beautiful, with eyes as amber bright as her mother's and hair that might have been caressed by Titian's brush. She was in her second year at law school, and, as far as Fair could remember, in her third or fourth year of Ted Landers. . . . Ted was in his father's business—they operated a chain of hotels; a towering, dark-haired, earnest boy whom Andrea frequently asked to dinner so that he might meet her mother. And whom Fair genuinely liked. But marriage?

Frowning slightly, Fair crushed the cigarette. She was still standing there, staring at her desk, when Andrea entered. And Andrea bluntly announced: "Mother, I want your support."

With a start, Fair glanced up. She saw Andrea was pale, the lines of her young face set in determination.

"Support for what, dear?"

"I've just let Ted go away cussing."

"Is that supposed to require my approval?"

"I told him I wouldn't marry him. Or any one. I want to go on alone, as you did."

"Andrea!"

"I mean it, mother. I know you've laughed whenever I said it. It was little-girl chatter. But Ted has actually proposed—dozens of times, if you must know the truth. And I've said no."

Fair tried to keep the dismay out of her voice: "But, my dear, you don't have to model your life after mine! If you and Ted are—I mean if you *love* Ted—"

Andrea stood very pale now. "Naturally I love him. Do you think I'd have gone with him for three years if I didn't? But I—I don't feel guilty about not marrying him. I've warned Ted from the beginning that I wouldn't marry—not until I've made a career of my own without benefit of any man's help. As *you* did. He has no reason to complain now."

ANDREA—" Fair came around the desk to seize her daughter's arm. She stared at the girl with a touch of despair. Suddenly she knew she wanted Andrea to marry. She wanted Andrea to avoid the heartbreak of denying herself a love that sang in her heart. Andrea was so beautiful and young, so obviously destined for a happy marriage—

And yet, how could she urge marriage upon Andrea when she herself had made her whole life a lecture against it? She looked at the girl with a kind of agony; and for the first time in years Fair Antler found herself inarticulate.

"You agree, don't you, mother, that I must do the thing I want most to do in life?" Andrea demanded.

"Why, yes," Fair whispered. "Of course. But you must be sure that—"

"Well, then!" Andrea smiled—a brilliant smile. She caught her mother's face, kissed it lightly, and turned to the door with a swirl of skirts. "That settles it. Believe it or not, Judge Antler, I'd like above everything else to follow in your footsteps. . . . So back me up if I seem to falter in Ted's presence, will you?"

She blew another kiss from the threshold and was gone. And Fair looked at the empty door with dazed eyes.

IN the morning Frederick took them for their private preview of Salute to Tomorrow and the Fair. The smiling president of the Fair Corporation himself welcomed Judge Antler when she stepped out of her car. Fair's first impression of the exposition, as she and Andrea gazed along the vista of lagoons and incredible buildings which formed Constitution Mall, was one of sheer overpowering magnificence.

A car and a guide were put at their disposal; and when they had spent half an hour in admiration of Frederick's most ambitious group, towering twenty feet high, they inspected the rest of the grounds.

"And we mustn't leave," declared Frederick, "until we've visited the Amusement Area. I haven't been over there myself yet—it lies outside the exhibition area. But it's got something I'm more eager to see than anything in all these other buildings—a wax exhibit!"

Fair whispered, "*No!*" and the word was eager, even joyous.

"Several people have told me about it," said Frederick, still smiling. Then he spoke to Andrea: "Forty-six years ago—the year your mother was born—I had a wax exhibit of my own at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago . . ."

Andrea insisted, "We mustn't miss this one for the world, mother—if only to show grandfather how much better his wax figures were in Chicago!"

Why she felt nervous as they approached the Amusement Area, Fair couldn't have explained. Was it because she seemed suddenly to be drifting back through life toward Frederick's exhibitions in Atlantic City, in Coney Island? Or was it a premonition? . . .

"There it is!" Frederick exclaimed at last. She noticed that his voice shook a little, and so did his finger when he pointed.

The sign announced simply:

MARVELS IN WAX
by Henry Saracci
Meet the Celebrities
Face to Face!

"It's like gazing back along the road I've taken through life," Frederick murmured, "and seeing somebody else, far away, following me."

Andrea urged, "Let's go in!"

They scarcely glanced at the other amusement features—the rides, the side shows, the Children's World. Nor did they look toward Fountain Lake, where barges were already waiting to fling up nightly miracles in fireworks. Arm in arm, they went to the exhibit of wax figures.

Queerly, there was nobody around to greet them. Yet the door was open, like a mute invitation, and they entered. The interior was divided into two halls, one marked "Famous Men," the other "Famous Women." On tacit agreement, they entered the feminine section.

It was well lighted. Life-size figures occupied individual niches around the walls of an oval-shaped room. And as they went slowly from niche to niche Frederick couldn't help smiling and nodding approbation. They were well executed. Perhaps not as lifelike as his had been forty-six years ago, yet interesting enough. Merely seeing them filled him with nostalgic excitement.

They paused before Miss Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor—a remarkable likeness that smiled enchantingly from under a smartly tilted black hat. They passed the late Amelia Earhart, in flying togs, her farseeing eyes gazing upward in yearning. And there were Mme. Curie, bending over her laboratory table; and Dorothy Thompson reading a script before a microphone; and Senator Hattie Caraway at her Senate desk; and Carrie Chapman Catt, still the valiant crusader at eighty; and Pearl Buck, the recent winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature; and—

Suddenly Fair caught her father's arm. "Do you notice, dad, the—the thing that makes these figures so different from yours?"

The very intensity of her whisper made him wonder as he studied the mannequins.

"In your day," she said, "famous women were famous, almost invariably, because they happened to be the wives of important *men.* Remember?"

Slowly he nodded.

"But look at them now!" she exclaimed. "These women are famous in their *own* right! They're here, dad, not because they happen to be married to any one, but because they've been free to do things *themselves!* I—I think you could chart the emancipation of the American woman merely by putting your exhibit next to this one. Between yours and this would lie the liberation that has come to us in fifty years."

FREDERICK regarded her flushed face searchingly. Then he nodded again. "Yes," he agreed, his voice dry. "The thing for which you've fought seems to have won out, all right. But the price you personally paid—I sometimes wonder if—"

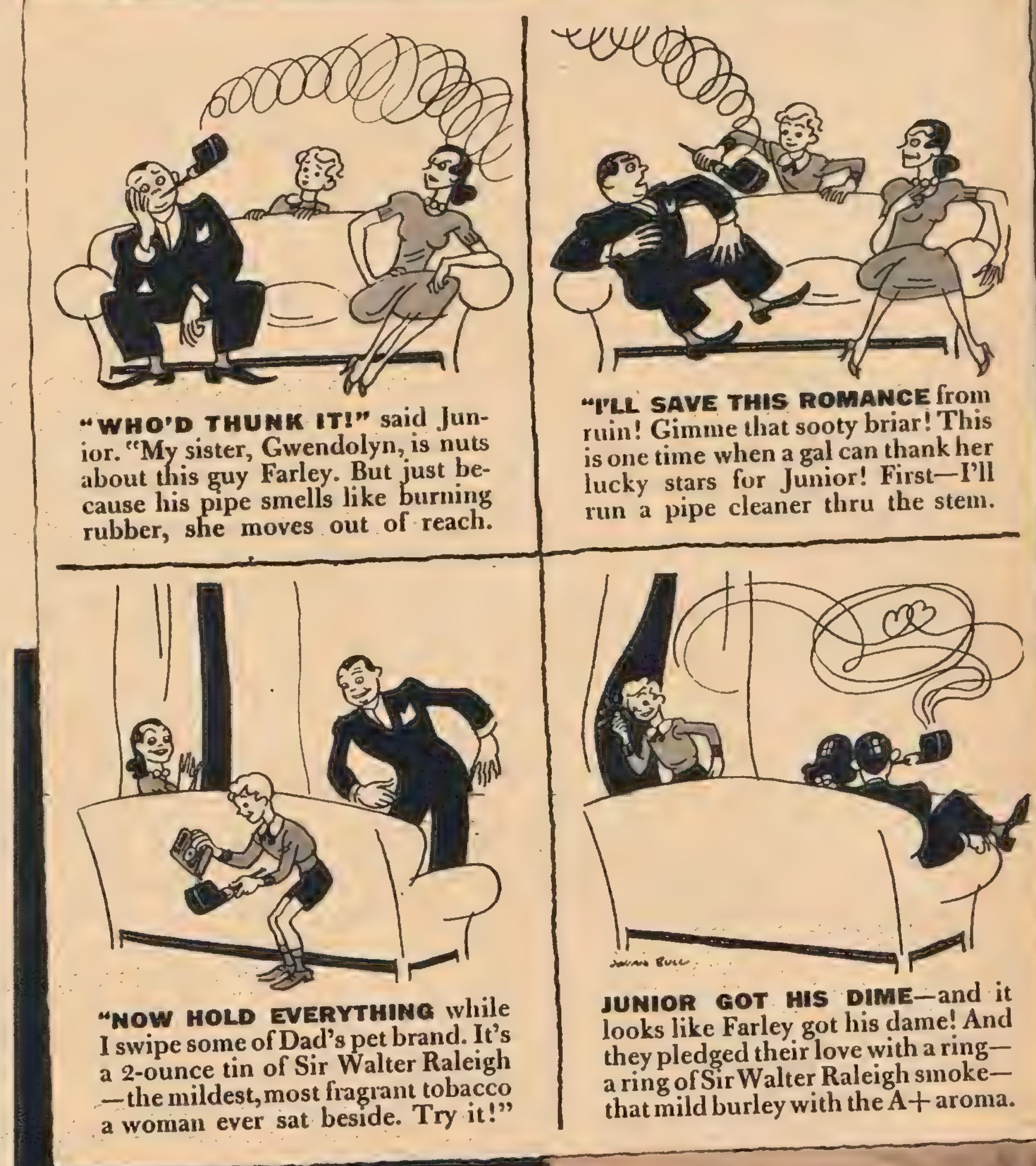
"*Mother!*"

Andrea's gasp on the other side of the hall made Fair turn with a start. She looked at her daughter, then sent her glance on to the figure Andrea indicated. And she went rigid.

"It's you, mother! *You!* . . . Judge Fair Antler!"

It was bewildering. It was stupefying and incredible. She crossed the

"PHEW"...AND FAR BETWEEN!



"WHO'D THUNK IT!" said Junior. "My sister, Gwendolyn, is nuts about this guy Farley. But just because his pipe smells like burning rubber, she moves out of reach.

"I'LL SAVE THIS ROMANCE from ruin! Gimme that sooty briar! This is one time when a gal can thank her lucky stars for Junior! First—I'll run a pipe cleaner thru the stem.

"NOW HOLD EVERYTHING while I swipe some of Dad's pet brand. It's a 2-ounce tin of Sir Walter Raleigh—the mildest, most fragrant tobacco a woman ever sat beside. Try it!"

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room and stood looking at herself, seeing herself in judicial robes. . . . Uncontrollably Fair's nerves began to tremble. As if she'd sustained a staggering shock. Her mind started back dazedly through vague years—the years that had gone into the shaping of this wax Fair Antler. . . .

For no perceptible reason she felt a little faint. She had to sit down on the bench in the center of the oval hall. Then tears began to threaten her eyes, and she had to blink them away. For they were absurd. This was a tribute, nothing else. A tribute in wax.

THIS wax figure, however, did strange things to her. Was it perhaps a symbol to vindicate the life she had chosen? Was it a sort of endorsement of—

Well, of what?

Andrea, dropping to the bench beside her, caught her hands. " Mother, you have no idea how *proud* this makes me! "

Fair began to feel something wrong about the figures in this room. Something nebulous and disturbing and beyond analysis, yet definitely wrong. It was a sensation that constricted her nerves and pounded illogically in her chest.

And then, suddenly, she knew what it was.

It wasn't anything wrong with the wax figures. No. It was something wrong with *herself*.

" I was blind! " she whispered suddenly. " I was *blind!* "

She spoke with such stifled passion that Andrea, like Frederick, turned to her in awe. Never before had the girl seen her mother so colorless, so shaken. There was a note of actual agony in every syllable that came through Fair's gritted teeth.

" I was wrong," she whispered. " And I had to wait for another World's Fair—for half my life to pass—before I could see it! "

Frederick, now definitely frightened, protested. " What's the matter with you, Fair? What on earth—"

" Look at these wax figures! " she flung out. " *Look* at them! I've just come to see . . ." She stopped, stared up at Frederick in a kind of horror. " Do you realize what I've done? " she gasped. " Do you realize I've let the emotionalism of an eighteen-year-old girl dictate my whole adult life? "

" Now, Fair, you're—"

" It's been ridiculous! It's been *stupid!* Would I let an adolescent of eighteen determine my behavior today? Of course not! Yet those embittered feelings I had at eighteen have been allowed to govern my whole life! "

" Please, Fair! " Frederick pleaded, feeling harassed. " You're excited—"

" Of course I'm excited! Why shouldn't I be? I've just watched a piece of wax destroy my whole philosophy of life! I've got to say this—not only for my own sake but for Andrea's! " She turned to her daughter, her eyes abnormally bright. " Don't be a fool, Andrea! Don't be the kind of fool I've been. If you love Ted Landers, take him now—marry him—don't wait for anything! "

" But, mother—"

" Don't throw away happiness as I threw it away! I've been a fool—a *fool*, I tell you! "

" Mother, you're a judge! You're one of the most successful women—"

" Am I? Look around, Andrea. Look at the other women in this room. Earhart, Thompson, Catt, Curie, Caraway, Perkins—they've *all* been married! Don't you see that? It just came to me as I stared at them. They didn't sacrifice anything. *They were all married, every one of them, except me.*"

At that revealing cry even Frederick gaped again at the figures. The thing she said hadn't occurred to him before. But he saw she was right.

" And did marriage hinder any of *them?* " Fair demanded bitterly. " Of course not! They were capable and they forged ahead. And they took all the happiness I denied myself. They went much further in life than I did, too, enjoying that happiness every minute. . . . Oh, I was wrong and they were right! And you mustn't make my mistake, Andrea! If only it weren't too late for me—"

Frederick put his arm about her then. His face was as gray as his hair. He forced her to walk out of the hall, out into the brilliant windy April morning.

" Let's not try to persuade ourselves, Fair," he said in a thick voice, " that you've given a lifetime to a false ideal."

" I've given a lifetime," she said bitterly, " to becoming a wax figure in a side show! "

FREDERICK ANTLER was half undressed that night when he stopped, stood rigid, and listened in amazement.

It was incredible that a wax exhibit should change a woman's entire philosophy of life, so that she emerged from it spiritually reborn.

Yet in the adjoining room, her own, Fair had just telephoned to Washington. To Commander Scott Newcomb. It was not Frederick's habit to eavesdrop. But tonight he couldn't help it. Stunned, he heard Fair say:

" Scott, it's almost seven months since you last proposed. . . . Nine months, is it? Well, perhaps you're right. I've lost track of time. . . . Yes, Scott, that's what I phoned to say. If you still mean it—if you can forgive a woman who's been utterly blind and deluded until she saw how she looked among a few women in wax. . . . No, dear, I'm not drooling. I said wax, and I know exactly what I'm saying. . . . You'll come when? . . . Darling, I'll meet you at the station! . . . Of course I'll be ready at once. Haven't I wasted time enough? Besides, Andrea's marrying Ted Landers next month, and I—I sort of feel a mother *ought* to be married first, don't you? . . ."

THE END

"TOO MUCH VITAMIN G"

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A sensible lad,
More bashful, by far,
Than any of the rest
Of us seem, or are.

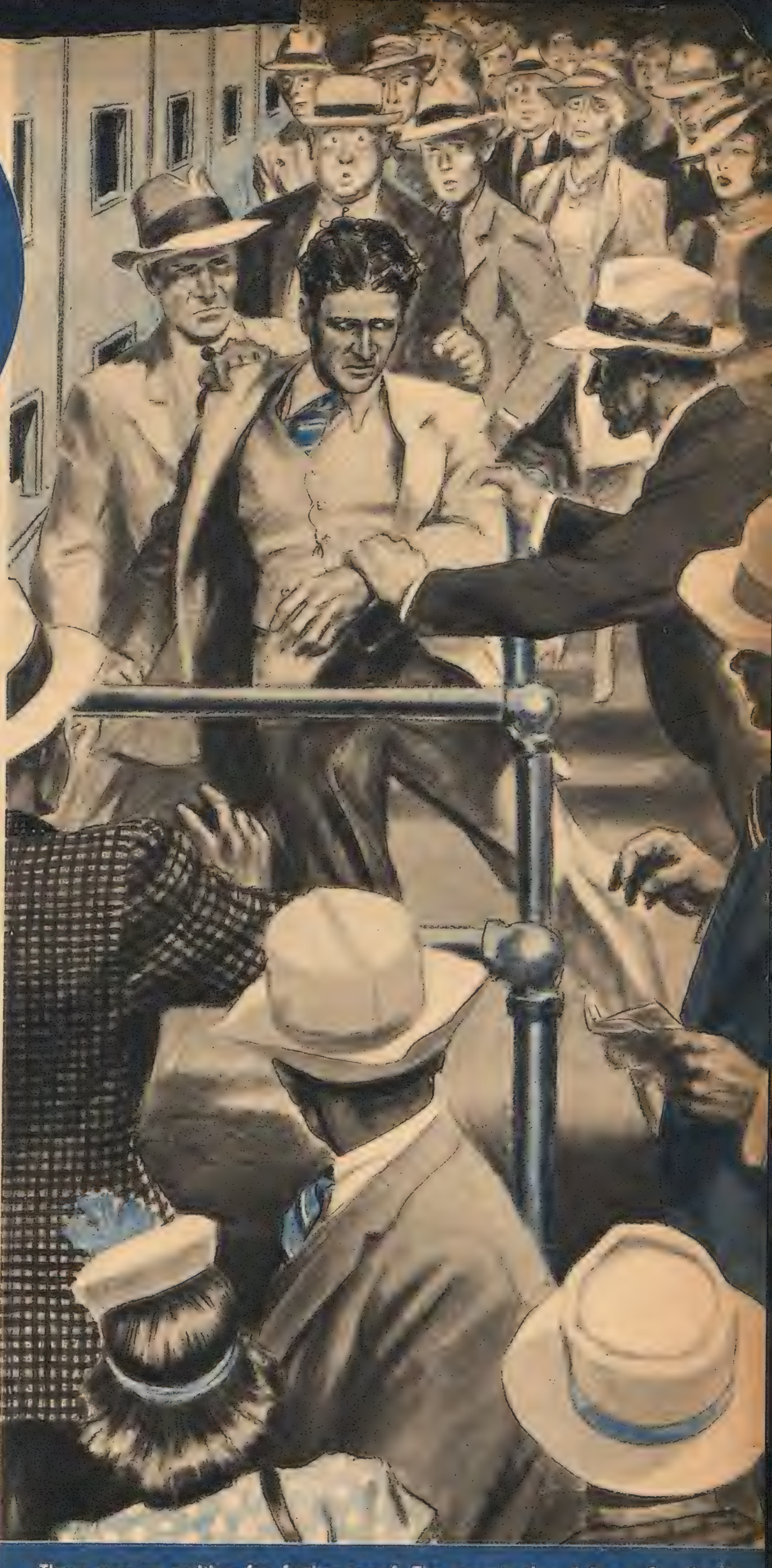
THESE lines are taken from the Year Book of the Crosby-Ironton High School, and they were written in appreciation of John Henry Seadland, class of 1928.

Just about ten years later, this shy little Minnesota boy—when strangers came to the house, he would sneak into the kitchen and hide in a corner!—committed, quite without shame, the kidnaping and cold-blooded murder of Charles Sherman Ross.

Mr. Ross was a seventy-two-year-old retired manufacturer of considerable wealth and unsmirched reputation, a kindly old gentleman who lived quietly with his wife of many years in a highly respectable residential section of Chicago. On the evening of Saturday, September 25, 1937, he was returning home with Florence Freihage, his former secretary and long-time family friend, and had headed his big sedan down North Avenue, past the Westward Ho! Golf Club toward Grand Avenue just south of Franklin Park, when he turned to his companion and said:

"The car behind has been following us for some time. I don't like the looks of this. I'll cut over to the side and let him pass."

A thrilling true detective story from G-men's files



There was no waiting for further proof. The agents closed in on Seadland.

4 Big Qualities in One Gasoline

POWER, PICK-UP,
LONG MILEAGE,
A CLEAN ENGINE
All in One Gasoline
BALANCED MOBILGAS GIVES
BALANCED PERFORMANCE

ALL GASOLINES are not alike! You can buy gasoline with just one or two good qualities, or you can get the Big 4: *Full Pick-up... Power... Mileage... Cleanliness!*

You get all 4 in Mobilgas.

This gasoline is made for modern, high-speed engines. It atomizes fast...fires quickly and completely. It's scientifically cleaned! And every drop of Mobilgas is selected for high octane value.

Drive in for Mobilgas today ...enjoy *"Balanced* Performance." SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

STOP AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

MOBILGAS
FOR
Balanced Performance

He did so; and as the passing car [illegible]d sharply in front of him, forcing him to a full stop, a thin, weasel-eyed, pick-faced young man jumped out, revolver in hand, forced the old man from the driver's seat, quickly searched him, and threw him into the car in which the stick-up man had been riding.

"This is a kidnaping," he said curtly. "My boss told me to bring you along."

Miss Freihage protested that Mr. Ross had a weak heart.

"Who are you?" barked the curly-haired, sallow-faced bandit. "His daughter or his sweetheart?"

"Neither. I am just a friend."

The kidnaper pressed his gun into the young woman's shoulder. "How much can he give us? A half a million? A quarter of a million?"

Florence Freihage said she didn't know, but begged him not to take Mr. Ross away. Opening her pocketbook, she offered all she had, eighty-five dollars. He snatched it from her. Then he ordered her to lie on the floor of the Ross automobile until they were out of sight.

"Don't call the police after we've gone, or we'll kill him," were the kidnaper's farewell words.

Miss Freihage obeyed instructions until she heard the other car race away into the darkness. Then, with rare courage, she undertook the pursuit. But when she realized that she was outpaced, she immediately stopped at a wayside telephone and notified the authorities.

There were, she told the police, two men involved in the snatch: the one who did the talking and another, even slimmer and younger, who did the driving. The former, as the G-men later discovered, was John Henry Seadland. The latter was James Atwood Gray, his accomplice and subsequently his victim in a double murder.

PRESENTLY Mr. Ross's family and friends began receiving ransom letters. The first one, addressed to Mr. Harvey S. Brackett, a former business associate, was in Mr. Ross's own handwriting and enclosed another to "Dear Dick," the affectionate phrase with which the old gentleman invariably addressed his wife. Both letters placed the ransom at $50,000, a figure which Seadland later admitted he had "raised" from $5,000, which was all that the victim was willing to ask.

The first negotiations came to nothing because the name of the intermediary somehow reached the press; so the kidnaper promptly switched to Mr. Elton C. Armitage, a lodge associate of Mr. Ross, whose card he had found in the victim's clothes. The first letter to Mr. Armitage also demanded $50,000, outlined an elaborate plan for the pay-off by a motorcycle rider, and promised to give absolute proof that Mr. Ross was alive and well before any money was paid.

If this was satisfactory, Mr. Armitage was to insert an advertisement in the Chicago Tribune, which he did.

He thereupon received a second letter, typewritten like the first, instructing him to go to 230 Wabash Street for the proof. He was simply to say that he was Elton C. Armitage, and that his receipt number was 10437. The address turned out to be a camera store, and the proof turned out to be ten photographs of Mr. Ross holding in front of him the football edition of the Chicago Daily News dated October 2, 1937.

Following instructions in this second letter, and after consultation with Mrs. Ross, Mr. Armitage inserted one more advertisement to indicate that he was ready to pay over the $50,000, and that he had made the arrangement for a motorcycle in accordance with the kidnaper's instructions.

The next and final ransom note deserves preservation in criminal archives as showing the cunning and precision used in executing what its author obviously believed to be "the perfect crime":

> EVERYTHING SET. LETS GO.
>
> CONTACT MAN TO LEAVE TOWNS AT TIME FOLLOWING EACH POINT. START OAK PARK ON HIGH. NO. 20 AT 6.00PM FRI. ROCKFORD 8.45)—FREEPORT 9.40)—JUNCTION WITH HIGH. NO. 80 11.09)—SAVANNA 11.59)—FULTON 12.30 AM)—CORDOVA 1.10)—EAST MOLINE 1.45)—GENESEO 2.10—SHEFFIELD 2.59 PRINCETON 3.25)—LA SALLE 4.05)—

OTTAWA 6.00 [illegible] 98)—TAKE HIGH. 66 [illegible] CHI.
TRAVEL 50MPH GAS AS OFTEN AS SCEDULE PERMITS EAT OTTAWA. TIE BAG SO CAN BE RELASED INSTANTLY ON SIGNAL FLASHING OF LIGHTS OR SHOT DONT GO FURTHER THAN 300 YDS from SIGNAL WITHOUT DITCHING CYCLE CONTINUE AT WALK IN SAME DIRECTION ON HIGH. WILL HAVE REPOTS ON PROGRESS DONT TAG OTHER VEACLES IF POSSIBLE. KNOW YOU BY WHITE CLOTHING. ROSS WONT SHOW IF THIS CONTACT FAILS ON YOUR END. IF NEW DIRECTIONS GIVEN SOMEWHERE ON ROUTE??? FOLLOW IF SIGNED ALBIE.

INABILITY TO RAISE QUITE TOTAL AMOUNT MIGHT BE OVERLOOKED IF ACCOMPANIED BY ADEQUATE EXPLANATIONS. THE RUNAROUND OR A SUSPISCIOUS CAR OR TRUCK WONT.
ALBIE ((((NOT BRADY))))

To this remarkable letter Seadland appended two postscripts. The first one read:

ROSS OPINES AS HOW THERES TOO MUCH VITAMIN G IN THIS MESS. WE AGREE.

And the other, purporting to be a message from the kidnaped man to his wife, wisecracked:

DICK; BE HOME SUN MORN. HIDE THE SILVERWARE UNTIL ASSOCIATIONS WEAR OFF.

ON the evening of October 8, 1937, two weeks after the kidnaping, the pay-off occurred precisely as arranged, except that it was not necessary to complete the carefully plotted trip.

The motorcycle rider—"Revere," as Seadland called him—left Oak Park promptly at 6 P. M., but while still six miles from Rockford, at exactly 7.50 P. M., he received his signal, dropped his package, ditched his cycle, and walked off with hands up into the darkness.

Fifty thousand dollars in good American money was now in the hands of the kidnapers. In twenty-four hours—at most, forty-eight—Mrs. Ross was to expect her husband's return.

The first day, then the second, dragged endlessly in the Commonwealth Avenue home. Then . . . seven more days of agony.

Finally, on the tenth day, still having heard no word of her husband, Mrs. Ross issued a last public appeal to the kidnapers, warning them that if they did not return him forthwith, "all law-enforcement officers will make vigorous efforts to locate and punish those responsible." Next day the G-men swung into action openly and vigorously. In fact, they had been working quietly under cover for several days.

The photographs taken by the kidnapers prior to the paying of the ransom, to assure Mrs. Ross of her husband's well-being, showed him against a background of birch trees. One tree close beside him presented several distinguishing marks which might assist in identifying it, and had a fallen tree trunk across its base. The G-men felt sure that they would recognize this birch tree, once they found it.

But how to find this one tree among the millions of birches of the same kind growing on the North American continent?

Well, one thing was certain: it wasn't anywhere in the Chicago area, because the foliage shown was much further advanced toward winter's bareness than similar foliage near Chicago.

The kidnapers' hide-out was, therefore, presumably somewhere north of the Windy City.

With this fact established, Director J. Edgar Hoover and his men began a painstaking survey of birch growths in near-by states.

They established the fact that the trees in northern Wisconsin and in parts of Minnesota corresponded most closely in condition of foliage to the ones before which Mr. Ross, in the photograph, was standing.

The entire northern half of Wisconsin and certain sections of Minnesota were immediately divided into small areas, and agents were assigned to check off every grove of birches in each area and every tree in each grove.

Meanwhile the technical experts had been busy with the ransom notes, the last three of which had been written, presumably by one of the kidnapers, on a typewriter, the make and model of which was promptly determined.

Squads of special agents were therefore assigned to the task of checking typewriter stores, rental companies and exchanges—also pawnshops—where the crooks might have obtained this machine.

THE fact that the ransom notes specified that a motorcycle should be used in the pay-off, and also showed considerable familiarity on the part of the writer with motorcycle agencies and how they were operated, suggested that at least one of the kidnapers either owned a motorcycle or had some connection with some one who did. A check was therefore made of all owners of such vehicles throughout the State of Illinois.

Naturally, too, Director Hoover had obtained a list of the serial numbers on the ransom bills, and had straightway distributed hundreds of thousands of copies of this list throughout the country. And, as so often happens, this procedure, which is now so common as to be almost routine, produced the first results.

Ransom notes began to appear in scattered points throughout the United States. The moment one of the bills was reported to the Bureau, special agents would be dispatched to the scene from the nearest field office. But the kidnaper—it was soon established that all of the passing was being done by one man—was moving so fast that he managed for some

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MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

SIMONIZ
KLEENER
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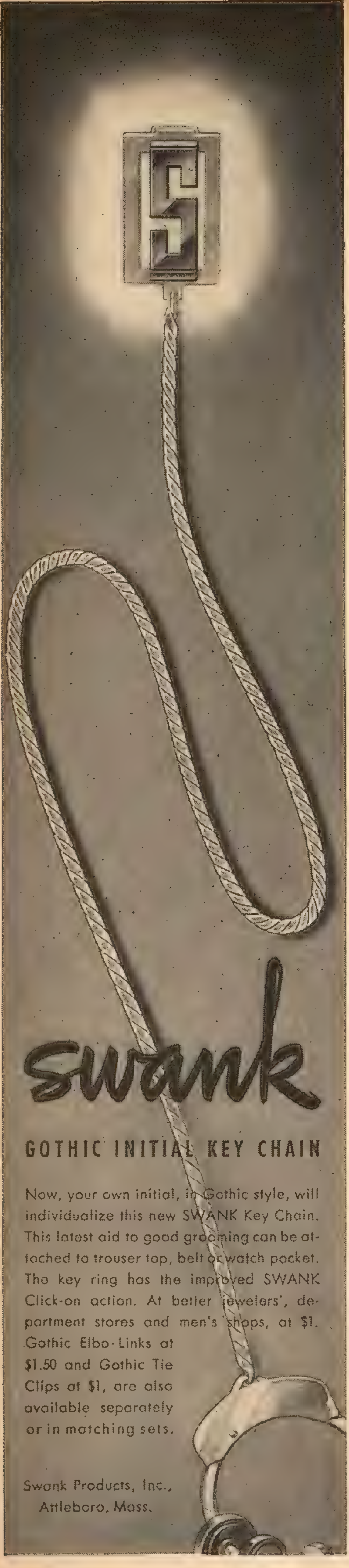

GOTHIC INITIAL KEY CHAIN

Now, your own initial, in Gothic style, will individualize this new SWANK Key Chain. This latest aid to good grooming can be attached to trouser top, belt or watch pocket. The key ring has the improved SWANK Click-on action. At better jewelers', department stores and men's shops, at $1. Gothic Elbo-Links at $1.50 and Gothic Tie Clips at $1, are also available separately or in matching sets.

Swank Products, Inc.,
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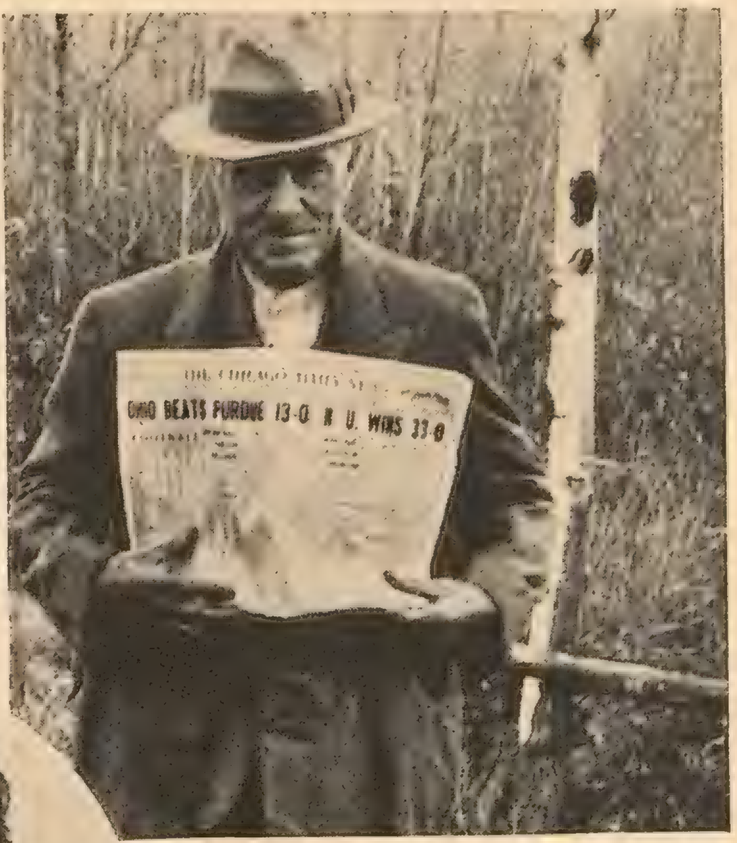

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
OHIO BEATS PURDUE 13-0 N. U. WINS 33-0

The kidnaped Charles S. Ross. This is one of the pictures taken by the kidnaper to prove that Mr. Ross was alive and well. Note the birch tree beside him, and the horizontal tree trunk. At left: John Henry Seadland.

weeks to keep one jump ahead of his pursuers.

However, by piecing together these scattered bits of information and comparing dates on which the bills were reported, the Bureau was able to make a remarkably accurate map of the man's movements.

The first trail led through Omaha and other Middle Western points to Spokane, Washington, where he disposed of the kidnap car and bought himself a new sedan. He then doubled back through Chicago to New York; thence went south to Philadelphia, Washington, and Miami; thence west to New Orleans and to Pecos, Texas, where he was last seen riding off in the general direction of Los Angeles.

Now Mr. Hoover, who from Washington had been personally directing every move, observed that many of the ransom bills were turning up at race tracks. He also observed that the winter meet at California's beautiful Santa Anita track, not far from Los Angeles, was then in progress. Accordingly, when the trail seemed to be leading to Los Angeles and Santa Anita, he ordered a mobilization of special agents in that locality and went there himself by fast plane.

The break came late in the afternoon of January 13, 1938, when a currency sorter at the Federal Reserve Bank identified a twenty-dollar ransom bill that had come from a branch office of the Bank of America, which had received it from the Santa Anita race track. Thanks to Mr. Hoover's perspicacity, the G-men were now in a position to close in on the kidnaper. But it is one thing to locate a crook and another thing to catch him.

Santa Anita is one of the largest race tracks in the world. On race days it presents a scene of bewildering activity and excitement. The usual horsy crowd which follows the bookmakers all around is augmented by the Hollywood throngs. It was impossible, with the vague descriptions they had, for the G-men to pick their man [illegible]lling crowds.

The task of trying [illegible]tch him in the act of passing a ransom note presented almost as many difficulties. From $400,000 to $1,000,000 in cash pass through the pari-mutuel windows at this track. Five hundred pari-mutuel ticket sellers and 500 cashiers are employed to handle these vast amounts of gambled money, which is flung at them by thousands of bettors surging to the windows.

To overcome these apparently insuperable difficulties, J. Edgar Hoover deployed his men like the master strategist that he is. By arrangement with the track authorities, each ticket seller was given a general description of the notes—that is, the general categories in which the serial numbers fell—and each man was instructed, upon receipt of a bill whose numbers fell into any of these categories, to call out "Change!"

Special agents of the F. B. I., stationed behind the betting wickets in the capacity of "change carriers," were then to rush to the window from which the call came, and, while engaged in making change, were secretly to compare the serial number of the suspected bill with the numbers on their printed list. Other special agents, stationed in the crowd outside the wickets, were to close in on the window and place the passer of the bill under close surveillance.

"Change!"

The cry came, while betting was still in progress on the first race, from an alert ticket seller at Window 24. The "change carrier" behind the wicket immediately responded. Two special agents in the crowd outside moved in on the thin weasel-eyed bettor at the window. The "change carrier," after comparing the serial numbers, accepted the bill and gave the ticket seller his change—all as if nothing unusual had happened. Only the two special agents flanking the bettor at the window got the signal that a ransom note had been passed.

When John Henry Seadland—for it was he—turned away from the window with his ticket and his change, the two special agents had disappeared in the crowd. They weren't far away, however. In fact, they never let him out of their sight as he wove his way toward the rail. As the trio moved along, other agents joined the surveillance until a human net was thrown around him.

Seadland didn't bet on the second race, but finding a horse to his liking in the third, he shoved another bill through Window 51. Again the ticket seller called "Change!" Again a quick examination by a G-man "change carrier." This time the agents closed in on Seadland.

HE was traveling under the name of "Peter Anders," and was so registered at a Los Angeles hotel. In his room, in his automobile, and on his person was found $14,521.18. Nearly $10,000 of this sum was in unidentifiable currency; he apparently had been gradually exchanging the ransom notes. The balance, $5,620, was still in unexchanged "hot money," bearing the serial numbers for which the G-men were looking.

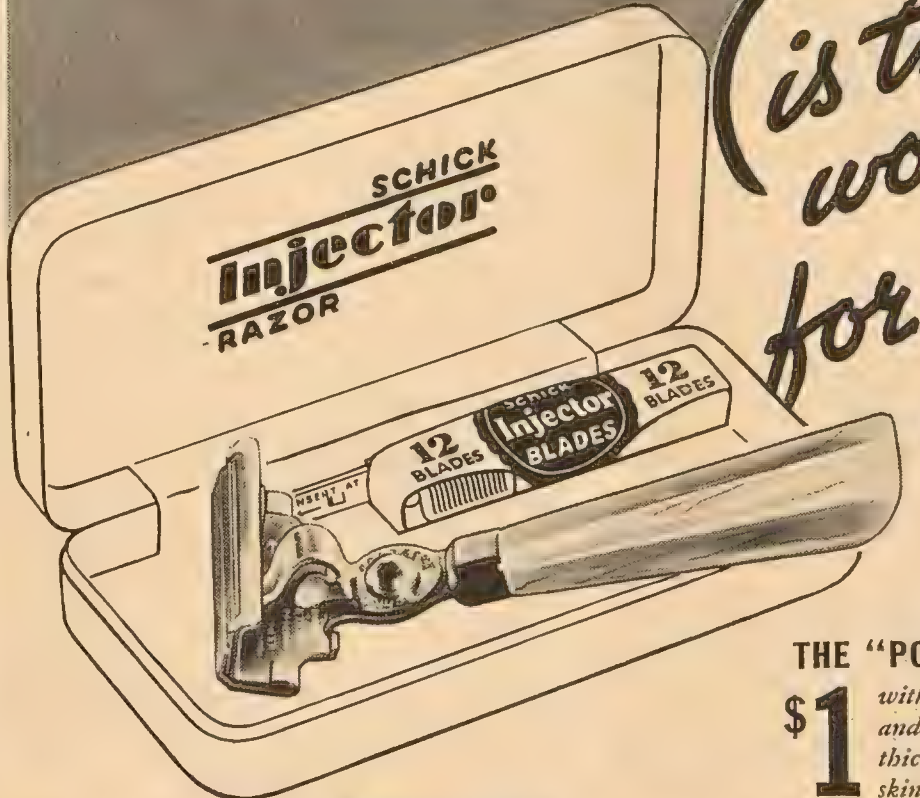
For a time "Anders" denied any part in the Ross kidnaping, and accounted for his possession of some of the ransom money by saying he had purchased it from bank-robber acquaintances at a large reduction. He seemed wholly composed in the face of the mounting evidence against him. Mr. Hoover's response to his denial and explanation was simply to ask him what he wanted for dinner. "A steak with all the trimmings," he said, and Mr. Hoover sent an agent to get it for him. Early the next morning "Anders" sent for the director and asked, "Did you believe the story I told yesterday?" Answered in the negative, he confessed in detail. Even then he showed no signs of panic. Instead, he might almost have been said to take a quiet pride in recounting the details of his atrocious crimes.

The shy little boy had lost his bashfulness.

He had lost a good many other things too. In his youth he had worked hard, experimenting with airplane motors, and had shown promise of considerable inventive ability in this field. Yet, from July 18, 1934, when he committed his first petty offense, until September 25, 1937, the date of his culminating crime, he had devoted his talents almost exclusively to theft, burglary, bank robbery, kidnaping, and murder.

Perhaps if the science of crime *prevention* were developed to the high state of efficiency which the science of

"POPULARITY" (is the word for it!



THE "POPULARITY" KIT
$1 *with Schick Injector Razor and cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick blades in pigskin-grain case.*

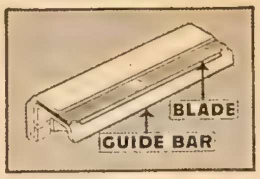
MORE THAN ~~2,000,000~~ 3,000,000 MEN NOW SHAVING WITH THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

What does the Schick Injector Razor have that's caused *another million men* to choose it in the past few months?

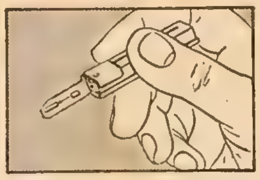
Just this: A *combination of features* you can't find in any other razor at *any* price! A solid guide bar (no "teeth") that flattens the skin ahead of the blade for a close, *level* stroke . . . "stops" at each end of the guide bar to prevent blade corners from nicking or scratching your skin . . . double-thick blades, rigidly held to eliminate blade vibration and "pull" . . . a small, compact head that glides into those hard-to-shave places with ease...instant, automatic blade change ...tapered, hand-fitting handle...and many other advancements that have put the Schick Injector Razor in a class by itself for downright shaving COMFORT and safety.

Let popularity be your guide to new shaving pleasure. Get your "Popularity" Kit today...join this *growing army of men* who are now getting smoother, more comfortable shaves.

THE ONLY RAZOR WITH ALL THESE FEATURES

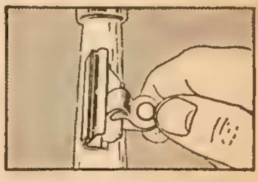


Solid Guide Bar... Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade edge. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked and scraped.



Blades are Sealed in Oil ...Blade edges are actually suspended in space ...sealed in a bath of oil in metal Injector cartridge. No paper covering to dull their edges.

Instant Blade Change... A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *automatically!* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



Quick Cleaning... No need to take this razor apart for cleaning. A swish under the faucet does the trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary.

TWENTY YEAR GUARANTEE (1939)
This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to:
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

THIS 20-YEAR GUARANTEE IS STAMPED INTO EVERY BOX
Have you ever heard of a razor that was guaranteed for 20 years? Could there be any stronger evidence of the manufacturer's confidence in this product?

(Same prices now prevail in Canada)

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

Bothered by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

2. YOU SLEEP through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.

3. THE NEXT morning you have a *thorough* bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SUMMER CAMP

(*July 1st—August 31st*)

GIVE THEM

2 Months

OF HEALTH AND FUN

at this completely equipped Summer Camp for boys and girls four to eleven years old, located at Briarcliff Manor, Westchester County, New York. Frequent physical examinations, corrective exercises, wholesome diet, regular routine—all contribute to give your child the vibrant health and sturdy body needed for later life success. Arts and crafts, music, dancing, and hobbies, give opportunity for self-expression and personality development.

A full program of camp activities with complete supervision at all times. Graded summer school groups by special arrangement. Moderate rates.

Send at once for "Camp Day"—leaflet,
Bernarr Macfadden School-Camp,
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(*activity of the B. M. Foundation Inc.*)

crime *detection* has reached under J. Edgar Hoover and the F. B. I., John Henry Seadland might have grown up to be a credit to himself and to his country. But conditions being what they are and not what they should be, he was a hardened criminal.

Another thing the shy little boy had obviously lost was his aversion to the sight of blood. When ten years old, he was so sickened by seeing a dog run over by an automobile that he fainted. When eighteen, he fainted at the sight of blood from a cut on his own finger.

Yet at twenty-seven he had not hesitated to send a feeble, kindly old gentleman to a particularly gruesome death, to give like treatment to his own youthful accomplice, and then to throw their still bleeding bodies into the yawning grave which he himself had already dug to receive them.

On the night of the kidnaping, he told Mr. Hoover, he and young Gray had taken Mr. Ross to a hide-out which they had already prepared near Emily, Minnesota. They had held him there until after the ransom was paid. Then they had proceeded to a second hide-out, also constructed in advance, near Spooner, Wisconsin. This was the " death chamber " where the twin murders — unintentional, according to him—took place.

AND now the second F. B. I. man hunt began—this time, a hunt for the dead.

The story of the hardships endured by the G-men in their long trek through the snow-clogged northern woods deserves a book. They went forward on foot and bobsled until they came to a small hole in the ground, approximately six feet by four feet by three and a half.

In this hide-out, along with magazines and cooking utensils, was found the football edition of the Chicago Daily News with which Mr. Ross had been photographed—and near by was the birch with the identifying marks and the fallen trunk across its base.

Right here it is worth noting that when Seadland was apprehended in Los Angeles, the G-men had not yet reached this particular spot in their tree-by-tree survey, but that, at the rate they were going, they would surely have done so within a very few weeks. In the same way, the exhaustive check of the motorcycle and typewriter agencies did not contribute directly to the capture. Seadland admitted, however, that he had once owned a motorcycle, and beside an abandoned railway track on the way to the hide-out was found, under snow, a typewriter box belonging to the type of machine on which the ransom notes were written.

The typewriter box was found to contain $32,645 in ransom notes.

What was found in the second hide-out is too gruesome to tell here. Suffice it to say that here, in this " death chamber," a hole in the ground similar to the other, was the unmistakable proof that John Henry Seadland had indeed killed the only two witnesses to his crime, the kindly old man to save whose life he had just been paid a fortune, and the youthful accomplice who would otherwise have shared in the loot.

Seadland, who had accompanied the special agents, pridefully showing them the trail markings he had arranged for his own guidance, gazed on what was left of his two victims without emotion. Indeed, he chose that moment to attempt to escape.

No one but Seadland knew for sure just what had happened at this ghastly spot, and it is hardly likely that he told the whole truth about it. At any rate, his confession is bad enough. Here it is:

" We pulled into Spooner, Wisconsin the next day, and during the trip Ross had eaten some meat and threw up over Gray, who was laying in the back seat, and Gray slapped the old man, and I hit Gray in the face with a gun. Intended to stay there until dark and leave. At another small kind of a dugout where there was a spring, I and Gray had built to hold the kidnaped persons, while we were working at the hole, Gray pulled a gun and as I was expecting it, I grabbed his arm and we struggled. We all fell in the hole. Ross too, although the hole was very small. I fired once and Gray was wounded. Ross was laying unconscious. I wasn't even hurt or shaken up, although I had a small bump on my head. I scrambled out of the hole and Gray kept moaning.

" I walked back to the car and didn't know what to do. I thought it over and decided that if Gray wasn't hurt very bad, I would try to fix him up. I went back, taking Gray's gun, the same gun with which I had hurt him, a .32, to protect myself. Gray was moaning and couldn't hardly move. I raised his jacket and saw that the wound would prove fatal, so I crawled out of the hole again without trying to fix him. I walked away and returned to put him out of his misery. I closed my eyes and emptied the gun on him.

ROSS had a severe cut on his head and was unconscious. I tied two blankets together, put them around under his arms and tied his hands at his sides under his crutch. I raised Ross out of the hole and tried to bring him to, but I didn't want him to see Gray's body. I walked to the river to get some water and he was still unconscious. I was nearly ' nuts,' knowing that I had killed a man, and I could not stay in that place any longer. Ross appeared to be dead, although I wasn't sure. I returned to the car and sat in the seat. I guess I smoked half a dozen, or half a pack of cigarettes, I don't know, trying to quiet my nerves. I couldn't think logically. I decided to go and if Ross was alive, take him with me, otherwise put him with Gray and close the hole. I took a .22 revolver with me, although my personal gun was a .38.

" I returned to Ross and he was still laying there. I fired a shot through his head to make sure he was dea[illegible] I examined him and believed him dead, and put him back down in the hole.

"Gray had some of my clothes on with my laundry marks on them, so I stripped them off the body, knowing I could never steel myself to return at any time, removed all identifying marks, searched Ross, but left his money and things like that, that I didn't feel I could take off a dead man, closed the hole, loaded everything into the car that I could find, and left. I drank considerably."

On February 1, 1938, Seadland was indicted by a federal grand jury for violation of the federal kidnaping statute. On February 28 he entered a plea of guilty. The jury recommended the death penalty, and the judge so sentenced. On July 14, 1938, he was executed.

Thus endeth the story of the man who thought he had committed the perfect crime. There was, as he said, "too much vitamin G in this mess"—too much for John Henry Seadland!

THE END

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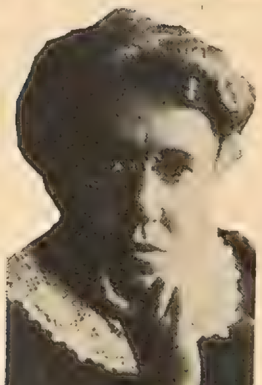
20 QUESTIONS



1—Frank Harris called her "this female St. Paul." An anarchist and shortsighted, born 1869 in Kovno, she served time for inciting to riot and for disseminating knowledge on birth control. Eventually she was deported to Russia. Whose photo is this?

2—Hoofs are really enlarged what?

3—Who killed what in Coleridge's The Ancient Mariner?

4—What did General Grant do with the sword of General Lee after the surrender of Appomattox?

5—Which of the New England states is minus a seacoast?

6—On a railroad, what does a gondola usually carry?

7—In which language was practically all of the New Testament originally written?

8—Half a teaspoon of salt to a cruet of vinegar will prevent what?

9—Who wrote Washington's Farewell Address?

10—Does a flat roof increase the normal building cost of a house?

11—Which football teams clashed in the Rose Bowl last January?

12—Who said: "There never was a good war or a bad peace"?

13—Which young animal is proverbially innocent?

14—Who lost the lightweight crown to Henry Armstrong?

15—"Irish confetti" is actually what?

16—Is a martingale a song of love, a bird, or part of a bridle?

17—Who wrote The Mysterious Stranger?

18—Is Bugs Baer a fighter, a ballplayer, or a columnist?

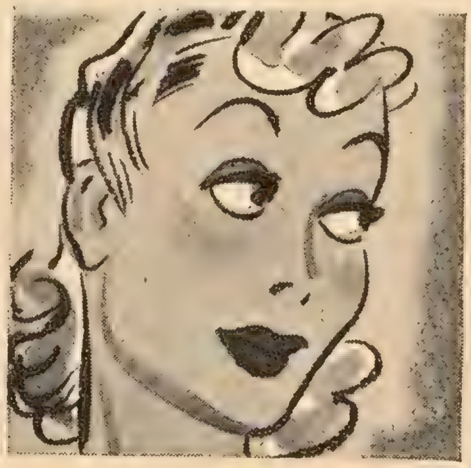
19—If the Golden Gate is at San Francisco Bay, where is the Golden Horn?

20—Who defeated James M. Cox for the Presidency?

(Answers will be found on page 65)

THE JOY OF A BARBASOL FACE

Your Wife will be the first to shower you with flattering words: "My, how much younger you're looking here of late. Now aren't you glad I bought you that tube of Barbasol?"



or your Sweetheart (if you're still on the loose) will have her say: "How smooth, soft, positively nice the skin is, on your cheeks, jaw and chin."

and you Yourself will feel as proud as a peacock. Not only the quickest, cleanest shaves you ever had, but a finer-looking skin by far. No half-cut stubble, either. That's the joy of a Barbasol Face.

YOU'LL GET SWELL RESULTS with Barbasol in ten short days or so. That's because Barbasol does more than give you the sweetest shaves you ever had. Its beneficial oils protect the skin from irritation, coarseness, roughness—oils that smooth and soothe, soften and freshen the skin. Your druggist carries three sizes. The large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family jar, 75¢. Barbasol Blades, scalpel sharp, only 15¢ for 5.

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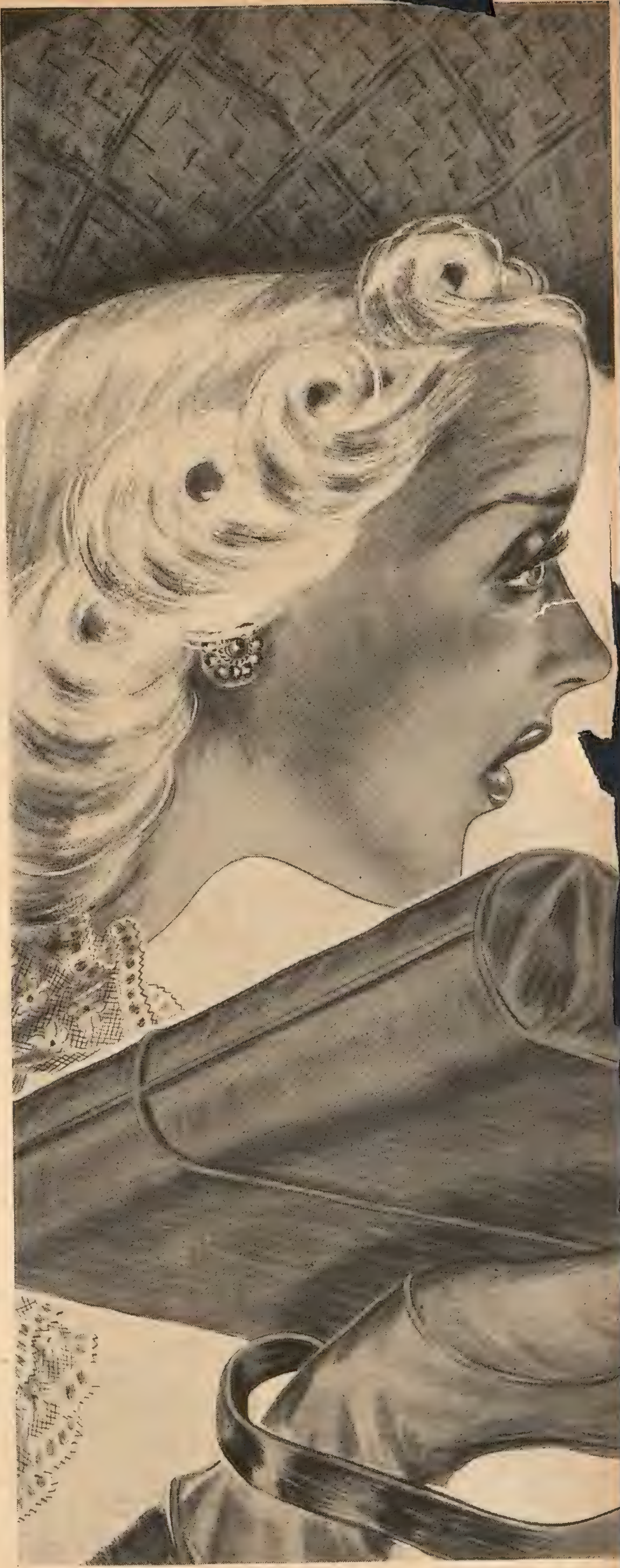
For modern shaving . . . No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

Twilight CHEATS



READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN Andrew Lane falls in love with Perry Snow, a beautiful young photographer, Martha, his wife, tries desperately to win him back, but all her efforts fail. One day she goes to Perry's apartment to talk with her. Perry is not in, but while she is waiting, Andy enters, using his key. Faced with the fact that his wife knows of his affair, Andy asks her what she is going to do. She answers that she doesn't know, but that one thing is certain—she will never give him up.

For the sake of Martha and the three children, Andy finally decides to break with Perry, and tells her so. Hurt, she sails for Europe. When he learns of her departure, he realizes his need of her and telephones her ship, begging her to return. She tells him that she will, later, after she has decided what they can do with their lives.

The next day Martha receives a wire from Windy, a young aviator from whom she has taken flying lessons in Florida. Windy tells her about Andy's call to Perry, which he has overheard on a short-wave radio. Martha knows then that her troubles are not over; that Perry is not forgotten.

Weeks pass, and although Andy never mentions Perry, Martha can feel his longing for her, like an undercurrent, beneath the smooth surface of their life. Then one day she is in his office when he receives a cablegram. He does not tell her who sent it, but she knows instinctively that it is from Perry Snow, and that she is coming home.

PART NINE—PERRY FACES AN ORDEAL . . AND GUARDS A SECRET

MARTHA watched the boats. The Rex arrived, and Andy came home to dinner. The President Harding, the Caledonia. The Ile de France. The Conte di Savoia. But life with the Lanes went along on schedule, though with increasing tension, noticeable, almost admitted, between them. The Normandie was due, and Martha knew, without understanding how, that Perry Snow would land with her.

Was it the way Andy dressed that morning? Was it his half-finished coffee, and his cigarette lit before eggs which were neglected? Was it the oddly fervent pressure of his embrace just as he turned away from her at the station?

Martha watched his train pull out, then wheeled her car through the station tangle and drove home. She sat at her desk, going over bills. Going over and over them, and getting nowhere. The Normandie was due at 10 A. M. And at quarter of ten Martha called Andy on the phone.

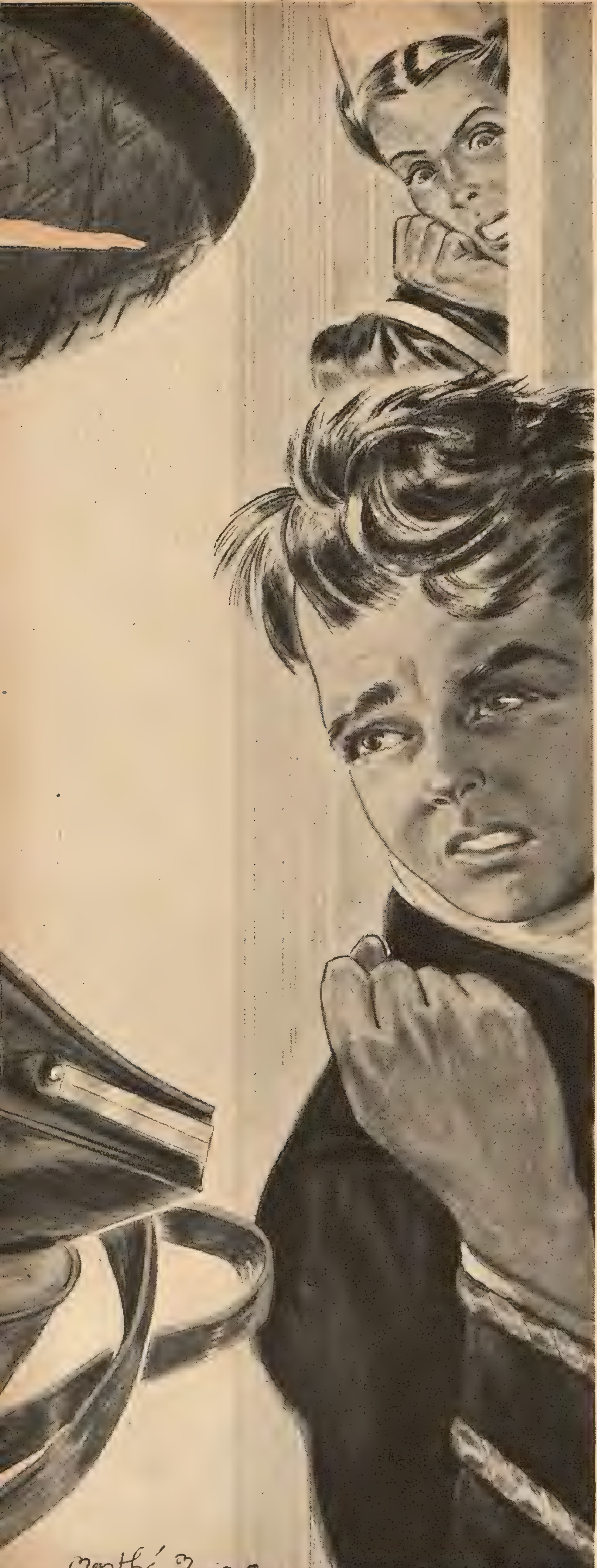
He was not at his office. He had left more than a half hour ago. He would not be back until after lunch.

Martha stood up and lit a cigarette. She looked out the window at her garden. Was it to start all over again? Could any one be expected to live through it again?

She was seized with a fit of weeping, and made her way blindly up the stairs to her room. She threw herself face downward on the bed and gave way to the storm that shook her. Until, almost spent, she felt a hot rough hand on her head,

ILLUSTRATED BY

MARTHE MOORE



Strangely, three driven souls prepare to pay the price of a stolen romance

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

and she scrambled upright, startled, abashed, aching, to face her older son.

"Fred!"

"What is it, mom?" His face was puckered with a lugubrious expression. "Are you hurt?"

"No. No, I . . ."

"Gee, I was afraid maybe you got hurt flying. Miss Fellows said it wasn't that at all."

"No, I didn't get hurt . . ." She blew her nose weakly.

"She told me not to come in here, but I just had to come see. Mom, what's the matter?"

"Fred, what are you doing—home from school?"

"Teacher sent me home. I had a sore throat."

"Oh, my! Did you walk home? Is it bad, Fred?"

"No. 'Snothing."

Martha stood up, a little dazed.

"How do you know it's nothing? Go up this minute and get into bed, you hear? I'll be right up."

And with a brief ruffling of his hair, she walked past him to her bathroom, to bathe her face. It was a relief to have to call the doctor. It was, it seemed, only tonsillitis, but it gave Martha something to think about besides herself.

PERRY knew, the moment she saw his face on the dock, looking up at her, that Andrew Lane was still hers. The weeks away had not changed him, except to put yearning in his eyes. She knew, as they rushed breathless, inarticulate, to embrace, that her fears and doubts were groundless. There was no denying. They both knew, in that moment of reunion, that they belonged to each other.

Not for some time, in her excitement, did she mark his strained manner. The first reassurance had naturally erased all wariness. Perry Snow had come back to her homeland with a definite purpose and a decision that was all-important. She had lived, in her self-imposed separation, through a series of emotional crises. And she had come back with the immutable intention of marriage to the man she loved. His hungry welcome filled her with confidence. Her large blue eyes shone with contemplated victory, her laughter was a little giddy.

But gradually she became aware of his restraint. A painful fright seized her, which she strove to compose. Surely it was just that he was uneasy in the crowds at the pier. But no; even in the cab going uptown his manner was odd. He held her close, his arm around her, but his voice was foreign to him.

"Perry darling, you don't look up to par. Have you been ill?"

"No, Drew, not really ill. Just—oh, I'll tell you later. Let me look at you. You look splendid. You don't look as if you've been wasting away for me."

"I have, though." Not lightly—grimly he said it.

She squeezed his hand. It must have been harder on him than she had imagined. He sounded so beaten as he referred to it.

He had radioed her that he would make hotel reservations. Now they entered the suite he had selected, and she laughed with a break in her voice at the flowers he had for her, the big bone for Champ, the magazines and new books, the portable phonograph and a stack of the newest rec-

"I do so know," the boy insisted, his voice rising. "Do you think I'm a kid?"

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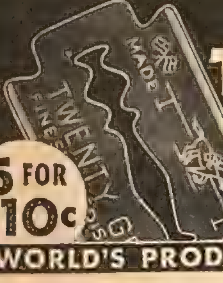

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ords. And, to top it all, Azalea, beaming, to unpack for her.

"Trust the elevator man in your building to know her name and address," he explained, shyly proud of himself. "A cocktail, Perry?"

"No, sweet. I'm not drinking."

"Come again?"

"Oh, I'm terribly reformed. I—I want to tell you all about it later."

"Well! Mind if I have one?"

"Men don't have to reform."

He ordered over the phone, and suggested that the special luncheon he had planned be sent up right away. And as they ate, he asked for details of her trip, hungrily listening while she chattered glibly about superficial incidents. But she was increasingly conscious of his strained behavior, until at last she could stand it no longer.

"Azalea," she called. "Put this table and all the trappings out in the hall for the waiter. Then go take a bus ride or go to a movie. Go on—vanish!"

SHE would remember as long as she lived how he had turned to her, smiling, when they were alone. How she had gone up to him, putting her hand on his shoulder, and said: "You're troubled, Drew. Tell me." And how he had kissed her.

How he had kissed her.

Then he had started to talk. He was all set for it—and went right into an act. She could tell. For all his hesitancy, it was a rehearsed story. She listened, letting him talk on, while she herself had so much to say, so much to tell him. But it wasn't the time for her to talk. It wasn't the time for her to attempt to tell him her decision. Or of how, when she sailed, her intention had been to go out of his life forever, whatever the cost or the heartache. But their love was greater than either of them had dreamed, and when Perry had realized and faced that fact, she had thought things out—just as he had, but so differently—and come to her decision. Then she had cabled him and made the first possible trek back to him—and their future together.

So she listened with patient tenderness, letting him unburden himself, waiting for her own moment to speak. But as he talked—struggling so against embarrassment—her eyes grew cloudy and vaporous. And her words expired, unvoiced.

He didn't have to tell her how much he loved her. No. She knew that. She worshiped his big face which was so lifeless as he strove to explain how devilishly hard he had tried to pick up the old life. He was talking about a corpse when he talked about that dead love, but he didn't seem to know it. His wife, it seemed, had taken up flying. Which evidently meant something. A fine courage, he was saying. . . . He was using such bony words: Respect. Esteem. Heritage. Honor. Bones of words, without any warmth or flesh or heart. Did he think he could suck dry bones and keep alive through the years?

"There are ties that I can't be free of, Perry. It wouldn't be fair to you, and we couldn't be happy together if I were haunted by them, bound to them. And when I recognized that, when I had to face it, I promised Martha there would never be a divorce. I made it clear to her, I'm sure, that I loved you, and that I doubted if I could ever put you out of my heart. But I gave her my word that I would never betray or destroy the family unit."

"And she would want you on such terms?" Perry asked scornfully.

"She loves me so much, Perry, that she would want me on any terms."

"That isn't love, Drew."

"Not from your viewpoint." She wished he wouldn't falter so, and that his tone was not so underground as he scratched for words that wouldn't be too scarring. "You couldn't be expected to understand, Perry dear. You're young. You're not forty, and you haven't given years to a marriage. You haven't children, Perry. You haven't invested a youth in something—and seen it threatened with annihilation. Nor stored up memories of things shared. It isn't her fault, Perry, that the marriage is hollow now. All that is wrong is that passion is gone. That would happen to us some day."

She had drawn away from him, stung, in the middle of his halting speech, and had risen to pace the room, her hand against her forehead. And now she flung at him arrogantly:

"No! I tell you, it isn't love! It's some fiendish possessiveness. Love wouldn't hold you to ashes. You talk of her courage. If she had courage, she would let you go—let you find happiness."

HE shrugged hopelessly.

"I don't know why I tried to explain. I couldn't expect you to understand. You're only making it harder."

She stared at him.

"And you want to go. You want to break with me?"

"I have to, Perry."

"She has that big a hold on you?"

"She has every hold on me. It's—impossible to explain, Perry. But she has behaved so magnificently through all this. It brought me to heel to see how she tried to find a solution. Tried to make herself over. No. I couldn't kick her over. It isn't in me, whatever it costs. Because at heart I love her. Not as I love you, Perry. But I couldn't fail her and her belief in me. When it all adds up, she's dear to me."

He turned away with an angry abrupt gesture to cover this painful self-revelation. He ground out a cigarette in a tray and walked to the window.

"I'd rather be shot than try to tell you all this, Perry. But I—I love you enough to make the effort."

She said to his back: "It would be much better if you made me hate you, Drew."

"I suppose it would. Trying to be honest is generally the bunk."

"No," she said crisply. "You've done a fine job. You love me, but you'd hurt me so [illegible] you'd hurt her."

He faced her, and his expression was forbidding.

"You can take it better, Perry. You have every advantage in the world—your life ahead of you, and some one better—and freer—than I am to give you the kind of life you should have some day. No. I'm the one that gets hurt. Giving up you, Perry. Giving up—everything . . ."

She studied him, almost praying for the right thing to say; for enough fairness to appreciate this man's bid for decency. What a job his wife must have done on him in these eight weeks! . . .

"And if your wife felt differently," she asked slowly, "then would you . . . ?"

"Perry!"

It was a despairing cry. And once more she felt flooded with confidence. She must not torment him further. She would never rack him as his wife must have done. Never pin him by demands, or trap him with responsibilities. No. There was only one answer. Somehow his wife must be made to let him go. If she was as fine and courageous as her husband said she was, she could be made to realize that there were claims besides her own that must be considered.

Because this was no longer merely a triangle.

JUST after two that afternoon, Martha answered the phone. She half expected it to be Andy, back in his office after lunch. Instead, the clear determined voice of a woman spoke:

"I'd like to speak to Mrs. Lane. . . . Oh? Well, this is Perry Snow."

"Yes?" fumbled Martha weakly.

"Mrs. Lane, would you let me come talk to you? It's exceedingly important—to us both."

Martha wet her lips. She straightened up, looking at her own tear-guttered eyes in the mirror, and waited an interminable time for herself to speak.

"When?" she managed.

"Today, if you will. As soon as possible. There's a train out to Rye in forty minutes. I can take that."

And Martha said: "Very well. I'll see you."

Panic seized her as soon as she hung up. She stood clasping her hands, wondering how or where she might call back and head the woman off. Did it mean some sort of showdown? What had she and Andy said—or planned? Did he know she was coming out here? Certainly he *couldn't!*

Martha was seized with trembling, and walked up and down her room for the need of action. Ten minutes passed. Martha must look her best, facing Perry Snow. After her morning weeps, she looked the full defeated forty she was. Was there time for a quick facial and a wave down in the village? Maybe, if she worked fast. Hurry, Martha. Phone quickly for an appointment. Dress first, suitably, for a good entrance. Call now to Miss Fellows and ask if she would mind straightening up.

"Sorry to leave my things thrown around like this, Miss Fellows, but I'm in a special rush. I have to go out and will be back in an hour and a half. With Annie out, would you mind having tea ready by four? I'm expecting a guest. A Miss Snow."

"*Who?*" gasped Miss Fellows before her good sense saved her.

"I think you heard," Martha said quietly, avoiding her eyes, "and that you'll be glad to help me out."

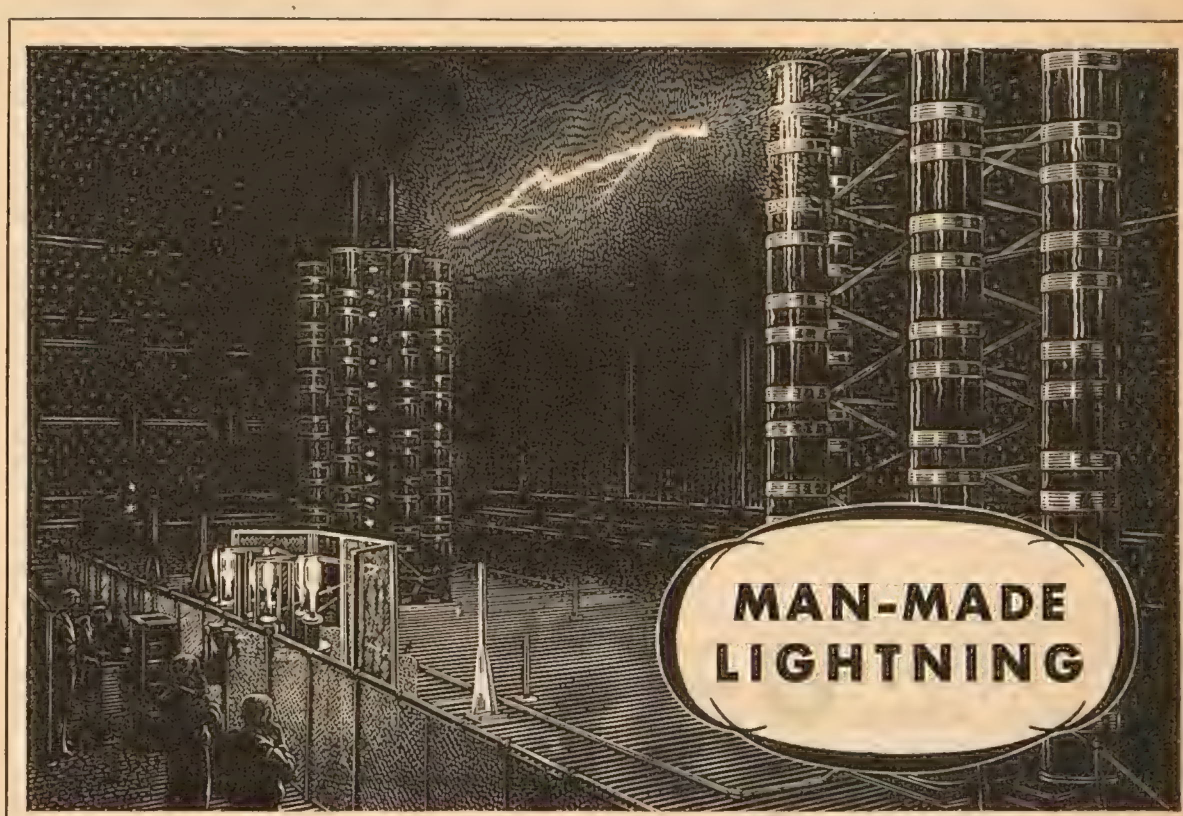
MISS FELLOWS heard the station taxi stop at the curb and had opened the door before Perry had taken her white-gloved finger from the doorbell.

"Miss Snow? Do come in, please. I'm sorry Mrs. Lane isn't here, but she'll be back any minute, I'm sure. She was called rather suddenly, but it was unavoidable."

Perry frowned. The woman's lying, she thought. I wonder why. Did Drew's wife plan any precious little humiliation for me?

But she walked into Martha's living room and spoke graciously. She noticed, with a wry smile, the tea-things set. So it was to be the hospitable note, eh? Breaking cake together!

Miss Fellows excused herself, went



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24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
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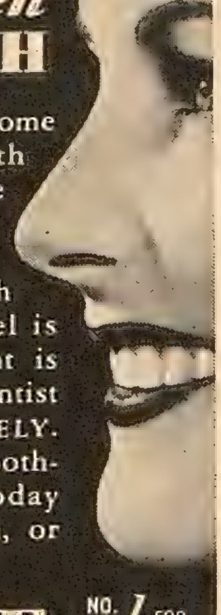

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across the hall, and through a dining room into what was obviously the kitchen. Perry could hear familiar kettle noises. Did they have only one in help, by any chance?

She sat unnaturally still, ignoring the increasing lump around her heart as she gazed about Andy's living room. He was a home man, and this was his home. Nice enough. Plain. Lived in. But no particular personality, no dominant ego here. That, of course, was *his* chair. She rose impulsively and seated herself in it, closing her eyes, wanting to feel close to him to give her strength. But she could not see him as he had first met her at the boat. She saw only the self-conscious distress on his face as he grimly read her the sermon about marriage. . . .

Her eyes opened swiftly. What was she doing here? Why would the woman be small enough to make her wait, when she was expected? Did she actually think Perry Snow was going to sit here and drink tea with her?

HER big blue eyes, staring around, were arrested by a picture on the desk. A woman's desk. Probably where the wife sat and did bills and pored over canceled checks. The picture was heartbreaking. Drew—quite a handful of years ago. Drew as she had never known him. When life had not fogged that eager questing look in his young eyes, nor time stamped a record on his face.

Perry swallowed hard. That was *Andy*, that picture. That was a boy quite prepared to meet and deal with life. That was what his wife had fallen in love with. And what she had had in her marriage. All right. Couldn't she see he was changed now? Couldn't she see he wasn't, by a long sight, the boy who had courted her? Perry was in love with a *man*—a man named Drew Lane, no longer innocent of life; a man in full power who was being chained by the memory of this youth. . . .

A sound startled her, and she sat up suddenly straight, almost guiltily. A boy shuffled furtively into the room, a gaunt tall chap, his hair ruffled, a white cloth around his neck, and a red bathrobe over pajamas. Perry caught her breath, because he looked so much like his father. Instinctively her hand pressed against her heart to ease a queer stabbing pain. But she spoke quietly, with good grace:

"Hello, there. Have you been ill?"

"Never mind that!"

She blinked. This gangling infant—what was he?—fourteen?—fifteen?—was angry! His fists were balled at his sides, and his brows lowered over his eyes, just as his father's were when angry.

"Is your name Snow?" he demanded in a high treble.

"Why, yes."

"What are you doing out here, in our house?"

"Look here, young fellow—aren't you being very rude? Your mother expects me to tea."

He glanced [illegible]e she pointed at the tea table. And he seemed dashed. But his chin went out stubbornly as he looked back at her.

"So that's why she was crying so this morning," he said hotly. "Because you were coming out to see her."

"I don't think so."

"She was crying over you, all right. Miss Fellows said so. I heard her saying to the laundress that was here that she bet that woman was back again. Why do you have to come back? Everything has been so swell since you went away. Why do you have to come back? And come to tea? Why do you?"

Perry squeezed one hand hard with the other, hard enough to drive away a desire to go hysterical.

"I don't think you know what you're talking about," she said sharply.

"Oh, yes, I do. I know well enough. I know my father's chasing around with you. I have friends of mine whose parents got divorced and married other people. I don't want that to happen to us, see? Not to Gloria or little Teddy. And not to my mother, most of all. Why, I think she'd get sick and die if you took dad away. I wouldn't be enough. I wouldn't be able to take care of her yet."

"But you don't know . . ." Perry heard herself plead with frantic broken sounds.

"I do so know," the boy insisted fiercely, his voice rising. "Do you think I'm a kid? Do you think I don't hear everybody whispering—talking as if they thought I was dull-witted? I know . . ."

The kitchen door had swung open with a bang, and Miss Fellows rushed into the hall, white, eyes horrified, as she regarded Fred.

"Heavens above!" she croaked hoarsely. "Fred Lane! Go upstairs this minute. Come here!"

THE voice of authority cut the boy from under. His face went guilty. He seemed cruelly close to tears.

"Well, why doesn't she get out?" he stormed doggedly, as he slunk out of the room and past Miss Fellows, who looked as if she would flay him. "Why doesn't she get out and stay out?"

The wail resounded through Perry as the boy vanished up the stairs. Fortunately the woman followed after him.

Perry tried to rise and couldn't. Her hands were gripping the arms of her chair, and it seemed that was all she had in the world to hang on to. She realized her purse had dropped to the floor—when, she couldn't remember. And its contents lay spilled. She must get up. "Why doesn't she get out and stay out?" That's what she must do, of course. Right away. Decently and quickly, before the boy's mother came back. . . . How handsome the kid had looked, fighting like that! That's how you would want your son to fight for you. That's what husbands and sons are for.

whole room rose with her and swung halfway around and slowly continued to move without her, leaving her helpless in Andrew's living room—in Martha Lane's home.

No! That mustn't be. Dear heaven, be kind, be merciful. I've been healthy all my life. I couldn't faint. I've just done too much in one day . . . the heat . . . landing . . . these scenes. . . . I'll go away and leave them alone. I'll go away and have my baby alone. And maybe You'd let me have a son like that. . . .

She heard noises. A hurried footstep after the banging of a car door. A key in the lock. It was too late. The boy's mother was here. There she was, standing in the doorway and saying something.

Only, Perry couldn't clearly see Martha or hear her. Because her eyes rolled back in her head. And her knees sank under her like melting wax. She did not fall. She just went down, one gloved hand absurdly grasping the air for help.

Martha Lane gasped. For a moment she stared uncomprehending at the figure on the floor, dully aware of the beauty in the deathly white face and the superb molding of the slender body.

She walked over slowly.

Was it possible this helpless wreck was the rival she feared so much? There were suffering and sorrow in that face. Was this what her riotous star-spangled love affair had brought her?

What will Martha do now? Will the knowledge that Perry is to bear Andrew's child weaken her defenses? Will she consent to a divorce? Next week this daring, human novel rises toward a startling and dramatic climax.

BACK SEATS

By Mary Frances Morgan

Two-Minute Story

WE walked down the morgue steps together, Lucy Smith and I, past sobbing parents and teachers.

Inside were twenty mangled bodies. Little bodies unidentifiable save for overcoats and mufflers and leggings. From near-by windows radios still droned out the gruesome message requesting parents to search for their children either at the hospital or at the morgue.

Only a short while earlier the grim bulletin had flashed from my own radio. The eight-forty Commuters' Special had torn into the school bus at the Pine Avenue crossing, in the snowstorm, demolishing its front half.

My first thought was of Lucy next door, and getting her to the hospital in the hopes that Tommy, aged six, was still alive. But—

"I'm not going to the hospital," she said, her face carved out of ice. "I'm going to the—morgue."

Driving through the swirling snow, I had to ask her *why*. "Because," she said, more to herself than to me, "I've been after Tommy for—weeks. He—he was so much like his father. So timid, I mean. So—oh, I vowed I wouldn't let him be! I'd make my boy grow strong and confident. This morning I told him I'd spank him if"—her voice broke—"if he didn't sit—up *front* in the bus. He—promised me that he would."

I shuddered and headed for the morgue. It seemed like years before she came out, pushing her way through wild-eyed, screaming people.

She was walking stiffly, holding a torn red muffler and cap. I'd made them for Tommy only the week before.

After I left her with her husband I walked slowly up the path to my house, thinking how unimportant front seats are. I pushed open the door—and stood still, staring as though at a ghost.

Curled up on the chair before my fire, munching an apple, was Tommy. "I don't want to go home," he said. "I promised my mama not to sit in the back of the bus. But—I couldn't get a front seat. Not even when I traded Sonny Brown my new cap and muffler for his old ones. Then—the train hit the bus, and I got scared and ran all the way here." Tears sprang to Tommy's wide, grave eyes. His voice wavered timidly: "Do you think my mama'll—spank me if I tell her?"

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 59

1—Emma Goldman's.

2—Toenails.

3—The Ancient Mariner killed an albatross.

4—Returned it to General Robert E. Lee.

5—Vermont.

6—Coal or ore.

7—In Greek.

8—A "mother" from forming (the salt should be added when freshly filling the cruet).

9—It was "ghost written" by Alexander Hamilton.

10—No; a flat roof costs less than other types.

11—Southern California and Notre Dame.

12—Benjamin Franklin.

13—The lamb.

14—Lou Ambers.

15—Bricks.

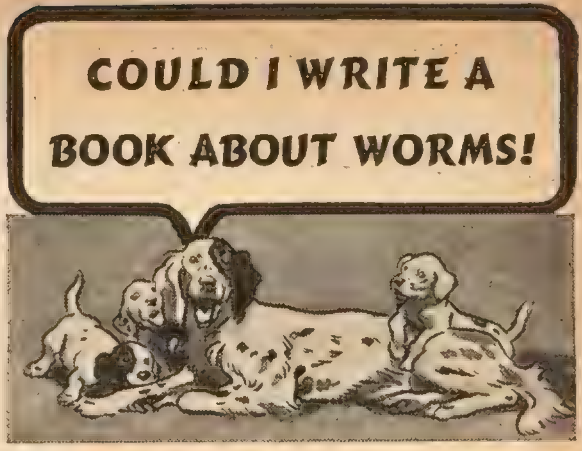
16—Part of a bridle.

17—Mark Twain.

18—A columnist.

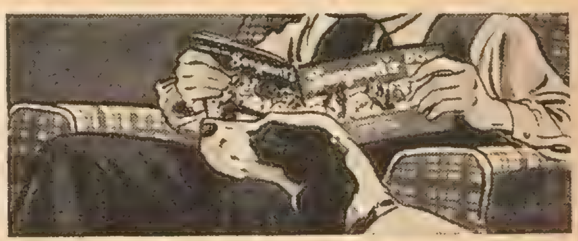
19—At Istanbul, being part of the harbor.

20—


COULD I WRITE A BOOK ABOUT WORMS!

I've whelped five families in my day — and sure as death and taxes, they've all had worms! But the Master's a great help on that score.

"Worms!" he says, looking up from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. "That means Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES." So we dose the pups and the worm scare's over. Those capsules *work* — just the way SURE-SHOT CAPSULES clean me out!



That DOG BOOK and I have taught the Master plenty! The new edition has a swell article by Albert Payson Terhune. Get your *free* copy at a drug or pet store — or with this coupon.

Sergeant's

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WOMEN IN YOUR 40's

Need Not Lose Charm!

Here's good advice for women from 38 to 52 who worry about those annoying symptoms which often attend this stage of life. Life can perhaps be even richer for you now than 20 ever dreamed—

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "woman's" tonic—take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women.* It helps Nature build up more physical resistance, thus helps calm jittery nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and gives more energy to enjoy life.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with this beneficial tonic.

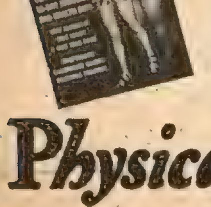
Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

DOES YOUR BABY GET THE RIGHT SLEEP? Thousands of babies fail to get enough or proper sleep and they all pay for it later on. Maybe yours is among them without your knowing it. In Physical Culture for June, Mary Halton, M.D., noted baby specialist, goes thoroughly into the matter of correct sleep for babies. If you have or expect a baby, read her revealing article by all means. **WHY DON'T WOMEN GET BALD?** Men do but it's their own fault. All they need do is to take a hint from the ladies. Baldness does not just happen. There's a reason. Daniel Mann explains it in Physical Culture for June. **THE MENACE OF TRICHINOSIS.** Do you know that 16,000,000 persons in U. S. have trichinosis (nice little worms found in pork)? It's mighty hard to get rid of, once contracted—but very easy to avoid. Daniel Mann tells you how in Physical Culture for June. **NEW HOPE FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE SUFFERERS.** The natural methods of treatment for this dread kidney ailment which kills thousands every year are explained in Physical Culture for June. **ARE YOU OVERWEIGHT?** If so, you'd better reduce. Bernarr Macfadden's 30-Day Reducing and Health Diet is described in detail in Physical Culture for June. **IF YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL** on very little cash outlay, read Carol Cameron's beauty article in Physical Culture for June. Miss Cameron, a noted charm specialist, knows her subject thoroughly. Do not miss it. **WATCH FOR THE LITTLE BIRDIE.** Easy to learn, economical to play, a splendid exercise—that's badminton. Read what Helen Macfadden says about it in Physical Culture for June. **YOUR HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.** Each month, in its Question From Health Seekers Department, Physical Culture answers a number of specific questions from its readers. In the June issue sun-bathing, diarrhea, protruding ears, secondary anemia, uterine displacements, and ankle development are discussed. You are invited to send in your health question to be answered in an early issue. **ALSO IN THE JUNE ISSUE.** My Mother is My Rival • How Fishbein's Medical Rule Keeps Health Advice from the People • Bride of the Wilderness • Championships and Vitamins • Double Your Man Power • The Secret of Happiness • How Marriage Made a New Max Baer • Compulsory Vaccination Against Personal Freedom • Physical Culture Nutrition Department and many other helpful articles and features.

Get the good habit of reading Physical Culture every month. An army of people the world over look upon it as their counselor and adviser, regarding all manner of problems both physical and mental. Why not join them today. Your copy of the June issue is waiting for you at the nearest newsstand.



Physical Culture

• *June Issue Now On Sale*

(*Virginia Conservation Commission photo.*)

Fairy Stone State Park.

Liberty's VACATION TRAVEL Contest

LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER

THIS week Liberty makes the final offer of free reprints to late starters in the Vacation Travel Contest. If you are planning to make a belated start in the game, by all means take advantage of this final opportunity. If you act now you still have time not only to enter but to win. You can start by solving the jumbles on Coupon No. 8 on this page. Then, if you have not saved the preceding coupons and need any or all of them to complete your set of solutions to date, write for them. Address your request to the P. O. Box in Rule 6 and be sure to enclose five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. This is the final late-entry offer! No further reprints will be available. No requests will be honored after Friday, May 19. Please pay particular attention to this date. No exceptions can be made. If you want reprints, send for them immediately. Do not delay. After May 19 all orders will be refused and postage refunded. Coupon No. 9 will be published next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

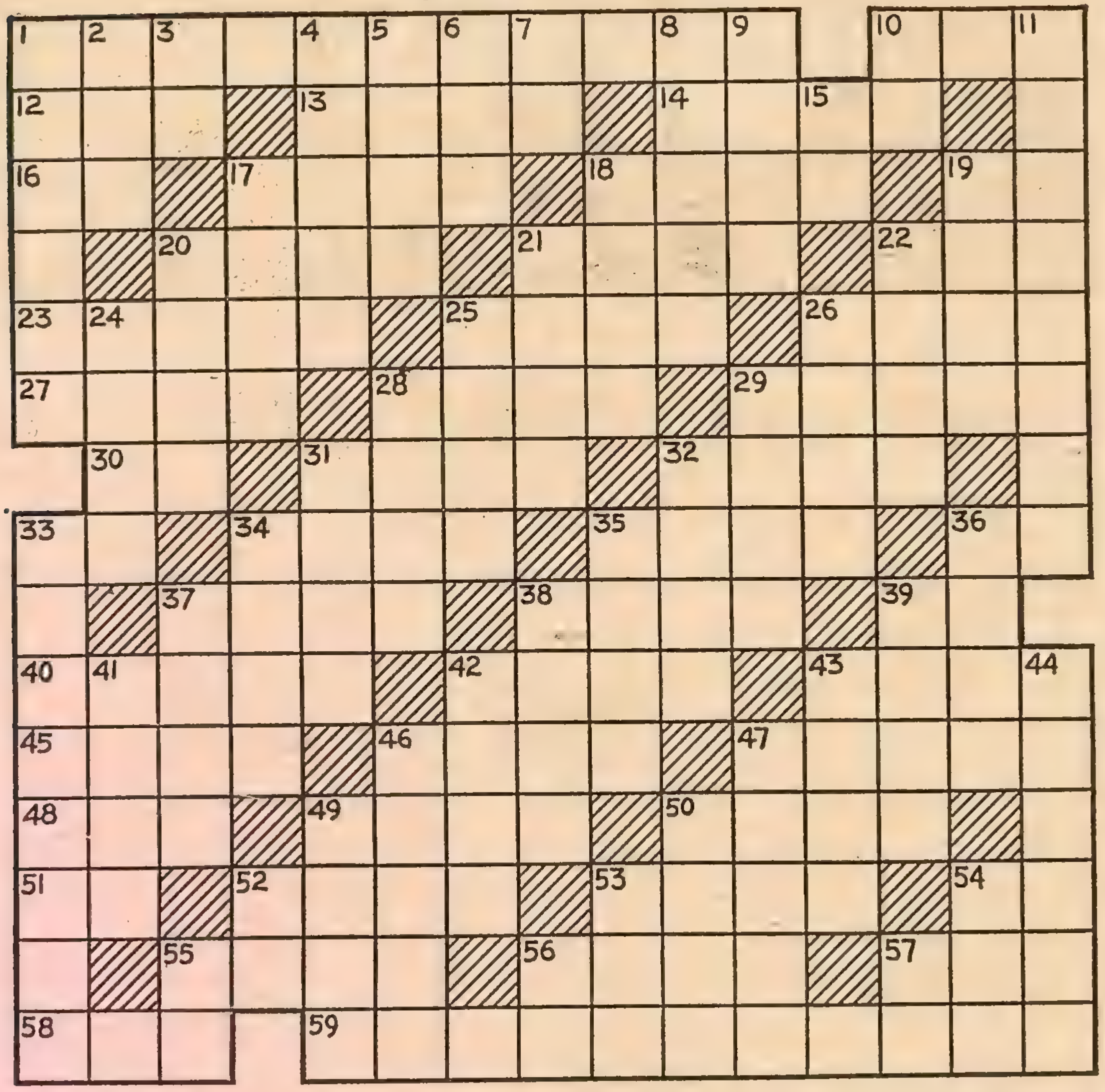
No. 8 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble **Solution**

1. USOSADCAT ....
2. ATGOWNRED ....
3. CODEBAGRAN ....
4. SLIDEVAKEL ....
5. AREDRAGEVECH ....
6. LENAKISSNPIGI ....
7. OAKDEWOGRELEN ....
8. MALABUTHERAKCAL ....
9. NACADALEKIGANAU ....
10. TINFITALSOLENLANAR ....

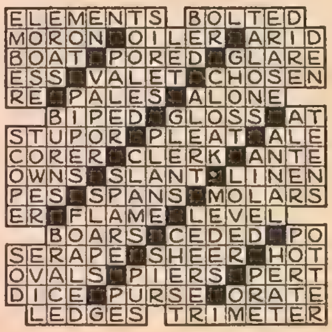
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Glamour suit (three words)
10 A gooey word
12 This has big ears and a Joe E. Brown mouth
13 Table golf
14 Apple Junction electricity
16 Canadian provincial (abbr.)
17 The dry cleaner's dog
18 Torrent of honey
19 Found inside Roman beans
20 Worm that's a natural enemy of rayon
21 Chicken dinner
22 It wiggles and consumes shoes
23 Heave the buzzum around Hollywood
25 This variety of dog and cat doesn't bark, mew, or fight
26 Roman places
27 Ab-so-lute-ly unadorned
28 Hardest thing to keep in a kitchen
29 The Ethiopian with a thousand eyes
30 Old-fashioned form of It. (abbr.)
31 A Jimmy Durante fly roost
32 Texas nuts
33 Warning to boisterous youth
34 What Scotchmen get out of old pants
35 What iron men come to grips with
36 Luscious Lallapaloosas (abbr.)
37 What you feed your neighbor's chickens with
38 Combination bedmaker, houseworker, can opener, money fritterer, and nagger
39 The call of the Athenian bovine
40 The best part of supper
42 Lamb's favorite jelly
43 Bacon's nearest relatives
45 Chicken Xing
46 It whistles horribly at all stops
47 The Greeks had a name for it
48 What humorists take with coffee
49 Dictators have a corner on it
50 They can hardly wait till they get to a picnic



ELEMENTS BOLTED
MORON■OILER■ARID
BOAT■PORED■GLARE
ESS■VALET■CHOSEN
RE■PALES■ALONE
BIPED■GLOSS■AT
STUPOR■PLEAT■ALE
CORER■CLERK■ANTE
OWNS■SLANT■LINEN
PES■SPANS■MOLARS
ER■FLAME■LEVEL
BOARS■CEDED■PO
SERAPE■SHEER■HOT
OVALS■PIERS■PERT
DICE■PURSE■ORATE
LEDGES TRIMETER

The answer to
last week's puzzle

51 Birthplace of Old Abe
52 Venetian Mussolini
53 Cement shells filled with glue
54 The wee hours (abbr.)
55 Tin, once found in Tin Pan Alley
56 Kind of gent who'd hit a woman with his hat on
57 I think a good one would stop a warlike dictator
58 Health factory
59 It's caused by congested traffic and too much air in the inner tubes—isn't it gastly!

VERTICAL

1 Kind of garden grown for depressed folk
2 Headlight
3 Kind of American found in bunds (prefix)
4 Original vinegar works
5 Tiny mush room
6 It's correct to keep this over your eye
7 It has the makings of a flush
8 Galosh gravy
9 Hunks of old beef, old mop, old O'Brien, and what have you?
10 Where to stay on the water
11 This place turns out a lot of heals
15 Initials of famous woman war spy
17 There's one under every house
18 The common reaction to Hitler
19 What the hen that laid the square egg said
20 Very close to Scotch
21 Baby dunk
22 Pool cue with the jitters
24 This is manufactured by moonlight, absorbed through the ears, and is supposed to be good for heart trouble
25 The Communist whip
26 Nits to you
28 Think tank
29 The smelliest thing
31 Workingman dunk
32 Indoor airplane (Eng.)
33 Dictator's map
34 This springs up behind the moving hoe
35 Gramper sat on the porch s'long, it grew up his laig
36 Large solid object found between shoulders
37 Bridgework
38 Anchor (fem.)
39 They're constantly shifting in Europe
41 Precipitate Persians and Pekingeses
42 The widder's hunk
43 Woodpecker shields
44 A herring with high blood pressure
46 He tried to Twist Oliver but had the Dickens of a time
47 Two items introduced into the evidence to cross up the jury's opinion (fem.)
49 What old Indian maids live in
50 General handy man
52 This end of a diaper
53 The fashionable upswung nose
54 It'd make a swell concentration camp for wild dictators
55 T'ank 'oo
56 L'l' Rhody
57 Sect, carbonate, noculars, ble, and son (prefix)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Hard to believe . . .
But true . . .
2 WORLDS FAIRS
only $69.95

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3 All-Expense Days in San Francisco . $ 8.75
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Everything arranged for you (except meals)—hote accommodations assured, admissions to Fairs, sight seeing trips, etc. Other tours 2 to 7 days at either Fair. (P.S. If you can't go to both, be sure to see One Fair . . . Trailways offers you a wide choice o routes, go one way return another; very low fares.

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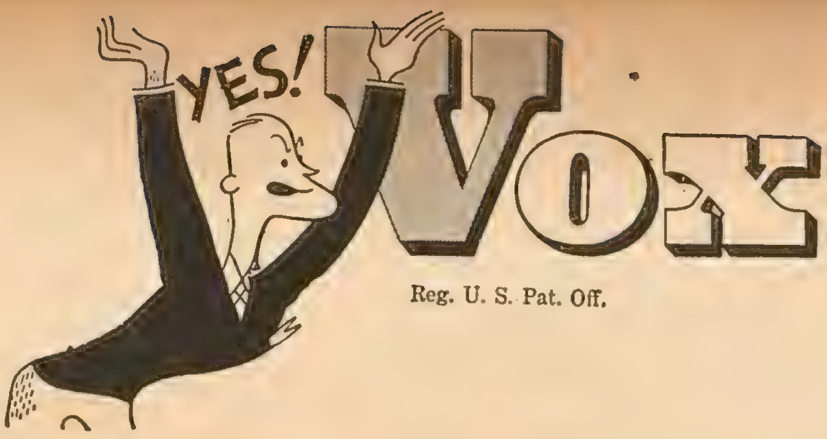
☐ New York Fair ☐ All-Expense Vacation Tour
☐ Independent trip to________from________
________ I expect to leave about________
and will be gone______days.
*Name*________ (please print)
*Address*________
*City and State*________


YES!
VOX
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LISTEN, PARENTS!

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Permit me also to use my capital letters as I write this open letter to Elsie Robinson, whose vehement outburst on YOUTH appeared in the March 11 LIBERTY.

I am no journalist . . . only a mother of an AVERAGE MARY and JOHN. I have watched them grow to college age and have often thought my job was hopeless. They SMOKE a little, DRINK a little, JITTER quite a little, and WORK a VERY LITTLE. . . . Yet I say you were unfair and unjust.

Your article should have read, HOW GOOD ARE YOU *PARENTS?* For we alone are to blame. Most of us have handed over the training of our youth to our schools and churches while we busied ourselves over bridge games, lodges, and civic welfare work. We carry the flag through our streets Memorial Days and such; . . . we stand on our street corners until we become exhausted, only to pin a badge on some one who will drop a coin in our box; . . . ve wash dishes endlessly at a adies' Aid . . . only to ome home too dead tired to care what our children are doing in the meantime. THIS GOES FOR FATHERS TOO!

We say we love our children . . . but UNWISELY! We give them cars to crack up . . . we give them our hard-earned pennies to buy drinks . . . we go with runs in our stockings so that our darlings may be as well dressed as another Mary who sits with her down at the corner drugstore from four to six. We allow them to sleep Sunday mornings, instead of going to church, because they have been out late the night before. . . . We buy every alphabetical vitamin on the market to help them keep up this night work. . . . We teach them every new creed and "ism" that discourages suppression and self-control, so that they become so broad in their ideas that they lose their strength of character.

It is unfortunate that these youngsters have been pushed into this world, handicapped at the very beginning with our weaknesses, at a time when PLEASURE SEEMS TO BE A NECESSITY . . . with signboards all along the road pointing to quicker and pleasanter detours. How dare we censure them when they dance down a road we have paved so smoothly for them!

Diogenes, the old philosopher B. C., once said, "Strike the father when the son swears." Sounds atrocious, doesn't it?

And yet . . .

IN SPITE OF PARENTS, YOUTH HAS SOMETHING ON THE BALL! — *Clara Lund.*

HOW LONG IS A PERCH?

COSMOPOLIS, WASH.—Would like to know if the perch you refer to is a fish or some kind of roost (April 8 Twenty Questions, No. 19).

Our perch don't get to be much over a foot long, much less five and a half yards.

Whose error?—*A Reader.*

[Your error, we're afraid. Didn't you ever hear of perch as a unit of measurement?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HE-MEN WEAR CORSETS

HOPKINS, MINN.—Why all this Vox Pop shouting about corsets for men? It's like discovering all over again that not all news is printed. I knew men who wore them and long hose thirty years ago. I've known three cowboys who were never without them, and test pilots who want to live long know their value. As long ago as 1911 a prominent Iinneapolis hotel had a dislay of pretty fancy ones.

The men who need them adly enough soon find out that, with slight alteration, a woman's strong corset does as well for a man as for a woman. Besides liking fancy underwear and pajamas and lodge regalia, most men, when they find they need support, want all the support women have and all the trimmings as well.

I know an ex-pug with a twenty-four-inch waist who would startle the internes if he was in an accident. The oldest joke I can remember is about a fellow who was thrown by his horse. A farmer, trying to bring him to and feeling corset steels, yelled, "He's terribly hurt! His ribs run up and down!" —*Gerhardt Sibley.*

CHINA NEEDS 8,000,000 QUININE TABLETS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Urgent appeals have been received from the Chinese National Red Cross for 8,000,000 quinine tablets to be used in the fight against the malignant malaria that rages through China's great southwest—the region which is now the rallying center of free China.

In the warm spring weather countless millions of anopheline mosquitoes will breed in the swamps and streams. As the season advances, they will spread infection far and wide, owing to the movement of refugees and troops and the inevitable mixing of the uninfected and infected population. Thus, unless adequate supplies of quinine can be maintained behind Chinese lines, mosquitoes may succeed—where Japanese bombs and machine guns have failed—in breaking Chinese resistance.

One dollar will buy enough quinine to cure a person already suffering from malignant malaria; $5 will protect an average family; $25 will provide immunity for a small village; and for every person cured or given preventive treatment thousands will be saved from infection. We are asking your help in this emergency. Your contribution will be spent in the United States and the quinine shipped to China via British Burma.

There can be no neutrality in the war against this scourge. Won't you help us win? — *Co Tui, Executive Vice-President, American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, Inc.*

LUKE WAS NOT A JEW

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Reading Mr. George E. Sokolsky's article What Is a Jew? (April 1 Liberty), he states on page 5, "Whether it is Isaiah or Micah or Mark or Luke, whether it is Hillel or Paul —all Jews, all religious Jews . . ."

Mr. Sokolsky is wrong to include Luke as a Jew.

Luke was not a Jew. He was a Greek physician.—*L. G. Koehl.*

SUM TROUBLE!

HOUSTON, TEX. — Having read with interest the letter to you from Servant of the Lord (April 1 Vox Pop), I decided with enthusiasm to try the same sort of thing.

In this case I badly needed $101.50, and my bank balance as I kept it on my check stubs seemed to fall short of that sum by precisely $101.

However, cheered by the success of Servant of the Lord, I made out my check for $101.50 and turned it over to the finance company, which has been making my life miserable for the past two months.

Today I am in hiding. The finance company, the bank, and the police have worn a path to my door. I am staying at a neighbor's house disguised as a bundle of laundry.

Will you kindly send me fare to South America or its equivalent? This is no fun.—*Ennie Hickman.*

FAN FOR AMBROSE

CHICAGO, ILL.—To Ambrose (April 1 Vox Pop): You are a joy forever! Tell us some more.—*Interested.*

BRING BACK THE BROWS!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—At last some one whose voice and sex counts with the silly-jillies has spoken out! Highest praise to Sophie Kerr and to April

8 Liberty for her article, Razed Eyebrows. May that article really bring back brows to the face of Venus!

Start a poll among your male readers and see how the rest of us feel about it.—*R. E. Lambert.*

AUTHENTIC APPARITIONS

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — In your editorial comment on Mr. Leaf's article, I Am a Psychic Detective (March 18 Liberty), you refer to it as being new and strange.

To any one who has kept in touch with psychic matters the story is neither new nor strange.

Forty years ago Mr. D. M. Bennet, secretary of the British Society for Psychical Research, issued a summing up of the society's work at the close of twenty years of its existence. In this report it is stated among other things that " there is a basis of fact in many stories of hauntings and apparitions of various kinds."

Since then the journals and proceedings of research societies in nearly every civilized country in the world have published such stories as that told by Mr. Leaf. Let the explanation of them be what it may, the facts are now beyond question and do challenge, as you say, " liberals with common sense to ponder."

You are rendering the public a distinct service in bringing before them an aspect of experience hitherto confined to special publications.—*Hugh F. Munro, President Philadelphia Society for Psychical Research.*

" LEADERS MUST DIE! "

WATERLOO, IA.—A World War veteran, I enjoy Mr. Macfadden's editorials on patriotism and love of the good old United States. But the ways to keep out of war that are being published don't seem strong enough, and I sort of feel that our leaders know the way but won't admit it. I believe the main reason war continues is that it is always a safe, interesting game for the leaders. Therefore I suggest:

When and if the U. S. A. is attacked or forced to declare war, it is understood that we are after the leaders only. The enemy soldiers need not fight if they will deliver the leaders to us. Immediately, as soon as the enemy is ours, a Roman holiday will be declared, and it shall be the duty and pleasure of the enlisted men to destroy the enemy leaders as suits their fancy. Notice of this declaration to be served on all nations immediately: " As sure as we fight, the leaders die."— *R. F. D. Jones.*

KANDY KID

DETROIT, MICH. — I would like to know the address of a fellow or fellows like the one on your cover of April 8 Liberty who are chivalrous enough to bring huge boxes of candy to girls.

I have plenty of fine boy friends, but none ever take the hint for candy in pretty boxes, and I just love candy and Liberty.—*Margie Picotte.*

REPRINT REQUESTS

CINCINNATI, OHIO — We would like permission to reprint Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Who Are the Real Friends of Labor? (March 18 Liberty) in our April issue of the LeBlond News. The News is for and by the LeBlond workers. A copy of the March issue is being sent you.

Mr. LeBlond was impressed with the soundness of the ideas expressed and which he knows are sound from his experience in conducting this business for fifty-one years.—*Walter L. Rybolt, Advertising Manager, the R. K. LeBlond Machine Tool Company.*

[Certainly, Mr. Rybolt. Also permission is granted to Made in America Club, Inc., of New York and Chicago, to reprint Mr. Macfadden's editorial Patriotism—No Nation Can Live Without It. And to Willys of Hollywood is given permission to use the cover and the Princess Kropotkin page of December 24 Liberty for window-display still.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

JUNIOR POLICE IN 1906

NORTH SACRAMENTO, CALIF. —Please hold nomination of First Junior Police open. Here is my claim: Junior Police organized by Max Fisher, Sacramento, California, in 1906. He, as Chief of Police, organized and trained a class of boys, age ten to twelve years, and I have asked him to get in touch with you.— *Emil Wegner.*

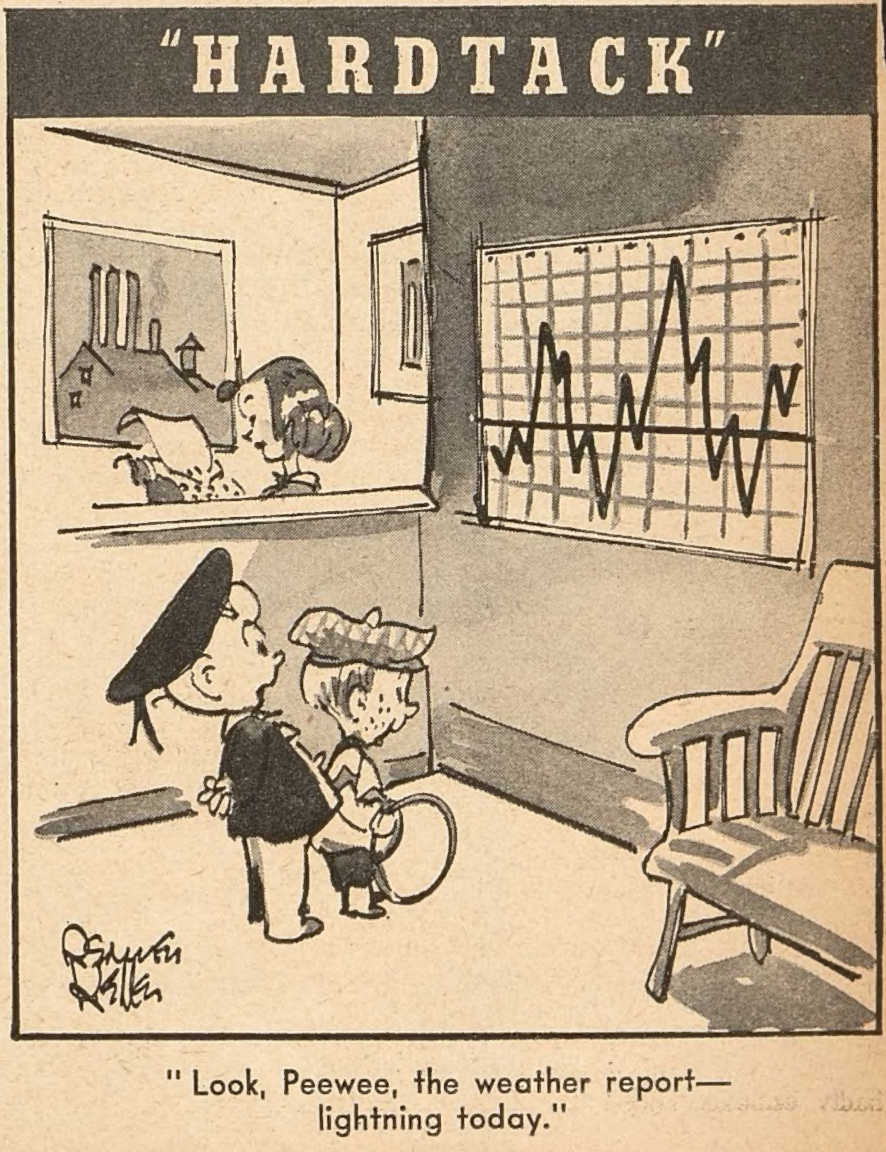
GO BACK TO THE OLD CUT

HARRISBURG, ILL.—I have read Liberty with intense interest for years. My only disappointment is the change of photograph of Mr. Macfadden on the editorial page. It seems like having moved into a different community! Why not go back to the old cut and make us poor suckers feel at home again?—*Henry Servais.*

NEW USES FOR VOX POP

MOSCOW, IDA. — I have found a new use for Liberty which may surprise you. Some time ago I received a letter from a grandson from whom I had not heard for twenty-three years and who had lost track of his relatives entirely. He saw my name in Vox Pop and wrote me, and we have been corresponding ever since and are hoping for a reunion soon.

I feel that I must put in a word for Helen Robison, who, while unable to get any of her stories accepted after eleven years' endeavor, could write Editor Oursler such an interesting complaint (Apri 8 Liberty). Sufficient to g a real fall out of him! Sur any one who can do that can write a story that would interest us just a wee bit. So I suggest you accept a story from her and let Vox Pop decide whether she wins or not. —*Dr. O. M. Drake.*



" Look, Peewee, the weather report— lightning today."

The Story of a Frightened Girl

FULTON OURSLER

SHE CAME OUT of the doctor's office and walked into the street as if she were moving in a dream. The words of the doctor still rang in her ears. But her mind, her heart, her soul could not believe what she had heard:

"You must stop everything. At once. Not tomorrow, not even tonight, but now. I don't know if your life can be saved, but the only chance you have is to stop and go to a sanatorium for at least a year."

Still in that trancelike daze, she went to a cocktail bar and waited for a friend. Presently he appeared. He was jubilant. At last he could bring her good news. He had a part for her in a Broadway show—a part that might lead to glory.

She had come to New York to be an ctress. Here was the great chance for hich she had waited years. And now—

This is not a situation in a fiction story. This actually happened on Broadway not so long ago. This sad thing happened, and then a miracle in the life of one grieving girl. We heard the tale from an old Broadway friend, Edgar Selwyn, now one of the producers for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Culver City, California. Thanks to Mr. Selwyn, we are able to give you in Liberty next week, not his or any writer's version of the strange victory won by this lady in the shadow of a death sentence, with life offering her rich gifts which she could not take; she herself has written her story because we felt that there was in it something good for us all. She faced a dark hour and an even darker future and turned it into light. What she learned is something for the world to know, and you will learn it in Liberty next week in her story, called MERRY-GO-ROUND.

WE THINK THAT NEXT WEEK there is an especially fine collection of things for liberals with common sense. There is, for example, our old friend George Bernard Shaw, who tells WHAT I DO AND WHAT I AM, written with a superb confidence that everybody will be interested. Governor Hugh White of Mississippi contributes an important article, CAN SCIENCE SAVE THE SOUTH? Walter Karig raises the question, WHOM ARE WE GETTING READY TO FIGHT? in relation to our enormously increased armament. Helen Gilmore tells you about Gene Autry, and Lou Nova tells how he expects to beat Max Baer and Joe Louis too. Frederick L. Collins discusses the question: DO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE REALLY WANT JOBS? As for short stories, we recommend two with particular fervor: A FOOL AND HIS WISDOM, by Bruce Douglas; and THE LADY OR THE PEARL? by Beatrice Grimshaw. These, with generous installments of KINGS AND BROTHERS, by Emil Ludwig, FILTHY RICH, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and TWILIGHT CHEATS, by Grace Perkins, and many other smaller features, round out a full menu.

SOME TIME AGO we announced that we would start a Can Such Things Be? department on this page. A great many items have since come in, and we have not room to publish them all.

Here is one from Don Hooton, 420 Twenty-second Street, East, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada:

The German Weekly Deutsche Zeitung, published in Winnipeg, carried on its front page on February 1, 1939, an account of the German celebration of the Day of National Awakening. It went on to say: "The whole afternoon celebration for which the German consulate in Winnipeg had sent out invitations was prepared carefully. Gigantic swastika flags adorned the walls and were around the music stage, and an artistic picture of Der Fuehrer greeted the crowd."

Can such things be?

AND FROM Barry Brown, Hotel Bristol, Los Angeles (referring to a Florida newspaper advertisement we were chuckling over), comes the following:

Please, *please*, PLEASE don't lead your readers to believe that Florida has *anything* on the State of California. Note the enclosed.

P. S. I live in Chicago.

A series of ads from a Los Angeles newspaper includes the following: "PSYCHIC — Reputable Reader for thirty years, tells you what you want to know, good or bad, without a single question." "Buried gold or silver located by radio." "Lonely? Single? Join Screenland Select Secret Society." "Be Happy! Obtain Pal, Friend, Acquaintance." "Lonely? Seeking Romance? Many local members. All ages. Low fee."

Can such things be?

FROM JACK WATTS, free-lance writer, comes a pink rejection slip as follows:

Dear Editor: I appreciate the opportunity you have given me to become a reader of your magazine. However, I do not believe that it is quite suited to my particular needs at this time. Please do not consider this any reflection on its literary merits. I would be glad if you allow me to consider your publication if any changes are made in the future.

Yours sincerely,
JACK WATTS.

Can such things be?

FROM ALICE H. MUIR, 441 South Tennessee Avenue, Lakeland, Florida:

Florida abounds in witchcraft. Some months ago, I was boarding at a house where a colored maid was employed. The girl formerly worked in Detroit, which makes a difference in the South.

One day a C. O. D. package came to her. She lacked two dollars of the five dollars and postage, so I lent it to her.

Later on she took me into her confidence. A man in New York had guaranteed the contents of the package to cure all ills, keep all hoodoos away, and claimed it would bring success in healing and supply material wealth.

In the outfit was a paper booklet of Psalms, some of which were marked for healing and success, one to be read nightly. There was also an ounce of oil; a little of this was to be applied to the top brain after the reading. This was to supply the correct numbers to be played in a lottery. A package of insence (*sic*) completed the outfit. The fumes from this would tell the numbers to play.

That is why Florida has the signs ADVICE, and do we need it!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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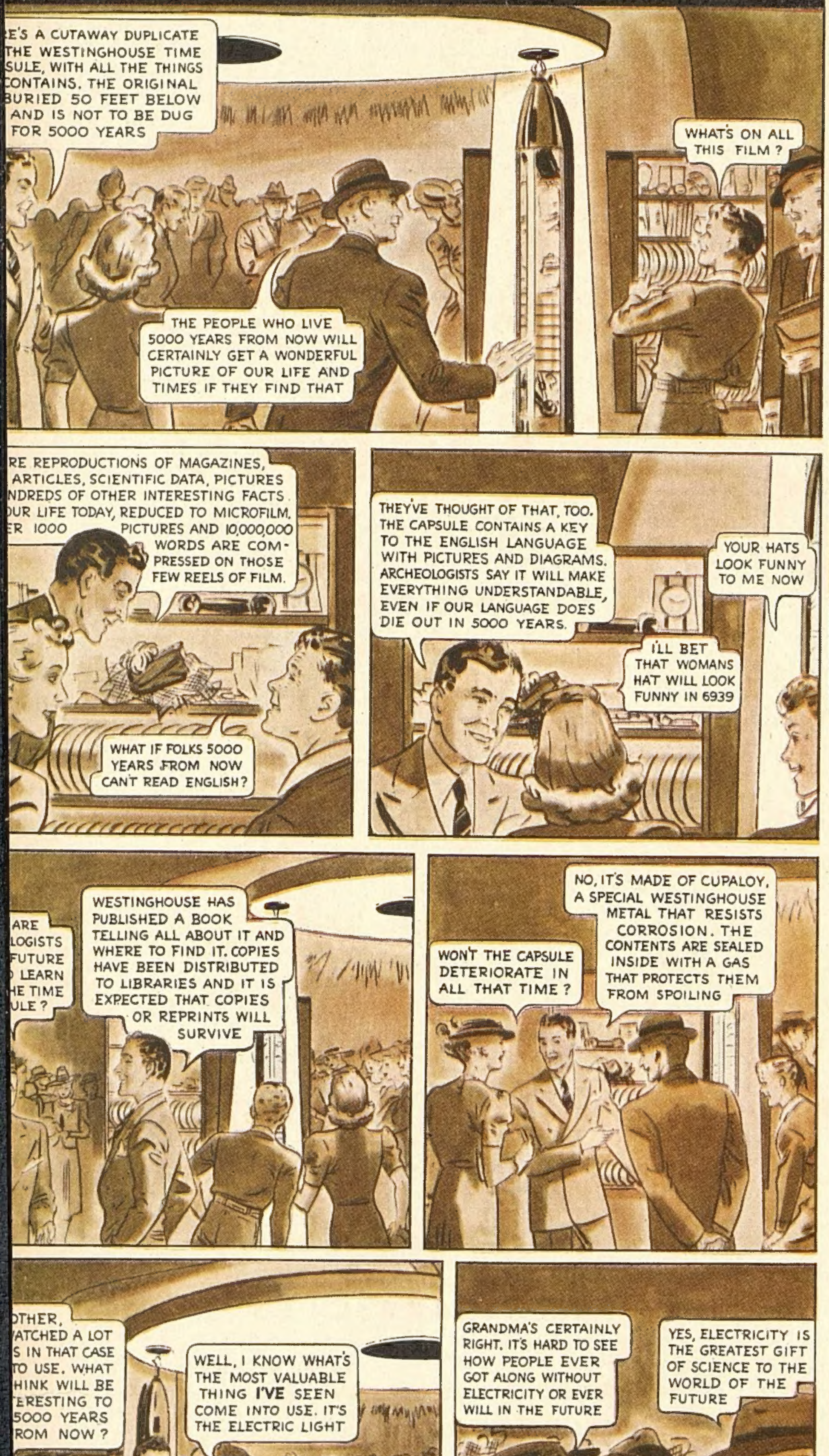
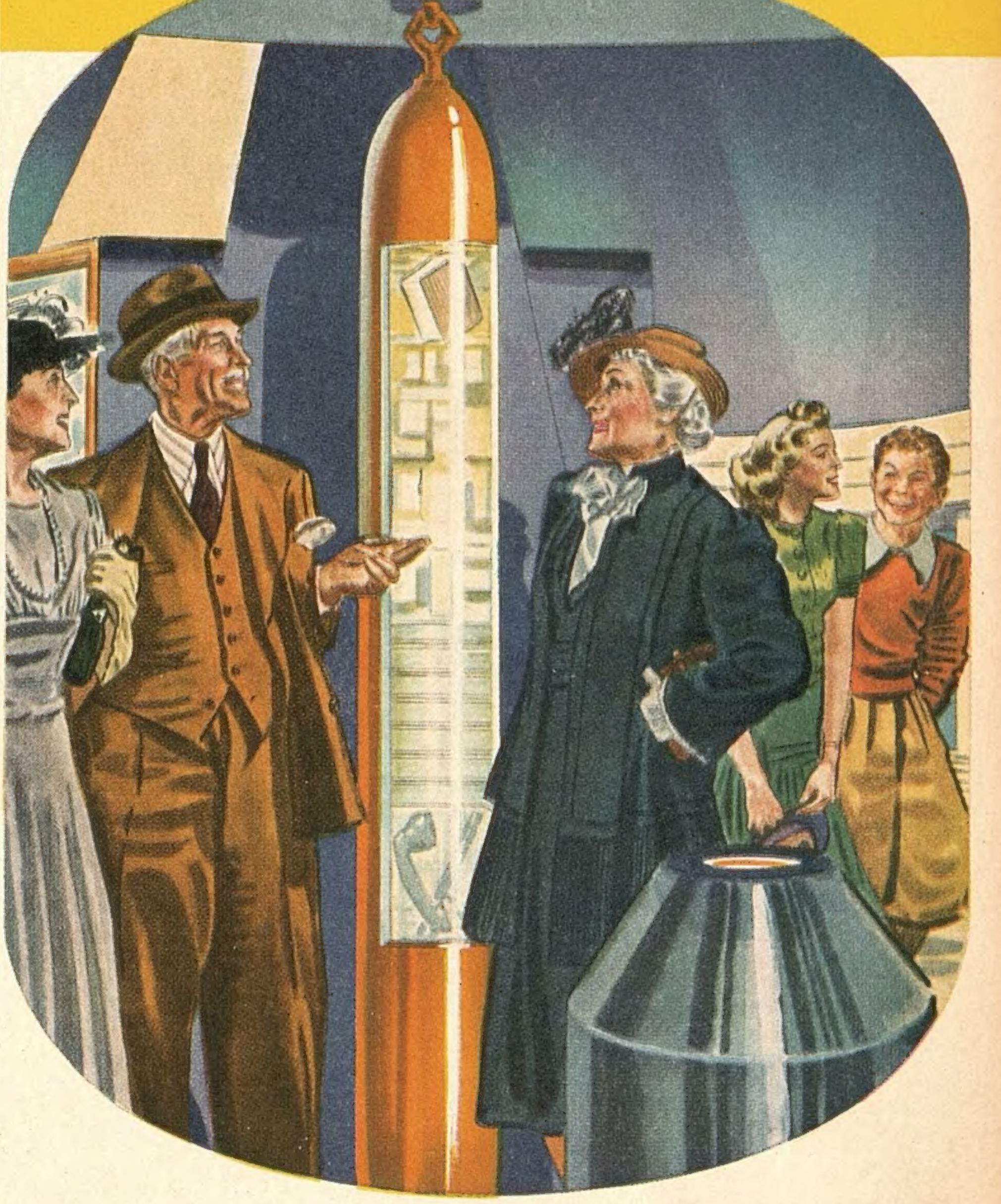
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
STEVE GROUT

The MIDDLETON Family AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Buried Treasure for the Seventieth Century


E'S A CUTAWAY DUPLICATE
THE WESTINGHOUSE TIME
SULE, WITH ALL THE THINGS
CONTAINS. THE ORIGINAL
BURIED 50 FEET BELOW
AND IS NOT TO BE DUG
FOR 5000 YEARS
THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE 5000 YEARS FROM NOW WILL CERTAINLY GET A WONDERFUL PICTURE OF OUR LIFE AND TIMES IF THEY FIND THAT
WHAT'S ON ALL THIS FILM?
RE REPRODUCTIONS OF MAGAZINES,
ARTICLES, SCIENTIFIC DATA, PICTURES
NDREDS OF OTHER INTERESTING FACTS
UR LIFE TODAY, REDUCED TO MICROFILM.
ER 1000 PICTURES AND 10,000,000 WORDS ARE COMPRESSED ON THOSE FEW REELS OF FILM.
WHAT IF FOLKS 5000 YEARS FROM NOW CAN'T READ ENGLISH?
THEY'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO. THE CAPSULE CONTAINS A KEY TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE WITH PICTURES AND DIAGRAMS. ARCHEOLOGISTS SAY IT WILL MAKE EVERYTHING UNDERSTANDABLE, EVEN IF OUR LANGUAGE DOES DIE OUT IN 5000 YEARS.
YOUR HATS LOOK FUNNY TO ME NOW
I'LL BET THAT WOMANS HAT WILL LOOK FUNNY IN 6939
ARE
LOGISTS
FUTURE
LEARN
HE TIME
ULE?
WESTINGHOUSE HAS PUBLISHED A BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT IT AND WHERE TO FIND IT. COPIES HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED TO LIBRARIES AND IT IS EXPECTED THAT COPIES OR REPRINTS WILL SURVIVE
WON'T THE CAPSULE DETERIORATE IN ALL THAT TIME?
NO, IT'S MADE OF CUPALOY, A SPECIAL WESTINGHOUSE METAL THAT RESISTS CORROSION. THE CONTENTS ARE SEALED INSIDE WITH A GAS THAT PROTECTS THEM FROM SPOILING
OTHER,
ATCHED A LOT
S IN THAT CASE
TO USE. WHAT
HINK WILL BE
ERESTING TO
5000 YEARS
ROM NOW?
WELL, I KNOW WHAT'S THE MOST VALUABLE THING **I'VE** SEEN COME INTO USE. IT'S THE ELECTRIC LIGHT
GRANDMA'S CERTAINLY RIGHT. IT'S HARD TO SEE HOW PEOPLE EVER GOT ALONG WITHOUT ELECTRICITY OR EVER WILL IN THE FUTURE
YES, ELECTRICITY IS THE GREATEST GIFT OF SCIENCE TO THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE



The Time Capsule! This record of our times has been prepared for the eyes of a civilization 5000 years away. But your own eyes can see a cutaway duplicate of it, with all its contents, if you join the Middletons—Babs and Bud, their parents, and Grandma—at the Westinghouse New York World's Fair Building. Visit the Halls of Power and Electrical Living . . . see the Playground of Science; the Microvivarium; Elektro, the Moto-Man, and many other electrical marvels. A warm welcome awaits you at this "fair within a fair."

In San Francisco. Don't miss the Westinghouse Exhibit—a treasure house of electrical wonders at the beautiful Golden Gate International Exposition.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

IT'S TOO BAD WESTINGHOUSE COULDN'T PUT IN ALL THOSE OTHER ELECTRICAL DEVICES THAT MAKE OUR LIVES SO MUCH MORE PLEASANT
YES, LIKE REFRIGERATORS, IRONS, TOASTERS AND VACUUM CLEANERS. IF THEY DON'T HAVE THOSE THINGS 5000 YEARS FROM NOW, I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO BE LIVING THEN

Westinghouse

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

"I found a new kind of cigarette enjoyment when I began to Let up—Light up a Camel"
JOHN I. WAGNER
CHIEF TEST PILOT
Vultee
AIRCRAFT

1 ALL WOUND UP AND READY TO GO. That's John I. Wagner enjoying a Camel cigarette as he climbs into the cockpit of a shining new Vultee plane. He makes about 40 test flights per month, puts the new models through their paces. A big job, yes. But perhaps the hard work and adventure make the enjoyment of life's pleasures all the keener—for he certainly admires Camels! John Wagner says: "After a test flight, it's swell to let up — light up a good-tasting Camel."

2 HERE HE GOES! Below, the snow-capped Sierras of California. A flier must be sure of his nerves. And Wagner, like Lee Gehlbach, Col. Roscoe Turner, and other famous pilots, prefers to smoke mild, good-tasting Camels.

3 THE CLASSIC TEST of planes and men—the power-dive. The start: 20,000 feet up . . . nose down . . . motor *wide open* . . . the pull-out . . . the dive is over. How would you like to do that 40 times a month . . . *or once?*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

4 BACK ON terra firma, and it tastes good to let up—light up a Camel again. "I changed to Camels and found a new smoking delight," Wagner says. "Camels are milder, non-irritating, packed with full, round flavor."

5 "CAMEL'S MILDNESS has meant a lot to me," he goes on, "because I'm a steady smoker and Camel is one cigarette that never tires my taste — just keeps on giving me smoking pleasure at its best." Camels will appeal to you too!

FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST

CAMEL...

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS